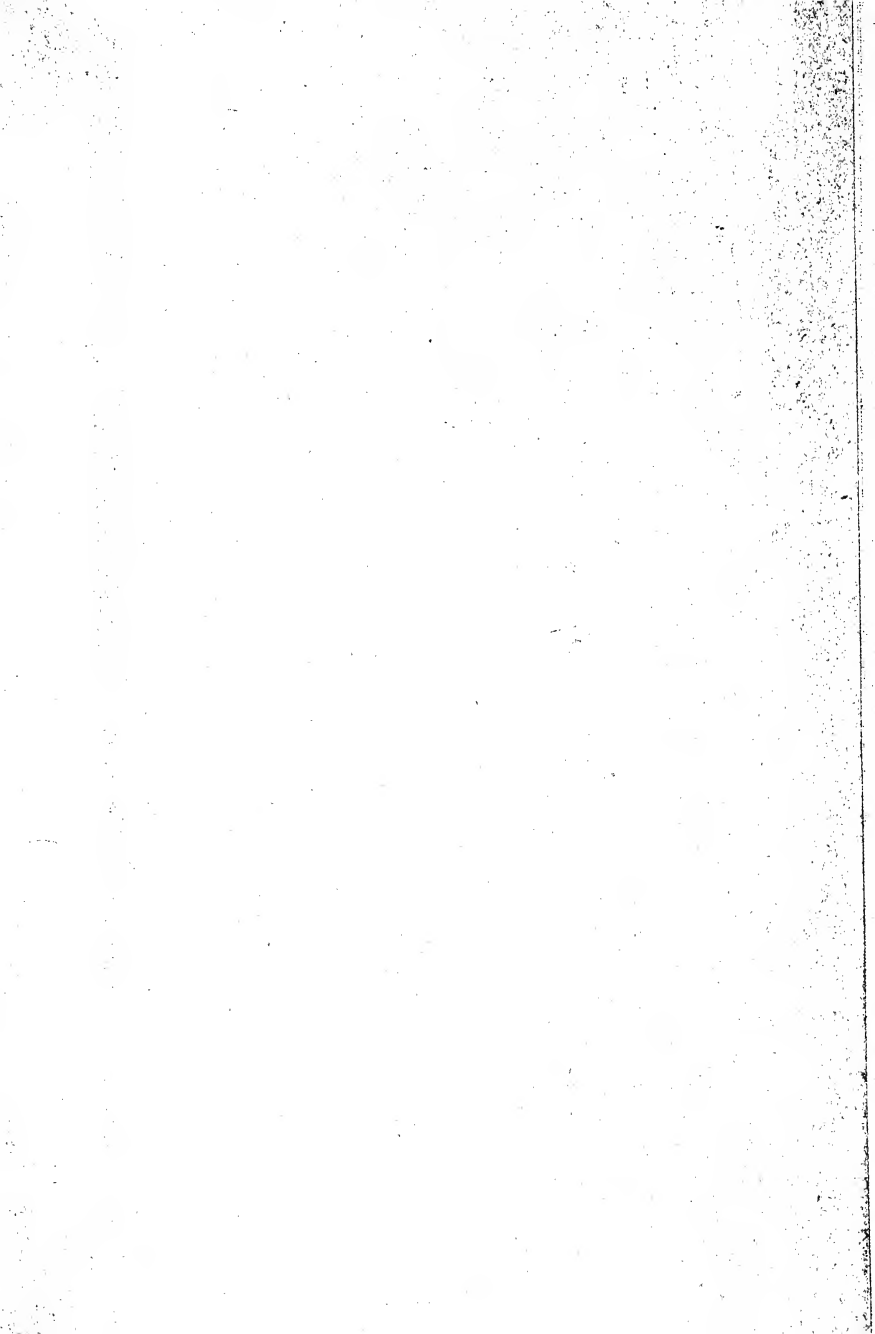


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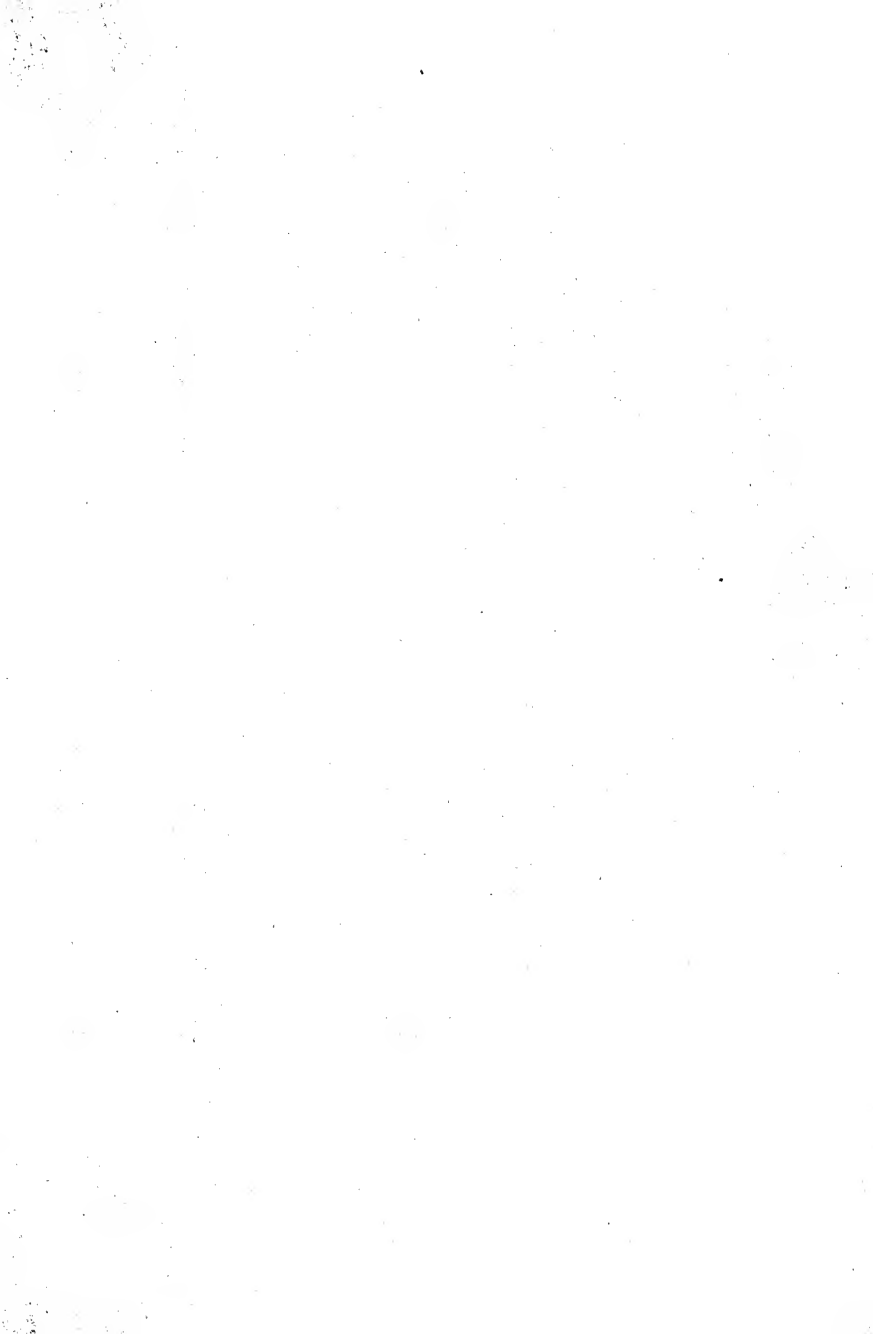


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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF THE

LIFE AND TIMES

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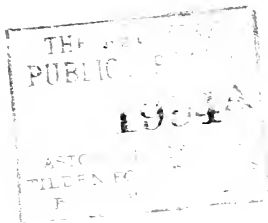
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

“I am as a wonder to many.” Psalms lxxi. 7.

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INTRODUCTION.

Solomon once said, "Of making books there is no end." What he would say were he living in our day it is difficult to conjecture, for books of various kinds seem to be as numerous as the leaves of autumn, and pass into obscurity as soon as they.

Some volumes presented to the public at the present time are, in my humble opinion, better fitted for the waste-basket than for circulation, especially among indiscriminate youth; and very probably many who condescend to peruse the following pages may have a similar opinion of my humble effort.

However, this work was not begun or continued in a spirit of ostentation. The author had no vain desire to gratify; neither had he any expectation to edify or amuse critical readers; but in a plain and simple manner he has recorded some interesting facts connected with the various phases of his checkered life.

I have often been requested by kind and indulgent friends, to whom some of the incidents here written have been related, to produce a work of this kind; but I have been deterred from complying with their wishes until very recently, from a conscious sense of my inability to produce a book that would meet the taste and demands of this reading age. And even now I have reluctantly yielded to the better judgment of highly esteemed friends whose importunity I could not very well longer resist.

There are some things in my narrative that I would gladly have left in oblivion could I have done so with a clear conscience; but the goodness and forbearance of God, as well as fidelity to truth and veracity, required that the dark shades of my youthful life as well as my few sunny hours should be faithfully recorded,—in the first place, as a warning to others to shun the path I so foolishly followed when but a child, and also to extol that wonderful grace which brought me from my evil and wicked course, and condescended to employ me in the great moral field.

Of course I make no pretensions to literary attainments, and am fully aware that my humble production will not endure the rigid or severe criticism of those who are accustomed to peruse the productions of gifted authors. Plain and unlettered men, such as Bunyan, and William Huntington the author of the *Bank of Faith*, arose from obscurity; and though they laid no claim to elegance of style or logical accuracy, yet their humble efforts have been appreciated and their names are immortalized. However, I seek not the eulogy of my readers, but beg to be indulged with their patience and kindness while they refer to this faithful record of my privations, and the way a kind Providence has led me along the pathway of life. But I congratulate myself in having written plain English, and in recording nothing but what I believe to be strictly true. I have at some length written my views on antislavery and kindred reforms, as well as my connection with reformatory measures. My reasons for this course are that another generation has come on the stage of time since these reforms were inaugurated, and many persons now almost in middle life know but little what reformers had to endure from opposition to their efforts thirty or forty years ago; and some of the incidents are of thrilling interest, and I hope may prove instructive to many. The progress of ecclesiastical reform has been duly noticed; and reference is made to some of the prominent actors in those days when it cost something for a man to avow himself a friend of the oppressed and an advocate of purity and equality.

I have made no attempt to disguise my religious views and senti-

ments, or conceal my attachment to old-time theology; and a prominent place is assigned for the organization of the Wesleyan Methodist denomination, and its discouragements and hopeful success.

Some of the adventures and scenes I passed through on the ocean, or while connected with it, are painfully interesting. None are distorted or exaggerated, but all are faithfully jotted down as they occurred.

Most of the contents of this volume are written from memory, for in the early part of my career I had little opportunity while a cabin-boy, or "before the mast," to keep any kind of record; neither had I any inclination to do so. Hence I could not in every instance give exact dates; but where date is given I have endeavored to be accurate.

Considerable space is occupied in relation to the life and experience of my former wife, who certainly deserved honorable mention—especially as she was an excellent and faithful co-worker with me in religion and reform. A number of my friends have advised me to "sprinkle" my book with some of her history, as there is somewhat of a coincidence in the lives of both; and there is no doubt but her efforts, accompanied with her devotedness to God, have been made a blessing to many. She was a lady of superior mind and warm attachments. From early life she was a child of God; and during the forty years that I had her acquaintance she was always ready, when health would permit, to actively engage in the work of the Lord.

I have written this entire book in the midst of the bustle and work of my family, where we had but one small sitting-room; and I was often interrupted by friendly calls, and could seldom have the room to myself. In addition to this, I have filled my work as a circuit preacher, and have not neglected any appointment nor any known duty on its account, or to hasten its completion; and my recreation has been to cultivate a large garden.

Hoping for the blessing of God to accompany this feeble attempt to add to the "simple annals of the poor," I commit it to the considerate indulgence of my kind readers, and remain their humble servant in Christ.

GEORGE PEGLER.

Beaver, Minnesota, October, 1874

BOOK FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

I was born in the city of London, Great Britain, the great Babylon of modern times, on the 11th of October, 1799; consequently am one year older than the present part of the nineteenth century. My parents were poor. They were rope and twine spinners by trade, and carried on business for themselves in a very limited and humble way. As is often the case in poor families, they had a large number of children.

My father had married when young, and his first wife died when giving birth to her eleventh child. Soon after the demise of his first wife he married a woman many years his junior, by whom he had fourteen children—making in all twenty-five. I was the youngest of nineteen. Some were married when I was born; some had gone into the army; some had gone to sea; and some had died; so that I never saw more than fifteen together at any one time. But even with that reduced number it was difficult to provide for their wants, with no property at their command but their hands and mechanical skill. It will at once be seen that to provide for the education of their children was out of the question, and next to impossible. All that could by any possible means add but a penny a day to the common stock, for the supply of so many mouths, had to be employed in some way. It is difficult to conceive in how many ways children of tender age can be trained to little acts of usefulness and

profit in a great city like London, where poverty and starvation stare in the face of so large a group.

My father's maxim was, we never ought to eat our breakfast until we had earned it; and many a penny have we earned before we sat down to our first humble meal for the day, which usually consisted of broth or porridge. Some would gather a wheelbarrow of manure from the droppings of the horses in the streets, and sell it to the gardeners for a good price; some would pick up a few bones, which were always in demand at a fair price; some would do errands for neighbors who had no children; while others again would help our parents in the rope-walk; but none went to school. We had at that time no common schools in that country. Each family had to pay for its tuition, and my father was too poor to do that. I can very well remember circumstances that took place before I was four years of age, but I can not recollect when I could not read. My father had a good common education,—had read a great deal; was well posted on the current events of the day; could readily converse on general topics,—and was in his humble way considered as a kind of oracle among his less-informed neighbors. He took especial interest in instructing his children during his leisure moments, and always enjoined upon his elder children the duty of instructing the younger ones as far as they were able. By these means much valuable information was obtained, while little time was wasted and small expense incurred. I have often heard my father say that I earned my living when I was only four years old. This was done by sitting on a little stool and turning a wheel by hand, by which my mother spun flax or hemp, for which service I would be entitled to fifty cents per week and board. Such exactions or requirements from children of that tender age, in this country and at this day especially, would be considered by many as cruel; and the parents of a family thus employed would be esteemed as tyrants. But we were early taught lessons of industry and economy.

Nothing was wasted, and no time uselessly employed, and all appeared to be willing to add their mite to our little common stock, and to do our best to keep the wolf from the door; or, in other words, not to depend upon charity or the parish for support.

My father once had the honor of an introduction to Benjamin Franklin, who was then only a printer. He ever after conceived a very high opinion of the merits of that great man, and often quoted from Poor Richard's Almanac to impress upon us lessons of industry, prudence, and economy. I have often been thankful for such a humble training, and the coarse but wholesome fare that fell to my lot in my younger days, as it prepared me for the hardships and privations I have had to endure in after life. Besides, the firm manner in which my father insisted upon a compliance with his rules of economy and industry, confirmed me in habits of subordination, so that afterward it became comparatively easy to obey rule and be in subjection to them to whom I owed obedience. True, I have often regretted that my parents could not spare me from labor, when young, for a sufficient time to obtain the rudiments of education; but even this disadvantage was in some measure overcome by the course pursued.

I had from my earliest recollection a great love for books, and often when sitting on my little stool, and turning the wheel all day, have had my spelling or other book on my knee, and learned a lesson to repeat to my brother at night. Often when sent on an errand I have stood before booksellers' windows to look at the pictures and read a page or so in the books exposed for sale; and many times has my father flogged me for spending so much time, or loitering, as he termed it, when I ought to have been at home at work. On some occasions he would send me several miles to present bills and collect debts, and after spending much time in reading placards on the walls or books in shop windows, I would bethink myself of my long absence and expect a whipping

on my return home. I would then, to expedite my return, jump up behind a coach, unknown to the coachman, and steal a ride for a mile or perhaps more. Frequently other boys would try to get on the footman's stand, but not finding room they would, out of revenge, inform the coachman that others were on behind, and he would throw his long whip over his shoulder, the lash of which would probably strike us in the face. In that case we had to jump down; and then perhaps would ensue a fight, which of course was of short duration. I knew that it was wrong to obtain a ride in this way without permission; but then we were daily witnesses of wrong-doing in some way, and the common view of people, at least among the lower orders in that day, was to keep a kind of account with the Almighty, and if our good deeds rather overbalanced our evil ones we thought we stood pretty fair in the estimation of God. On such occasions, when clandestinely obtaining a ride, my practice was invariably to place my hands over my eyes to keep off the whip, and then say my prayers, supposing that would put me under the protection of God. I would repeat the apostle's creed, and add, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep," all of which I had been taught to repeat since I first learned to speak. I then thought I was safe and under the care and protection of God, and that by my acts of devotion I had made an atonement for my transgression. And, strange to say, I never was injured by the coachman's whip, though I have known boys who were terribly scared by it.

It has been stated that none of our large family of children went to school. Of course I meant day-school. We all attended Sunday-school, which but a few years before had in England become an institution of great power and benefit—chiefly among the poor, for whose especial improvement it was originally designed. Here we were not only taught to repeat scriptural lessons, but were instructed in reading and spelling, while our beloved teachers exercised a constant

supervision over our morals, and taught us to be honest, sober, industrious, obedient to our parents, and submissive to those who had authority over us. I enjoyed the privileges of this school for about four years, or until I was eight years of age, during which time I believe I never missed even one session. I took exceeding great delight in the exercises and improved quite rapidly, and was never punished or even reproved for inattention or misbehavior, but always received the commendation of my teacher. Under God I owe what little knowledge I have acquired, and what little good I have done, if any, to the indefatigable and pious labors of my affectionate Sunday-school teacher. Robert Raikes, the founder of Sabbath-schools, was a fellow-townsmen of my father's during his younger days; and one of my father's cousins was a teacher in the first school organized by Mr. Raikes, who employed him for about fifty cents per day. This, however, was of short duration, for soon many competent teachers were found who were willing to engage gratuitously in so noble and benevolent an enterprise; and gratuitous teaching on the Sabbath now prevails in nearly every part of the civilized world. The Sabbath-school was made a great blessing to me in my childhood, and I have abundant reason to bless God for its precious influences imparted to me when so young.

These scenes of my childhood I look back upon with unmingled pleasure and delight; but to other portions of my life much regret is mingled with the retrospect. I view it with deep sorrow, and am willing to admit that I did not always carry out the principles in which I had been instructed. In very early life my exposure to temptation was severe. My early associates were those whose examples were pernicious in the extreme, and I was too easily led astray by their influence. Many acts of my eventful life would be left in oblivion, and never suffered to meet the public eye; but faithfulness to Him who took me from the horrible pit and miry clay, and gratitude to my dear

Redeemer for stooping so low to rescue me from the awful vortex into which I was about to plunge in early life, require a candid acknowledgment of the shades and follies of my youthful course, as well as the brighter spots and streaks of sunshine that flitted across my checkered and devious pathway. I humbly and sincerely crave the indulgence of the critic, as well as the kind sympathy of the reader of these unpretending pages, before they pass censure, to consider well the circumstances of my early boyhood, the disadvantages under which I labored, and my entire surroundings during twelve years of extensive travel on the ocean, far from the endearments of home and all its restraining influences and the kind attention and faithful admonitions of my Sabbath-school teacher. This was a period of my life extending from the age of eight years to that of twenty, during which time the character is usually formed and habits of life contracted, and principles and plans adopted that generally cling to and follow the individual through life. But most affectionately do I recognize a kind and benevolent Providence whose ever-watchful eye has been over me amid all the privations and dangers to which I have been exposed both by my folly and wickedness, as well as by the cruel treatment of those who tyrannized over me.



CHAPTER II.

INTERVIEW WITH A RICH UNCLE—FIRST VOYAGE TO SEA— CABIN-BOY.

When about eight years old one of my uncles returned from sea. He had been recently discharged from a British man-of-war, which during her cruise had captured a Spanish galloon, or treasure ship, on her way from Mexico;—that country being a Spanish colony, and England being at war

with Spain, she became a lawful prize. My uncle's share of prize-money amounted to several hundreds of dollars. When he visited our house the buttons on his clothes were all gold; he carried on his person two gold watches; and he had handfuls of gold coins in his pockets, which, to my young and inexperienced eyes and mind, was the most wonderful thing I had ever beheld. I had seen in Lombard Street huge piles of gold in the windows of money-changers; but these piles belonged to bankers, which we children supposed could be made by them at pleasure. But to have an uncle so lavish with gold, and we so poor, was perfectly astounding. I was fairly bewildered with the sight, and could think of little else than "Aladdin's lamp," which I had read about in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." I innocently and ignorantly thought that his good fortune, as we termed it, might possibly be as lucky to me should I adopt a sea-faring life.

I was aware that my parents would not consent to my leaving home for the sea at my early age. They had always opposed my brothers in taking that course; and when some of them died in foreign countries, they invariably represented it as a judgment of God for leaving home without their consent. Besides, none had ever returned much better off than when they left home. But I longed to go to sea and try my luck, so, after thinking about it for some time, I determined to run away and seek employment on board any ship that would accept me as a cabin-boy, or in any other way in which I could be received.

In the absence of father and mother, and unknown to the other children, I made up a small bundle of clothes and immediately started for the river, about two miles from home. Here I met some sailors, to whom I related my wishes and designs. I informed them that I was an orphan; had neither father or mother, and none to care for me; that I was placed in a work-house, from which I had run away in order to become a sailor. They gave me great praise for my

courage and pluck, and took me to a notary public, to whom I related the same story. Several captains being present, one of them, who wanted a cabin-boy, was willing to take me, provided I would consent to be bound as an apprentice. This was soon accomplished. I chose one of the sailors who stood by as my guardian (whose face I never saw again) and thus I was bound for a term of years to Captain Fobes, of the good ship "Blendinghall," bound to the islands of Jamaica in the West Indies. Immediately I was sent on board. A new suit of sailor's clothes was furnished me, with which I was much delighted; and I fancied I never appeared so manly before.

I was soon inducted into my new employment in the cabin, and had to wait on the captain and mate, brush their clothes, make their beds, scrub the cabin deck, clean knives and forks, set the table, in short, do all the work needed in a house, except cooking and washing clothes; and this too when only a boy of eight years. I soon found I had not a kind mother to excuse my foibles and mistakes, and to make allowance for carelessness or "run to help me when I fell;" but for the least act of carelessness or inadvertency or mistake, such as spots of dirt on the cabin deck, knives and forks not sufficiently bright, bedclothes not smooth, or any little neglect, the rope's end was resorted to, a knife or tumbler was thrown at my head, or I received a stroke from the captain's fist and was kicked if I fell.

While the ship lay in the river the captain was most of the time on shore, and my work was comparatively light; and the mate was not so exacting, or less difficult to please. Perhaps it was deemed prudent to break me in by degrees, as too much severity at the beginning might discourage me, and induce me to run away before the ship sailed. My task did not discourage me while in port, as I often had time to be among the seamen and watch their movements in getting the ship ready for sea, and to occasionally run up the rigging or otherwise amuse myself. Upon the whole, my new mode

of life was rather fascinating and pleasing for the first few weeks while we lay in the river.

But the time at last arrived for our ship to sail, and soon the distance between me and home, with all its dear associations, would be greatly widened. For the first time, I was about to leave my own dear native land, perhaps never to return; and pen can not describe the deep anguish of my heart when for a little while I thought of the home I was leaving and the overwhelming sorrow of my parents in regard to my condition and whereabouts. I had never been on the water more than to cross the river, and had never seen the ocean; and when we weighed anchor and got under way with all sail set to a fair breeze, I was so absorbed in the new scenes before me that my fitful and elastic mind soon forgot home and friends in the exciting scenes with which I was surrounded. My whole soul was in an ecstasy of delight. It seemed that nothing could exceed the pleasure I then enjoyed, feeling the gentle motion of the ship, seeing the flapping of the sails, and hearing the creaking of the ropes in the blocks; the promptitude and merriment of the men when pulling on the braces, the beautiful curve the ship made in the water as she answered her helm, the receding of the water at her sides and the sparkling spangles in her wake, the graceful fluttering of the sea-gulls as they arose from the water at our approach, and wheeled around and seemed to welcome us to old ocean; all these, and more, together with the anticipation that we would soon be in foreign countries, where we should behold sights and wonders that other boys of my age had never seen, and for lack of manly courage would perhaps never see, made my little heart palpitate with joy; and I was wrapped in amazement and delight, and thought no pleasure or joy on earth could exceed this. And yet I was constantly expecting not only a continuation of these wonders and delights, but a constant augmentation of these or similar

exciting scenes. No wonder that all thoughts of home and an affectionate mother and loving sisters, together with the wickedness and folly of absconding from parental authority, was banished from my mind under such exciting and exhilarating circumstances. I did indeed know that I was pursuing a course directly opposite to the teaching I had received; but for the time being all thoughts of the past were forgotten, and my foolish and selfish heart was absorbed in the enjoyment of the present and in delightful anticipation of the future.

But the spell was soon to be broken. The horrors of a first voyage to sea by a little boy with none to care for him or sympathize with him when in trouble was never thought of and entirely unknown to me, and the charm with which I was entangled was soon to vanish into empty air. We soon entered the broad Atlantic. I had not shipped my sea legs, as the sailors said, and from the motion of the ship through the action of the waves and the force of the wind, I soon lost my equilibrium and rolled into the lee scuppers, to the no small amusement of the sailors and all on board except myself. Yet this was but the beginning of sorrows. Soon I found a trouble within the inner man which appeared to be as instable as my feet. I could control neither. If I had stifled my conscience, I could not quiet my stomach, and soon it appeared that all within me was finding its way to my mouth. It seemed as if my inside would soon resemble a bankrupt's money-purse—be empty and void. Reader, if you were never sea-sick, you know but little about anguish and pain. Few, if any, can describe sea-sickness; but to say that its victim feels like dying, is only faintly to represent its horrors. As others often do who go through the process of being acclimated to the sea, I went below and laid down on the locker; but this only tended to the aggravation of my complaint.

It was now night. The wind blew a gale, the sky was beclouded, nothing could be seen beyond the ship, and the

foaming ocean and angry waves were in tumultuous motion and constantly breaking over the ship. The men were hard at work stowing away the anchors, and lashing fast whatever could be moved by the rolling of the vessel. Some were singing their song as they pulled on the ropes, while others were swearing and cursing each other. The wild wind screamed through the shrouds and rigging, and above all could be heard the coarse voice of the mate as he gave his commands to the men. I had seen mobs and fights in the city, along with the utmost confusion of tongues, but all this commotion to me appeared alarming, and seemed to forebode imminent danger. I thought that if the inmates of Bedlam were let loose in the streets, it would not exceed the confusion that now saluted my ears and the commotion that now prevailed on deck.

I heard the captain inquire, "Where is the boy, George?"

"Oh," said the mate, "he is down below casting up his accounts."

Soon after, the captain found me and gave me a terrible shaking, with the remark, "Oh, you are a fresh-water sailor, are you? quite smart while in port. Come, sir, come on deck. We keep no more cats than will catch mice. Come and help get the guns ready. We may fall in with a French privateer before morning, and a little of your help will be needed. How would you like to be a prisoner in the hands of Johnny Crapaud?"

Now again the great deep of my heart was broken up, and my mind was as tumultuous as the ocean around us. I again seriously thought of my rashness and sin in leaving my parents and home in a clandestine manner. Of course it appeared to me that we were in imminent danger, and I wondered that the men could be so cheerful and wicked. I remembered what I had read about Jonah in the storm, and imagined that my case was similar to his, and that the present gale of wind was permitted on my account. Thoughts of my plain but comfortable home, the distress

of parents and friends on account of the uncertainty of my fate, the happy seasons I had enjoyed with brothers and sisters, and the many holy lessons I had learned at the Sabbath-school, now troubled me exceedingly, and I thought "my sin had surely found me out." Oh, how I wished that I could retrace my steps! Most gladly would I, like the prodigal, return and seek the humblest place in my father's household. But there was no backdoor from which I could escape from my present thralldom. All around was an angry sea, and all above thick clouds of darkness. I was fast as in fetters of iron, the smallest and youngest on board, and always considered the fit subject for the spleen and witicism of all my elders.

I may here remark that the youngest on board of ship is always most imposed upon, and is expected to be servant of all. Any little job that the sailors are not disposed to do, and can in any way impose on him, is left for him to perform; and this he is expected to accomplish without grumbling.

Soon, however, we had a change of weather. The sky assumed its native brightness, the sea was less rough, the wind not so boisterous, my terrible sea-sickness had subsided, and my longings for home and qualms of conscience on account of my elopement began to abate also.

We reached the lizard point, or land's end, and then nothing but sea and sky could be seen, except occasionally a sea-bird, or some monster of the deep sporting on the water's surface. It would be impossible to describe my feelings on losing sight of land for the first time. It may be imagined, but can not be depicted to the understanding of any who have not had similar experiences or similar emotions. For awhile I could not refrain from tears at thought that I should perhaps never see my beloved country or dear friends again. But soon a few cuts from a rope's end, in the hands of my brutal master, drove me from my reverie, and gave me to understand that home indulgences and regrets for the past must give place to the sterner duties of the hour.

We proceeded on our voyage with nothing material occurring until we reached one of the Cape de Verde islands, where we remained only a few days. After we left the islands we fell in with a French privateer, which attempted to capture us. We would have been a valuable prize, for we were loaded with a general cargo of merchandise. We had four nine-pound cannon on board, with a small stock of ammunition, also an army chest with thirty or forty muskets and as many cutlasses, and a crew of twenty men and boys. During war it was customary for merchant ships, which sailed without convoy, to go armed in part, not indeed to fight, but to make some defense against privateers and pirates. These freebooters never desire an engagement, for that would be too dangerous for light, small crafts, and would be attended with the loss of men, perhaps, of which they have none to spare. The vessels engaged in this mode of plunder are usually light built, and designed to sail fast, always, of course, avoiding a man-of-war if possible. They do not usually carry a large armament, but generally a large gun in midships, mounted on a swivel, to bring merchant ships to, and then board them as speedily as possible, and compel surrender or murder the crew.

In this instance the vessel in question was a French lugger, with a crew, as we were afterward informed, of one hundred and fifty men, with a long thirty-two pounder in midships. Early one morning we descried a strange sail to the windward, which speedily bore down upon us with the English colors flying at her mast-head. In return of the compliment we hoisted the flag of our nation, on seeing which she immediately hauled down the British ensign and hoisted the tri-colors of France, and at the same time sent a shot athwart our bows, as a gentle and friendly hint that she wished us to tarry. All was now confusion. The fact was patent that an enemy was near, and we must either beat her off or be taken prisoners. We had but little time to decide what to do. No man on a merchant ship is under any

obligation to expose his life in action to save the ship and cargo. They engage to work and navigate the ship, not to contend with any other enemy but the wind and waves. But the thought of being taken prisoner, and immured in a French prison for years without wages, with no hopes of release until the end of the war, was not very cheering nor pleasant, especially as we had heard of great cruelty being inflicted on British prisoners in France. The almost natural antipathy of a Briton to a Frenchman was much inflated by a brief harrangue from the captain, and the crew soon determined to give Johnny Crapaud as warm a reception as possible, and try what British skill and courage could do in our own defense. A few shots from our nine-pounders gave her to understand that we were in for it, and that we did not intend to abandon our ship or shorten our voyage at his dictation. We were provided with a boarding-net, as most ships had in those days, made of ratlin rope, with here and there a small chain running through its entire length, to prevent cutting by the enemy, and with meshes too small to admit of a man to pass through. This was ready to hoist at once should the enemy, or any other intruder we did not wish to welcome to our decks, attempt to board us. The Frenchman soon threw himself alongside, with fifty or sixty men ready to jump on board, with boarding-pike in hand, cutlass by their side, and pistols in belt, to take us by overpowering numbers. But up went the net, and at the same time we poured a volley of musketry upon his deck, and doubtless killed and wounded some of his men. Meeting with this repulse and disappointment he soon sheered off and veered around to the starboard side, in hopes not to meet with a similar opposition in his second attempt. But we soon shifted the net to the other side, as we naturally knew his intentions. In the meantime our muskets had all been reloaded by myself and two other boys, ready for the men to use; for as soon as they emptied one we handed them another. His attempts to board us on the starboard side

was of course as unsuccessful as his former effort, and he received another volley from our muskets. At this stage of the battle (if such it may be called), while handing a musket to one of the men, a Frenchman, who had his foot entangled in the net, stabbed me in the calf of my leg, while at the same time the man to whom I handed the musket shot him dead. He now sheered off for the second time, and gave us, as we supposed, a parting blessing, in the form of a volley of musketry, which killed our captain and wounded two of our men. Our mate, who had been on board of a man-of-war, and had smelled powder, now took command, and cheered and rallied the men. The Frenchman now undertook to "poop us," as it is termed at sea, that is, to come on board at the stern over the taffrail, being sure that we could have no net there. So he veered around and came stem on to our stern, with his bowsprit lined with men, perhaps twenty or more, with the intention of dropping them on board as soon as his ship should strike ours. But our mate had stationed every man and boy who could fire a musket to stand ready to fire upon them as soon as they came within range. Thus many a poor fellow dropped into the sea and made a meal for the sharks, while four or five dropped upon our decks and began to cry for quarter; and the privateer sheered off and left us to proceed on our voyage without further hinderance. At the last attempt to board us he splintered our taffrail and sprung his bowsprit, which rendered him almost unmanageable, and he was glad to leave us to enjoy our well-merited glory and victory. The result of this encounter was the saving of the ship to the owners and the cargo to the merchants. Our loss was the captain killed and two men and one boy wounded; and a few ropes were shot away. A large amount of praise and glory was claimed for ourselves.

On arriving at Barbadoes the consignee gave us a grand ball and supper, and allowed us to dance with some of the first ladies of the island. After our return to England the

insurance company made us a present of five pounds each for all on board the ship who took part in the action.

After a few days of carousal and carnival at Barbadoes we sailed for our ultimate port, Jamaica, and soon commenced to discharge our cargo. On our arrival nearly the first thing done was to bring a puncheon of rum on board, the bung of which was removed and a hand-pump inserted, and every man allowed to help himself. None, however, attempted to get intoxicated during the hours of labor, for a law was made among the men that if any one got drunk before supper he should be "cobbed." This was a mode of punishment they had adopted among themselves; for if one shirked duty, a greater amount of work would devolve on the remainder.

On stowing our cargo in the hold we employed a gang of slaves, who, when the day's work was finished, would divide into two parties. One party would sit around the puncheon of rum, sing songs, tell stories, and drink until they could not drink any more. Many of the sailors would join them in their revels, and in the most disgusting manner wallow in their loathsomeness until morning. The other party of slaves would go between decks and hold a prayer-meeting, and pray and shout and sing and get wonderfully happy before they retired for rest from their toils. Thus early did I discern between the righteous and the wicked—between him that served God and him that served him not.

An incident occurred during this voyage which I desire to record; and although very simple in itself, it had no small share in shaping my ecclesiastical views in after years. When I left home I had in my bundle a small Bible, given me by my teacher in the Sabbath-school, also a copy of Dr. Watt's divine songs for children, which, together with my spelling-book, comprised my whole library; and from this source alone could I expect to derive any literary information. Sometimes, after I had done up my work in the cabin, I would sit down on deck on a Sunday afternoon and read

a chapter in the Bible and sing one or two hymns; and I often read aloud for the amusement of the crew. On one of those occasions an old sailor said I was a Methodist. I told him I was not, but he insisted I was. I then inquired, "What is a Methodist?" "Why," said he, "a Methodist is one who is always reading the Bible and singing psalms, and thinks himself better than other folks." I at once concluded in my childish mind that this was a nickname for a good man, and for years afterward supposed that any good man was a Methodist. Of course I knew nothing about denominations. All I knew was that some men were good and some were bad, and this was the sum of my theological and sectarian views. Afterward, in my twentieth year, I for the first time heard of a Methodist meeting, and under the impression made by old Jack I bent my steps there. The first sermon I heard revived all my old convictions, and more too, and ultimately resulted in my conversion to God, and brought me into connection with a people for whose existence I shall have reason to bless God through all eternity.

Our good ship soon received her cargo, and we sailed for Negeril Bay, on the west end of the island, to join a convoy on our return home; so our fears of meeting with privateers were all removed.

CHAPTER III.

SECOND AND THIRD VOYAGE—DOLPHINS—MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—PRESS-GANG—INTERVIEW WITH PARENTS, &C., &C.

On my return home from my first voyage, which occupied about five months, my mind was much exercised about friends at home. I was exceedingly anxious to see my parents and the children, who were still uncertain as to my existence, but was afraid to meet them lest my father should

severely punish me for absconding from home. As soon, therefore, as I could be spared from the ship, I went in the evening to the vicinity where father lived, and saw several of my brothers and sisters at play on the green in front of the house with the neighbors' children, many of whom I knew. I stood apparently in a listless manner, beholding their gambols and merriment with a heart almost ready to burst with anxiety to join them in their diversions, and at times was fearful that in their hilarity and mirth some one might approach me and give me an invitation to unite in their innocent amusements, and then the dreaded discovery would be made. I was dressed in sailor's clothes, and of course they did not recognize or suspect me to be their brother. My heart yearned to make myself known, but for reasons already stated I dared not. With tearful eyes and a bosom filled with grief, I hastened back to the ship, which could be reached at any time, as she lay at a wharf in the dock. Two or three times while in port I repeated my visits, and was assured by these interviews that my parents were still living.

Another voyage was made to the same island, and on my return I made similar visits to my long-deserted home, and often saw the children at play as before; and once my mother stood in the door-way, and I had a full view of her while she remained talking a few moments with one of the neighbors. They happened to mention "George," but whether it was in reference to me or some other person of that name I could not ascertain, but thought perhaps the neighbor had kindly inquired if anything had been heard about me. This was too much for me to endure any longer, and with hasty steps I retreated, fearful that if I remained any longer my filial and childish feelings would overpower me. On one of my visits to the house the evening was dark and damp, and the children were not out of doors. I then stole up to the window, and under the corner of the curtain I saw father and mother and all the children that were at

home when I absconded, and had the satisfaction of knowing that I was the only one missing from the group.

Soon our third voyage commenced, bound to the same port. During these three voyages I was not sick one day, excepting my sea-sickness, though passing through different latitudes and various climates, and often submitting to much ill-treatment and many privations. Of course there were many remarkable sights and scenes to be observed during these voyages, which to me were strange and exciting. Occasionally we would see a whale or a grampus, or a shoal of porpoises, which would pass near the ship and raise a foam in the water like "breakers." On one occasion the man at the mast-head shouted, "Breakers ahead," and we soon saw that we were rapidly approaching them, or rather, as it afterward turned out, they were rapidly approaching us. Though the captain knew that we were far from land, yet it might be possible we were approaching some unknown reef, and he thought it prudent to tack ship and alter her course. Orders were given to unstow the anchors, and be ready to bring up as soon as possible if such a course were needed. Still we were nearing the unknown reef, notwithstanding we were sailing directly from it. We soon, however, discovered that our cause for alarm was groundless. It was nothing but a shoal of porpoises extending in a straight line as far as the eye could reach. They soon passed us, and with a hearty laugh we tacked ship again and stood on our course, the captain giving all hands a glass of grog for the sake of the joke. Sometimes a flying-fish would pay us a visit, in its attempts to escape the dolphin. It is a large and beautiful fish, which when dying will change to all the colors of the rainbow. When a dolphin enters a shoal of flying-fish, upon which it delights to prey, the latter will dart out of the water, spread its wings, or rather sails, for the wings do not move in the operation, and go before the wind until its wings become dry. It then drops into its native element, and thus eludes its destroyer. Sometimes it will pass over

the ship, but should it strike a rope or sail, or its wings become dry, it will fall an easy prey to the men on board. The first I ever handled struck me in the face in the night as it was passing over the ship. They are a delicious fish, about the size of a mackerel and equally palatable.

I was much delighted with the agility and endurance of "mother carey's chickens," a beautiful little sea-bird about the size of a duck, which would usually make its appearance during a gale of wind, gracefully scudding on the top of the highest wave, and rise and fall with the swell, and thus relieve the monotony by its rapid flight and fanciful curves.

Often in fine weather a shark would pay us a visit, in order to obtain some precious morsel from the cook, when he threw the refuse of the caboose overboard, or perhaps in hopes to gobble up some unfortunate wight that might happen to fall overboard. At such times we had much excitement and amusement, in order to give Mr. Shark an introduction to the crew, that we might regale ourselves with his liver and make a breakfast of steak from his tail. All sailors hate sharks as much as ladies do snakes, and take every opportunity for their destruction. There is a beautiful little fish, handsomely striped brown and white, which usually accompanies the shark, and often gives notice by its appearance of the near approach of his sharkship; hence it is called a "pilot-fish." It seems to perform the same office for the shark that the jackal does for the lion.

The booby, a homely-looking bird of a grayish-brown color, about the size of a goose, and of very stupid habits, would sometimes alight on the yards and immediately fall asleep. Thus it became an easy prey to any one disposed to possess so invaluable a prize. It was not often that we disturbed them, for their flesh was of no value.

That part of the island of Jamaica where our ship was destined, was called Montequ Bay, on the north side of the island, and nearly opposite Santiago de Cuba. The harbor was good, nearly land-locked, with good anchorage, spacious

wharves, and accommodations for shipping. The town at that day contained probably three thousand inhabitants, the majority negroes and creoles. The public buildings were usually good, and the private residences fine for a West India town. A great amount of business was done in the shipping season, which occurred twice each year, and lasted for about three months each season. At other times it was dull in town, the laboring portion being absent tending to the crops.

Occasionally a British man-of-war would enter the harbor in order to impress men into his majesty's service. At such times their practice was to board the merchant ships at midnight, and press all the British subjects they could find, who were sound in health and limb, into their service. The planters and towns-people were always opposed to such visits, and would invariably, if possible, inform us when a man-of-war was on the coast, so that the men liable to impressment might secrete themselves from the press-gang. They knew full well that if our ships were short of hands it would lessen their chance of a speedy market.

On one occasion a planter, who had a commanding view of the ocean, sent one of his hands to inform us that a ship of war was on the coast and would likely enter the harbor. It was on Saturday afternoon when the intelligence reached us, and all the men from about twenty ships, who were British subjects, were permitted to go on shore and take care of themselves. Their captains cautioned them not to remain about the town in the grog-shops, but to go into the country among the planters, who would be sure to make their stay among them comfortable, and afford them a safe retreat from impressment.

At that time the merchant ships of England were mostly manned by foreigners, such as Swedes, Dutch, Norwegians, Danes, Germans, and men of other nations with whom England was at peace, and consequently protected from the press-gang. More than half of our crew were foreigners,—and the same was true of other ships,—so that when those liable to

impressment went on shore there was no danger, while in port, for lack of hands.

About one hundred hands, myself among them, went on shore at this time. After an hour or so spent in town, we made our way into different parts of the country among the plantations. We were all comfortably provided for among the negro quarters and planters' houses. The next morning being Sunday we were in no hurry to return, but were disposed to make the most we could of our holiday. We all met together; and each cut a club and peeled off the bark, and took a stroll through the country. We found plenty of fruit, such as oranges, guavas, soursops, tamarinds, &c., and also as much rum as we could drink, and not get drunk, which, we were conscious, would not do under any circumstances; for though we loved rum much, yet we hated imprisonment more. The restraint upon our love for rum was quite severe, yet, for prudential reasons, we thought for this once to submit to an act of self-denial which at any other time would be too painful to contemplate. While sauntering about in the afternoon we passed down a lane, on each side of which was a fence of prickly-pear,—a species of *Cactus* which in that and other tropical countries grows sufficiently large to make a strong fence,—so high that a man can not see over it,—and produces leaves three or four feet wide. On reaching a turn in the road we suddenly met a press-gang, consisting of a lieutenant and fifteen or twenty men. Both parties were brought to a stand, and for a few minutes we stared at each other. At last the officer said.

“Well, boys, where are you going to?”

“We are taking a stroll for the good of our health,” was the reply.

“But,” said he, “what are you going to do with those big sticks?”

“Oh, just brush off the mosquitoes,” was said in reply; and at the same time we flourished the sticks over our heads.

Both parties stood their ground for some time at a respecta-

ble distance, while the officer consulted with his men. They then wheeled around and departed, and we went on our way rejoicing at the bloodless victory obtained. We afterward learned that they had boarded all the ships in the harbor the night previously, but found only empty nests; for all the birds had flown. They therefore thought they might find a few stragglers on shore. But in this they were mistaken. Our abstinence and compactness for once saved us. We realized that in union there is strength. They prudently thought there were too many of us, and did not relish a few hasty blows on their pates from our heavy clubs. We now had fine times for a few days, as we dared not venture to return while the frigate remained in port.

The practice of imprisonment has always been a source of great grievance to English seamen, for many were unwilling to enter the royal navy on account of the arbitrary power of the officers and the cruel treatment to which the men were often subjected. But men they must have, and there was a necessity, it was thought, to resort to this mode in order to man their ships and keep the navy afloat. There is no law in the English statute-books to authorize it. The great *Magna Charta* signed by King John secures to every Englishman his right to liberty, and forbids the unlawful invasion of his domicile. But it is said that necessity knows no law; and such it seems to be in this case. Ships on a foreign station had lost men, either in action or by desertion, or by disease or accidents,—men they must have to fill their complement and keep the ships in sailing or fighting order,—and the authorities wink at the practice. The poor sailor has few or no friends. Like the eels, he is used to being skinned; and there is little or no sympathy for him. The navy is the pride of the nation, and it must be manned at any rate; and it makes but little difference to a sailor what ship he sails in. But let a rich man's son be imprisoned, or any man who could find a friend to sue out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and there is no magistrate or judge in the nation but would

give him his liberty. Moreover, every man has a right to defend himself against assault; and if any of the press-gang were killed in their attempts to impress or kidnap, which amounts to the same thing, it would not be murder, but justifiable homicide. Who, sixty years ago, cared for poor Jack? Although through his labors and privations the nation was maintaining its honor and glory, and its vaunted supremacy on the seas, and prodigiously increasing its wealth, yet his rights were but little regarded.

In a few days the frigate left the harbor on a cruise, and we returned to our ships. Shortly after this our ship left the port for home. On arriving in London I became exceedingly anxious to see my parents and friends, and finally concluded I would run the risk of a flogging, as I had by this time become accustomed to this gentle mode of administering reproof. Accordingly I ventured one evening, after work was over on board, to knock at my father's door. My mother opened it, and stood with the door in hand (as is customary in cities), while she inquired my business before admittance. I inquired if she had a son named George. She replied that she had one once, but did not know what had become of him. I told her that I knew him, and that he was yet alive. At this announcement she appeared instinctively to start for a candle, and all the family was in motion. She held the light to my face and immediately observed the scar on my chin, which I had received by a fall when only four years old. Her maternal feelings were all excited, and almost fainting, she exclaimed, "It is George himself!" I need not say there was no flogging there that night, but lots of kissing. Although there was no new robe put on my shoulders, nor a fattened calf slain, yet I received as hearty a welcome as the erring young man did in the beautiful and highly interesting parable of the prodigal son. My father offered to break up my indentures, on the ground of illegality, and secure my freedom from apprenticeship. But I was unwilling to have him do so, as I had become

accustomed to a sea-faring life, and rather preferred it to any other. When I left home for another trip to sea, I bore away with me a mother's blessing,

CHAPTER IV.

FOURTH VOYAGE TO JAMAICA—FIRST DISCOVERY OF THE POTENCY OF RUM—TERRIBLE FLOGGING—RUN AWAY—KINDNESS OF CREOLES.

In the year 1809 my fourth voyage was made to the West Indies. In due time we arrived in Montequ Bay, the same port where I had been on former voyages. During this voyage the captain had another boy to work in the cabin, and put me before the mast along with the sailors, because he was bound, by the indentures by which I was apprenticed, to teach me the art of seamanship. I was now only ten years of age, and was exceedingly glad of the change; for I was tired of being a maid of all work and always under his supervision.

We sailed in convoy with some two hundred merchant ships, and four ships of the navy to guard and protect us. Our captain appointed me as signal-man, to watch the signals of the commodore, and make report as circumstances might demand. While looking out for signals one day, a ship near us was shaking out reefs, or making an addition to her canvas, in order to increase her speed. Every ship was expected and required to keep her proper position in the line of sailing, and as some ships sailed slower than others, they had to carry more sail to keep up. As stated above, the ship near us was losing ground, and had to make more sail, and while doing so two of her men fell from her maintop sail-yard. No boat being ready to launch, they would probably have been drowned had I not seen their perilous condition. I immedi-

ately reported to the captain, who promptly and humanely ordered the ship to heave to and lower one of our boats, which soon rescued the drowning men. Had this been done on the coast of England, I should have been rewarded by the Royal Humane Society; but I was a poor boy, and there was no one to report on my behalf. The men were saved, however, and I was thankful that I had been in any way instrumental in their rescue.

I now messed and worked with the men, and rapidly learned to reef and to steer, and do other work that my age and strength would admit of. I was always anxious to be at my post of duty, and if possible to excel others in promptitude and obedience.

We had only one passenger on board, a middle-aged Scotchman, and soon after our arrival another boy and myself took this man's baggage on shore, also receiving orders to wait at the wharf for the return of the captain. The Scotchman made us a present of a bottle of rum, the most acceptable gift, he probably supposed, that could be presented to a sailor. This was an unwise act, as it afterward proved, and laid the foundation for many ills that occurred to me subsequently. Had he made us a present of a shilling, or the same amount he paid for the rum, it would have been of great service to us, and saved us a terrible flogging. But sailors were fond of rum, and perhaps he honestly thought a small gift might not be as well received. Well, we had the rum, and must in some way dispose of it. There was on and near the wharf about two acres of sheds, covering hogsheads of sugar recently brought from the plantations, which rested on skids, as green or recently-made sugar often has drippings from the heads of the casks. These drippings were all conducted by small troughs to a common vat, similar to a tan-vat, and when sufficient was collected to fill a puncheon it was bailed out for shipment. We had often seen the sailors make what they called "black-strap," that is, a mixture of rum and molasses, and we

thought we would follow the example of men who ought to know what was good, and ascertain for ourselves the excellency of this delicious beverage. Of course we knew but little of the potency of the infernal mixture; but we were resolved to be manly for once. Accordingly I took the boat-scoop with which we bailed the boat, and went to the vat for molasses. But it happened to be low and difficult to reach, and losing my balance I plunged head foremost into the liquid mass, and escaped as a fly crawls through a dish of sirup. All will admit I was a sweet one for once. However, I succeeded in filling my dish, and handed it to Tom to mix, while I jumped into the water to perform my ablutions and rid myself of my sweet and slimy covering. We were soon indulging ourselves with our delectable beverage; but before half was expended we were both gloriously drunk, and in a state of stupefaction were prostrated in the stern-sheets of the boat. At length the captain came down, and, taking a survey of matters and things, concluded himself to scull the boat off to the ship, and give us a ride without charge. On reaching the ship a rope was fastened to our bodies, and we were hauled on board like dead hogs and left to lie on the deck until sobered, which interesting event occurred about midnight.

After breakfast the next morning the captain called us aft and gave Tom and myself a tremendous flogging. I wore no clothes except a linen shirt and trousers. These were entirely cut from my body, and at the end of the operation nothing remained on my person but my wristbands, collar, and the waistbands of my pants. The other boy fared about the same. No inquiry was made as to how we came to be asleep in the boat; that is (or rather was) not the course generally pursued. The rule was to punish first and make inquiry afterward. Language would fail to fully describe the torture I endured from this severe flogging. My back and thighs were a complete blood-blister, and where the skin was broke the blood ran down to my heels,—my clothes

being in shreds from the collar and waistband. At this time the carpenter and some of the hands were engaged in removing the first tier of copper from the ship's bottom, which had become roughed up. They were on a stage and had small punches with a claw like a hammer on one end, with which they started the nails from the sheets of copper. By some means the ropes that suspended the staging broke and the men lost their tools, though they themselves suffered only a ducking. Our captain immediately ordered me to go ashore to the ship's blacksmith to get a half-dozen punches made, and hurry back as soon as possible, with the threat, if I was tardy, to repeat the tender admonition he gave me in the morning. Putting another shirt and pair of trousers on my poor, aching, and smarting body, I immediately obeyed, and sculled the boat ashore and left the order with the blacksmith. The smith did not appear to be in haste to do the work; and knowing what I had to expect if I should be delayed, I made up my mind to run away. I started on the road toward the country, not knowing where to go. I was only ten years of age, in a strange country, with nothing in the world I could call my own but the shirt and trousers on my body, and a straw hat; without shoes or money, and no friend within three thousand miles. I knew the names of a few ports on the island, and the names of a few planters and merchants, but there were none to whom I could apply for a morsel of bread. My heart sunk within me. I wished that I had never been born; and nothing but the dread of future punishment, as I had been taught in Sunday-school, prevented me from committing suicide, for I believed that no self-murderer would be saved. However, I walked on a mile or two and met a gentleman on horseback. Being surprised, doubtless, to see a sailor so far from town, he inquired where I was going. I told him I was going to "Dunn's Hole," a creek or small river about fifteen miles east, where there was a wharf and warehouse, where small craft could load with the productions of the country and

carry the same to the larger ships. He informed me that there was a canoe a little ways ahead, and perhaps I could take passage with them if I made haste. On leaving him I ascended an eminence and descried the canoe with two men on board. I swung my hat and put to the shore. I inquired if they would let me go with them as far as Dunn's Hole. They asked me if I could steer. I answered that I could, and they bid me jump on board, which I did most gladly, and began to think this was rather favorable and might lead to something better ahead. The two men were creoles, or natives of the island, remotely descended from Africans. They were very kind and jovial, and seemed to be pleased with my steering, and also with my company. We reached Dunn's Hole about noon, when they uncovered a basket containing their dinner, and very kindly invited me to partake with them, which of course I thankfully did without any prejudice against them on account of their color. Soon after our arrival Mr. Dunn came down on the wharf, when the creoles said:

"There is the man you want to see."

Of course I had to make up some story; so I went to Mr. Dunn, and said:

"The captain of the Blendinghall sent me to inquire if you had any cargo ready for our ship."

"The devil he did," said he, "I saw him only yesterday, and told him there would be none for over two weeks."

This lie was of course readily detected by the creoles, who immediately inquired where I was going now. I told them to Falmouth, a sea-port town about twenty miles farther east,—a place I had never seen; but I had often heard the sailors speak of it.

"Well," said they, "we are going there, and you may go there if you choose."

This offer was gladly accepted, as it would extend the distance between me and the infernal ship where I had been so unmercifully flogged.

It was after dark before we reached the harbor, and on inquiring who I was going to see I told them I had forgotten the man's name, but he owned the first wharf on the starboard side as you entered the harbor. I knew there must be a starboard side and a first wharf. So, after thinking awhile, they said:

“Why, that must be Bell's wharf.”

To which I at once said, “Yes, that is the person I want to see. It is Mr. Bell I am going to see.” It was a name I could easily recollect, and it seemed to me very fortunate that I had hit upon that expedient.

“Well,” they said, “you will not be very likely to find Mr. Bell to-night. You had better stay with us till morning.”

Oh, how good the Lord was to me amid all my folly and false statements, to direct my steps to these friendly people. Young and wicked as I was, in my inner consciousness I could not help but acknowledge the kindness of divine providence in my behalf. They gave me a good supper and provided me with a comfortable bed. Over my head on the wall hung a soldiers' officer uniform, with sword and cocked hat. This filled me with fear, lest on finding I was a deserter they would arrest me in the morning and return me to my ship. This was the first private house I had ever entered in a foreign country. I had been in stores and hotels and work-shops, but never in a dwelling-house since I left England. This, too, was so neat and genteel, and the inmates so quiet and kind, that I felt fearful my good fortune would not continue long. Everything appeared new and strange. There was no glass in the windows, nothing but Venetian blinds, and no fire-place or stove in the house. The cooking was done in a cook-house in the back yard. The floor was made of mahogany, and was well polished, and everything wore a strange and foreign aspect. I seemed to move in fear of danger at every step. Soon after sunrise the slaves brought in the breakfast, and I was kindly invited to partake; and

such a comfortable meal I had not partaken of since I left my father's house.

After breakfast one of them asked, "Are you going to Mr. Bell now?" To which I assented, thanked them for their kindness, and bid them good-by, while they wished me good luck.

I afterward learned, upon further acquaintance, that they were brothers-in-law, having married sisters. They and their wives had all been born of slave mothers, but had white fathers, who had made them free in infancy. They were now doing business for themselves, and were officers in the colonial militia.

On leaving their hospitable house I wandered down to the harbor and mingled among the seamen who happened to be on shore, in order to inquire for a ship. Of course I never thought of seeking any other employment, and much less attempted to find Mr. Bell.

About noon one of the above men, whose name was Gibson, met me on the beach, and inquired if I had seen Mr. Bell. I told him I had not. He then said:

"Now you tell me the truth, are you not a runaway?"

I immediately burst into tears and said yes, at the same time pulling off my shirt and showing him my lacerated back.

"My God," said he, "that is worse than slavery! But never mind, I will befriend you. Where are your father and mother?"

I answered, "In England."

"How old are you?"

I said, "Ten years old."

"So far away from home, and you so young," said he. "I thought yesterday, when you were talking to Mr. Dunn, that you had run away from some ship. Well, come back to the house and get some dinner, and we will see what can be done for you."

On reaching the house the whole family, or rather both

families, together with the slaves, had to hear me relate my story and see my mangled back. After dinner I was taken to see a Mr. Hancock, who sailed a small schooner named the "Cumberland." It was a "dragger" or coasting vessel of about one hundred tons burden, which sailed up the creeks and small rivers for plantation produce. He readily engaged me as one of his hands for ten dollars per month; but as the vessel was undergoing repairs he could not employ me for two weeks to come.

Mr. Gibson then took me to the house of a free negro, who was as black as tar at midnight, and had a large family as black as himself. They obtained their living chiefly by fishing. This man's name was Small, but he had a large and compassionate heart, and when he heard my story he wept like a child. Mr. Gibson told him if he would take care of me and board me for two or three weeks he would bear the expenses. His consent was readily given, and once more I had a home.

The next morning I went with him on his fishing voyage, and when he saw I was accustomed to work on the water and could easily keep my balance in his canoe, he offered to employ me in fishing until the Cumberland shipped her hands. He offered me one tenth of all the fish caught, he finding nets, lines, bait, fish-pots, &c., and giving me my board and lodging; and doubtless he had no little pride in having a white boy in his employ. This engagement suited me well, as it furnished me work on the water, and in the end proved of great advantage. I earned about one dollar and fifty cents per day, and in less than three weeks I was the possessor of more than twenty dollars. This was a vast sum, in my estimation, for a poor outcast like me to call my own. I do not think I ever felt as wealthy since as I did then, or that Mr. Astor with his millions is more happy than I was at that time. If I had not engaged with Captain Hancock I might have remained longer with my negro employer, but the time that I must leave had arrived. As I

had not met with such kind treatment as I received from this negro family since I left my father's house, I left their hospitable though humble dwelling with much regret. Often afterward, when in port, I visited them, and spent many pleasant hours in their company.

CHAPTER V.

MY RESIDENCE IN JAMAICA—NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING
—MRS. BRISTOL SOLD FOR A SLAVE—MY RETURN TO
ENGLAND.

The schooner on which I shipped belonged to a Mr. Bristol, who was a merchant in Falmouth and kept a large store, and had a splendid dwelling on the back part of the town. Mrs. Bristol was what is generally called a quadroon, the Anglo-Saxon mostly predominating. She was a noble-looking lady, of refined habits and taste, and moved about the house with as much grace and elegance as any lady in her rank and station. To say she was handsome would be only a common-place remark. Her lady-like conduct to all in her mansion (for such indeed it was) was a subject of frequent remark by many who enjoyed her hospitality. She had two daughters who were indeed beautiful, and highly interesting in their manners and accomplishments. Not the least particle of negro blood could be detected as running in their veins. Like their mother, they had beautiful long hair, and features of European mold. These girls were about my age,—one a year younger, the other a year older,—and had as good an education as young ladies in those days could expect to obtain. They could play on the piano and do such fancy work as young ladies of their age were accustomed to do in those times; and yet they were born slaves. I was on excellent good terms with both mother and daughters, and being a white boy they treated me with great familiarity.

The girls and myself used to often play and scuffle, and they often came down to visit me and take a ride about the harbor in my canoe.

At that time Great Britain was at war with France, and few merchant ships dare venture to cross the Atlantic without a convoy,—that is, to sail in large fleets of several hundred vessels with two or more ships of war to guard them. These fleets departed from the island twice each year, as there were two crops of cane, so they had two seasons for making sugar—consequently two seasons for the departure and return of ships.

After the sailing of the convoy there was nothing for our vessel to do; so we were laid up at the wharf for several months, or until the return of the fleet. At such times all hands were discharged except myself, who received the least wages. I was retained as ship-keeper, with little or nothing to do but try the pumps occasionally, and see that nothing was stolen.

The interval between the sailing of the ships and their return would be several months; and these were months of much leisure and enjoyment. My time was pleasantly spent in romping with my master's daughters, interesting chats with Mrs. Bristol, and occasionally visiting my good friends the creoles, and Mr. Small the black fisherman. I remained in this employment about two years, at ten dollars per month, and saved in that time, besides clothing myself, about one hundred dollars; and I began to think that I should get as rich as my uncle who captured the Spanish treasure-ship and returned home with gold buttons on his clothes and handful of gold coin in his pockets. I thought surely that when I had been at sea as long as he had been when I saw him sporting his gold I should be able to return to my father's house and surprise them with the proofs of my good fortune. Sometime after I had been on the island I wrote home to my parents, to relieve them of their anxiety and suspense. I was informed in return that when my ship reached London,

and they had waited several days for my appearance, my mother concluded to go to the ship and make inquiries in reference to my absence. The captain informed her that her boy, for whom she was so much concerned, was an abandoned scoundrel; had become dissipated, and when he had punished him for beastly drunkenness had run away; and he had left him on the island of Jamaica. This she could not believe. She told the captain that she believed he had killed me and thrown my body overboard. She raved like a maniac, tore her hair, went into paroxysms of grief, and showed a strong desire for vengeance on my brutal captain. The people on the wharf soon gathered around her in great numbers to inquire the cause of her distress. When informing them of her belief and surmise, they were almost ready to tear the captain to pieces; and he had to present his pistol in self-defense, threatening to shoot the first man who dared to approach him. He told them to wait a moment and he would read the log-book, which would be good evidence in law, and would show the day that the boy had deserted the ship. This pacified the crowd, and my poor mother went sorrowfully home.

Our trips of coasting up and down the island were of short duration,—not more than two or three weeks each time,—as our principal work was loading and discharging cargo. We were often in port, and seldom more than two or three days at sea on each voyage. On one occasion the sea-breeze was almost a gale, and we could make but little headway by beating up the island; so the captain determined to put in under the lea of a point of land, and wait for the gale to subside. We dropped anchor. The cook informed us that we were out of wood, and we were ordered to launch the canoe and repair to the beach and pick up some flood-wood. On our return the cook said that dinner was ready. The canoe was made fast to the main-chains with the painter that was attached to the canoe by a staple driven into the bow. The action of the waves drew out the staple, and the

canoe went adrift. Going on deck after dinner, we discovered our mishap by finding our little canoe about half a mile astern. The captain ordered one of the hands to jump overboard and swim for the canoe. Always being prompt and ready to obey, I immediately volunteered; and stripping off my clothes, I was soon on stretch for the struggling little craft. When I started she was a full half mile astern, and rapidly approaching the full drift of the ocean. By the time I reached her she was more than a mile from our vessel, and I was so near exhausted that I could not reach my hand over her gunwale. She was quite dry, and swam lightly over the water. I then swam round to her lee side, in hopes that I would be able to reach her gunwale in that direction; but this was unavailing, as the wind drove her against me, and entirely over me. I then tried to find some crack in her side into which I might insert my fingers and raise myself up to her level; but I failed in this also. On looking toward the shore I saw that I was so far off in the ocean that I could only see the masts of our vessel. It is probable that I had swum three or four miles, and I began to think about my own safety. I determined to abandon the canoe I could lay on my back without much effort, and rest from my fatigue. On looking toward the shore to leeward I perceived a point of land about nine miles distant. I thought I could drift that distance without much difficulty; but then to land in a naked state, so far from the schooner and entirely among strangers, and perhaps no inhabitants for miles away, was not very pleasant to contemplate. I also remembered that the island was surrounded with coral reefs, in which "sea-eggs"—a round reptile about as large as a peck measure, all covered with barbs like those of a porcupine,—were often found; also, that sharks infested those places, and were often found near the shore. I thought I might as well be drowned where I was as to attempt such a perilous voyage. Soon, however, I saw the vessel had hoisted her jib, and I knew she was making for me. The captain had ob-

served my difficulty and now saw my danger, and weighed anchor to come to my rescue. The schooner soon came down, plunging bows under. A man ventured on the bowsprit with a rope in his hand, which had a bowline knot or slip-noose, and caught me by my hair (which was long) and slipped the noose over my head. I clapped my hand in the noose to keep it from choking me, and was soon on deck. They gave me a spoonful of black pepper mixed with a glass of rum, which acted as an emetic and caused me to throw up the salt-water I had imbibed, and after three or four hours' sleep I arose as fresh as ever. We then ran down upon the canoe, secured the prize I had failed to capture, and continued our voyage.

At another time, while at anchor in Falmouth harbor, on the fourth of June, which was the birthday of King George III., all the ships in port dressed themselves in flags and fired a royal salute at noon. Our captain and all hands, except myself, were on shore, and I innocently imagined we ought to honor the day as well as our larger companions. I took the captain's pistols—all the fire-arms we had on board—and fired them off, the one on the starboard side and the other on the port side, in imitation of the ships around us, and continued the operation until I had fired twenty-one rounds. This, I supposed, was a strong proof of my patriotism, which would receive the hearty approval of the skipper; but to my great surprise and chagrin, when informed by some of the men who had witnessed my zeal for royalty (of my meddling impudence as he called it), he took a rope to give me a flogging. But my motto on this occasion was, "catch me first." I ran up the rigging on one side and down on the other, and he after me, until we were both nearly out of breath. We sprung from one mast-head to another, up the stays and down the backstays, and when closely cornered I foolishly ran on the bowsprit and out on the jib-boom. He immediately followed, sure there was now no way of escape. He was about to grasp his prize, when, "Presto!" I

dropped into the sea, quite sure he would not dare to follow me any farther. He looked dumfounded, and did some tall swearing, mingled with tremendous threats about skinning me alive, &c., when he should lay hold on me. But I said to him in negro dialect, "No catchee, no habbee," and continued to swim round and round the vessel. I threatened to swim on shore and inform the owner of some of his bad tricks. I knew that more than once he had embezzled part of the cargo; and he knew that if I should inform on him he would lose his comfortable berth and sinecure of seventy-five dollars per month. After I had paddled about the schooner for an hour or so he told me to come on board, and he would not flog me if I would let his pistols alone in the future. My knowledge of his dishonesty was fortunately a salve for my poor back at that time.

A short time after this our owner, Mr. Bristol, died insolvent, and all his property, including his buildings, schooner, and wife, were sold under the hammer. I went to the big house on the day of the funeral, and was much surprised to find Mrs. Bristol *en deshabelle*, and not allowed to follow the hearse as chief mourner. I could not then fully understand the cause of her grief and deep agony. She appeared in the street barefooted (an acknowledged badge of slavery), with her hair hanging loose over her shoulders, making great lamentations and walking by the side of the hearse, while her daughters and invited guests rode in carriages or walked behind in procession. This was all very strange to me, and something for which I could not account.

Our vessel was at this time laid up at the wharf, and I was continued on by the administrators as ship-keeper. A few weeks after, I was informed that Mr. Bristol's house and store and the schooner were to be sold at auction. I attended the sale, in order to know who was to be my future master. While there, to my great surprise Mrs. Bristol was sold to the highest bidder for about six hundred dollars! This was my first acquaintance with some of the horrible workings of

the much-lauded patriarchal institution. Here was a lady of distinguished beauty and manners, who had been accustomed to refinement and all the respect usually paid to the mistress of one of the first merchants in town; had lain in his bosom for more than sixteen years; had brought him two lovely daughters, who were as well accomplished as any of the young ladies in town of their age; had governed his house and six servant girls for years, and knew nothing of coarse treatment or hard labor or even privation during all that time; and now she was to be transferred to any licentious scoundrel or cruel task-master who had the disposition or means to make the purchase, perhaps hereafter to work in the cook-house or field, or be turned over to the loathsome and guilty embrace of another trifler with female virtue, and then perhaps the same scene to be re-enacted should she and her beauty outlive the miserable scamp, who, because he had money, could outrage her feelings and trifle with and make merchandise of her charms.

In a few days after the sale the new owner came down to the vessel, and engaged me to remain on board as I had done hitherto. He also inquired if I knew the way into Saint Anns, a port about thirty miles farther up the island. I told him I did, and gave him the marks by which to find the channel. He made some inquiries of others who were acquainted with the port, and ascertained that I was correct. He then said he would send me some negroes, who were accustomed to work on board ship, to run her up to Saint Anns for repairs and painting, and if I took her in safely he would make me a present of a suit of clothes worth twenty-five dollars. I told him I was capable of performing the task, and was sanguine of success. Next day four or five negroes came on board, and we soon got under way and sailed about the harbor to test my skill at seamanship. I took my place on the quarter-deck as commander, and felt about as proud as a captain of a line of battle-ships, or as any boy could feel under the circumstances. I was now only

twelve years of age, and was to have full command of a vessel for several days, with five men under my control. I thought it would not be long before I should realize some of my golden dreams.

We put to sea at sunset, when the sea-breeze fell, and took advantage of the land-breeze, which usually continued through the night, and was on our beam, and of course was in our favor, and the next morning we reached Saint Anns in safety. We immediately moored the vessel at the wharf and commenced to unbend the sails and dismantle her of her running rigging, and stowed all safely away. I then reported at the custom-house, "Schooner Cumberland, of Falmouth, Jamaica, one hundred tons burden; George Pegler, captain." Reader, can you blame me *much* for feeling proud of my success? I had succeeded in an enterprise that older and more experienced men might have been proud of. I have often thought of the great risk I ran in navigating this vessel at that time. We were a little distance from Cuba,—not far from the free island of San Domingo,—and had the negroes known these circumstances, and been disposed to avail themselves of this advantage, they might have compelled me to steer for the latter port, and thus secured their freedom. But I suppose the poor things knew little of the world but their own rock-bound island. We returned to Falmouth on foot. I reported and handed over my custom-house bill to the owner, who immediately took me to a tailor-shop to be measured for a suit of clothes. While there, two or three planters happened to be in the shop, to whom the owner related the circumstance of my navigating the Cumberland safely into Saint Anns. They all admitted their surprise at my success, and pronounced me a smart boy—almost a wonder for my age; and one of them inquired if I could read and write. I told him I could. He then asked me if I would like to go on a plantation as book-keeper.

Many of the plantations in the West Indies were at that time

owned by persons living in England, who perhaps had never seen them, and were managed by attorneys—that is, persons having that power. Under the attorneys is the overseer, next the book-keeper, and then the driver. All these were white men; and each lived by himself, with a female slave as housekeeper, by whom they often raised a bachelor's family.

I had that day received a letter from home informing me that my father was sick, and anxious for my return; so I concluded that when the season was over I would return once more to my native land. This circumstance probably saved me from becoming entangled or complicated in the vile and detestable abomination of slavery. I told the gentleman that duty called me home; and in the fall I should seek a passage to England, and consequently must decline his generous offer.

I now prepared for my departure, by collecting some curiosities from the island as presents for my parents,—some conch-shells, an ear of Indian corn, a domesticated parrot, some coral which I had broken off the reefs when diving in the water, and a kind of cactus that would continue green without earth or water for many months, by being wrapped in tarred canvas and hung up in the house. In the fall of the year I shipped on board the Catharine Green, bound for London with a cargo of sugar, rum, and permento. I started with a light heart and high expectations. On our voyage we called at Havana, in Cuba, where we took on board some poultry and vegetables, and exchanged civilities with some of the English ships in port. This city—the capital of the island—was a place of much business, and seemed to be well defended by Moro Castle and other ports; but as it is now fifty years since I saw the place, it would be useless to attempt a further description, as the change has, doubtless, been great. It was the largest city I had seen since I left Europe, and the costumes and habits of the people were to me very amusing. Here, for the first time, I saw the priests in their sacerdotal robes, and well-dressed ladies

in the streets and markets smoking cigars, which to me appeared outlandish in the extreme.

On leaving the port of Havana we passed one of the islands near the coast and were boarded by some Spaniards in several large canoes, who had a number of large turtles which they desired to exchange for provisions, such as hard-tack, flour, pork, &c. Our captain made a trade with them, and bought eighteen or twenty turtles, some of them weighing two hundred pounds or more. This was disastrous to us, as the sequel terribly proved. We had at the time a fair wind, and we all, and especially the captain, predicted a quick passage. He made the foolish venture of selling us short of provisions in hopes of speculating with his turtles on arriving in London. Before reaching the banks of Newfoundland we had many calms, and often head-winds or heavy gales, which much retarded our voyage. (Of course it is understood that we had no steamships on the ocean at that early day.) We were nineteen weeks making our passage from the Florida capes to the first port in England, which we expected to accomplish in as many days.

Soon we became alarmed about the state of our stores, and we unanimously agreed to short allowance. For awhile we lived on a biscuit and a half per day (about eight ounces), with a small allowance of pork and a little sugar which we embezzled from the cargo. To add to our dismal prospects, we found, on examination, that many of our water-casks which we supposed were full of water, were nearly empty, on account of worm-holes in the staves, and others were rotten and had leaked out their contents. Of course it must be admitted that there was culpability somewhere. The mate, who had the oversight in these matters, and should have known the condition of the casks, was often drunk while in port, and the men are usually in the same condition—at any rate, they are proverbial for recklessness, and generally pay little attention to matters beyond their own sphere of duty. It was too late now to talk about *blame*. We were

famishing for water, and to find the author of our calamity would not remove the evil. We had any amount of crimination and recrimination; but that did not assuage our thirst. We were soon put upon a pint of water a day, and in a short time, as the calm continued, we were reduced to a half pint. We rejoiced when the heavens distilled their liquid treasure, sending occasionally a little shower. Our method of securing the precious moisture was to spread our blankets on the deck, and when they were sufficiently saturated we wrung them out in our wash-tubs and bottled the water for future use. It should be remembered, however, that rain-water at sea and rain-water on shore are different articles. At sea it is brackish. Before it reaches the deck it strikes against the sails and rigging, which are more or less saturated with salt-water, and thus becomes impregnated with salt. But, then, we were glad to avail ourselves in our extremity of even this substitute to relieve our horrible thirst.

We had on board two cabin-passengers, who had been to the West Indies to make their fortunes. One had been an overseer on a plantation, the other a doctor, and both were returning home to spend the remainder of their days in ease and retirement. Each of them had a bag of doubloons, of several pounds in weight, and each piece was worth sixteen dollars; but now famine and starvation stalked before them, with no hope of relief. Their sufferings were more severe than that of the crew, as they had seldom or never known privation. In times of famine at sea all fare alike, and none can claim any indulgence or extra allowance. These men had our pity; but that was all we could bestow upon them. When we were put on short allowance of water I contrived to save a spoonful or so each day from my share, in order to provide for a greater time of need. By so doing I succeeded in saving a porter-bottleful (something less than a quart) and kept it locked up in my chest. These passengers, who had never before known what it was to suffer thirst without a means of relief, offered me a doubloon, or sixteen dollars, for

my bottle of water. By some means they had discovered that I had this treasure in my possession, and thought that gold would be too great a temptation for my boyish nature to resist. Of course I spurned the offer; for what is gold compared to water under our circumstances?

It is related that a certain Arab who had lost his way in the great desert, and had traveled several days without food, happened to spy in the distance a bag, or sack, lying on the sand. He quickened his pace and rapidly approached it, and began to congratulate himself that he would be able to regale himself with dates, which he supposed the bag contained; but to his great surprise and chagrin he found it to contain nothing but PEARLS, and in his disappointment and sorrow he exclaimed, "*It is only pearls!*"

Our sufferings with thirst and hunger during this voyage almost beggar description. Our biscuits and flour were at last entirely exhausted, and for the last three weeks we lived on *green hides*. We had a number of these on board for service on the rigging. Our practice was to cut off a piece of hide and put it on the fire to scorch the hair, and after scraping, return it to the fire to make it crisp. We then boiled it in rain-water, and it soon became jelly, or something like glue. Each person had about a quart per day; and it was quite nourishing, though perhaps some might not think it very palatable, neither a dainty or fashionable dish. While feeding so luxuriously on boiled hides we often rumaged the store-room to see if something could be found to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Perhaps an unfortunate rat might fall into our trap or clutches! In this we were disappointed; but something far better fell to our portion. In the afterhold we happened to find a sack of barley, containing two or three bushels, which was left on the voyage out from the chicken feed, and had, to the great surprise of all, been overlooked. This fortunate discovery was announced to our delighted ears with the assurance that our fears of utter starvation were groundless. We gave three hearty cheers, as well as

our weak stomachs could utter them, and began to divide to every man his portion. We could now afford to use a half pint of barley along with the green hides. This change in our diet was not only more palatable, but more strengthening, and had a wonderful power to remove discontent and promote good feeling among the crew.

We were now, according to our reckoning, about five hundred miles from land, and had a fair wind. If we had had the strength to make sail we might have hoped to reach a port in less than a week; but we were not in a condition to press on much sail, and expose ourselves to the danger of foundering, for should the wind change or increase to a gale we had not the strength to take in or shorten sail. However, a kind Providence watched over us, and in eight or nine days we made the most western part of England. We soon began to hug the shore, and when off Penzance we hoisted the signal of distress, when two boats put off to our assistance. On ascertaining our condition the first boat's crew took charge of the ship and relieved us from duty, while the other put back for provisions and water. She soon returned with a cask of water, a quarter of beef, a sack of biscuits, and another of vegetables. Our captain gave us only a word of caution not to eat too much. Instead of doling out a little at a time, as our weak stomachs could bear, he left us to our discretion. The beef lay on the deck, and every man went and helped himself as he felt disposed; and there were few if any among us that cared much about the laws of health while the inner man was clamorous for food. One of the crew was a tall, large German, who carried a big knife in a sheath by his side. He was the first to put into the quarter of beef, and cut off what appeared to me then a steak about as large as a blacksmith's leather apron. He spread it on the coals in the cook-house,—and it entirely covered the fire-place,—and guarded it with his long knife until it was cooked, or rather warmed through. He then sat down on the deck and devoured it, with as much new

bread as he could cram down. In less than an hour after he was seized with cholera morbus, and before ten o'clock at night was a corpse. I was the smallest boy on board, and was unequal to the struggle for dear life. All I could do was to procure a small piece of beef, put it on the end of a stick, and crouching down at the men's feet poke it between the bars of the grate. And when it was almost done or cooked, some one more expert than myself, or perhaps more hungry, would knock it off my stick, and thus deprive me of my precious morsel and leave me to renew the process again. After several attempts I at last succeeded in satisfying the cravings of hunger without any inconvenience arising from repletion, while all others on board suffered more or less from diarrhœa.

CHAPTER VI.

VOYAGE UP THE MEDITERRANEAN—MALTA—JAPPA—SMYRNA—
VOYAGE TO BENGAL—CROSSING THE LINE—SCENES ON THE
GANGES—A FAKIR OR DEVOTEE.

After remaining at home a few weeks I shipped on board a brig bound to several ports on the Mediterranean Sea. We passed through the straits of Gibraltar, where the Atlantic Ocean rushes in between Europe and Africa with great force, so that in returning it requires a strong breeze to stem the heavy current. It is remarkable that the Black Sea, Nile River, and many other European and African rivers, as well as the rushing waters of the Atlantic, empty into the Mediterranean, and yet there is no visible outlet.

We called at Gibraltar, which is said to be the strongest fortress in the world. It is built upon a barren rock, formerly belonging to Spain, of which territory it is part, but is now governed by Great Britain. Quite a large town is also built here; but its principal importance is the fort and gar-

ri-son, which is the key to this wonderful sea. This is the only large sea known or explored by the ancients.

The next place we reached was Malta,—in the Scriptures called Melita,—the island where Saint Paul was shipwrecked. Here we were shown, by the monks, the place where Saint Paul was wrecked, and where he shook the viper off his hand into the fire, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, twenty-eighth chapter. Some, no doubt, dispute the truthfulness of the statements made by the monks and others, who show many relics of the apostles and other saints; but to my mind I think the inhabitants would certainly preserve a remembrance of so remarkable a circumstance, and hand down to posterity the identical spot where the miracle occurred. The spot shown may be the place and it may not, but certainly it must be very nearly right. There is the creek into which the ship ran, and there is the place where the two seas meet, as described in Acts above referred to, and the most likely landing-place for those who escaped from the wreck is the spot now designated. However, I walked over much of the ground in the vicinity to assure myself that I had trod on some of the ground which the apostle walked over. We remained here two or three weeks, and fitted up berths for upward of one hundred pilgrims, who were going to the holy land.

We sailed for Jappa, a sea-port in Palestine, where we landed our passengers. In a few days they formed a caravan, took guides and camels, and proceeded on their way to Jerusalem, distant only thirty or forty miles, I was informed. How I longed to go with them; but that was impossible. Traveling in that country is unsafe, unless in a caravan. To go alone is dangerous. You would be certain to fall into the hands of the wandering Arabs, who would enslave every Frank, as they call the Christians, and hold them for a ransom. I would gladly have run away from the ship and gone barefooted, if I could be sure of reaching the place in safety. It did indeed appear hard that I was so near the

sacred spot where the adorable Redeemer walked our sinful earth, and could not have the satisfaction of seeing it. But this could not be. All I could do was to gaze occasionally in the direction of the once holy city, and hear the citizens of Jappa tell of the wonders of the place, and the remarkable cures obtained by the sick at the tomb of the Savior, and at other holy places. Here we were shown the house of Simon the tanner, by the sea-side, where Saint Peter had his remarkable vision. It may and it may not be the same house, but it certainly looked old enough to have stood many centuries.

From the above place we proceeded to Smyrna, in Asia Minor, where a Christian church was established in apostolic days; and Christianity in some form has always had an existence there from that time until now. When I was there only one missionary of any Protestant church occupied the city and province, but at present it is well supplied. We took in a cargo of fruit at this place, consisting of raisins, figs, currants, &c., for the London market, and reached our destined port without any material occurrence.

I was now receiving about two thirds of able seamen's pay—ten or twelve dollars per month. I always provided myself with a good stock of clothes and sea-stores, and gave considerable money to my parents, by way, as I thought, of making some compensation for the trouble and anxiety I had caused them.

My next voyage was to Calcutta, in Bengal, in the East Indies. This was the longest voyage I had ever engaged in, as we expected to be absent from home more than a year. Like others going to the East Indies, we stopped at the island of Maderia to supply ourselves with poultry, vegetables, wines, &c., which can be obtained cheaper there than in England. After remaining there a few days we took our departure, and saw land no more until we made the Cape of Good Hope, the most southern extremity of Africa—the time occupied about two months.

The night before we made land our captain observed to some of the officers on deck, that if the present breeze continued we should see land at day-break the next morning, and described its appearance as it would be seen from the deck. We had on board part of a regiment of soldiers, consisting of about three hundred officers and men, mostly new recruits for a regiment already in Bengal, and some women. When the captain made the above announcement some of the officers proposed to give a dollar to the man who first saw land; and others offered a bottle of rum, which was about as good a reward as sailors desired in those days. At break of day all eyes were on stretch to discover land, hoping to secure the reward. At length, when the night-fog had lifted, a man from the mast-head bawled out, "Land, ho!" which was soon echoed from mouth to mouth. Soon the glad tidings were confirmed, and the rewards cheerfully paid.

A little incident occurred while at Spithead, where we embarked our soldiers. It is customary in the British army, when going to a foreign country, to allow a certain number of married men in each company to take their wives, provided they can produce their marriage certificates. Such women are allowed two-thirds rations, and their children, if any, half rations. Many of the companies have sometimes more married men than the army regulations allow to embark with their wives, and in that case, to avoid favoritism, all the women in that company must cast lots to decide who shall remain. Among our recruits there was an interesting young couple who had been but recently married, and when the lots were cast she drew a blank. When she was ordered on shore, the night before the ship sailed, there was the greatest amount of agony and distress I ever witnessed at the parting of friends. As she left the ship's side in a boat for the shore, there went up from both husband and wife the most awful wail I ever heard, which continued as long as the boat was in hearing distance. There was scarcely a person on board but deeply sympathized with them

in their profound distress. Every eye was moistened, and many wept aloud. Even the stern officers, the executors of the law, seemed to be much affected. But we were all powerless to help. Next morning we weighed anchor and again bid adieu to our native land, with a reasonable certainty that we should not all return. A day or two after we lost sight of land the young woman referred to appeared on deck. Of course the way she reached the ship was known to but a few, and they were wise enough to keep their own counsel. The officers had an investigation, and went through an examination, but all to no purpose. None were required to criminate themselves. The officers appeared to be wrathful; but it was evidently only an appearance, for they joked about it and admired her fortitude and perseverance to accomplish her purpose. However, the acting quartermaster told her she must starve, as the law allowed her no rations. But there was not a man or woman on board who was not ready to share with her; and even the officers in the cabin occasionally requested the steward to furnish her with a little food. During the voyage none of the soldiers' wives fared better than she did.

This was my first voyage across the equinoctial line; and all greenhorns must submit to the tribute required by old Neptune, the reputed god of the sea. One night when only a short distance from the line, and sailing with only a three-knot breeze, I was at the wheel from eight to ten in the evening, when suddenly all on deck were startled with a loud voice from the head of the ship through a long speaking-trumpet:

“Oh, the ship ahoy!”

It was a beautiful, calm night, and most of the officers and ladies, as well as many of the men, were on deck. The ladies uttered a scream, and all stood amazed for the instant, when the voice was repeated:

“Oh, the ship ahoy!”

The captain said to the mate, “Answer him.”

The mate quickly replied, "Halloo!"

The voice asked, "What ship is that?"

Answer. "The Phœnix."

"Where are you from?"

Answer. "London."

"Where are you bound to?"

Answer. "Calcutta."

"What is your cargo?"

Answer. "A detachment of his majesty's thirty-seventh regiment."

"I shall pay you a visit to-morrow to exact my usual tribute, and as I perceive that this ship has not passed over my dominion before I shall demand a tax from her."

Of course we soon settled down into the opinion that we were going to have a visit from old Neptune, the fabled god of the sea, and various and whimsical notions were formed and expressed as to the visit and ceremony attending his advent. The next day the usual preparations were made for the reception of his august majesty, and all appeared anxious for the levee to commence. I had heard old sailors tell much in relation to such performances, and knew that youngsters were handled pretty roughly at such times, so I made up my mind to be as well prepared as possible for an introduction to his majesty. I put on the worst clothes I had, and while at breakfast I observed many sly winks and nods among the older men; and I was well aware that it all had reference to the approaching fun. They soon made a rush for the deck, and the scuttle or hatch was immediately closed and the uninitiated left in total darkness. I groped my way to the ladder, determined to be the first initiated into the mysteries of old Neptune's court. Soon the scuttle was removed, and myself the first dragged on deck by rough and greasy hands. A wet swab was, in not a very gentle manner, thrown around my head and face, and my heels were tripped from under me. As I fell, a wet cloth saturated with tar and grease was fastened around my eyes. Thus hoodwinked and cable towed

I was led I knew not whither. I was told in a gruff voice to sit down, which I did, and feeling with my hands I found I was sitting over a half-hogshead of water. Soon a series of interrogatories was commenced by old Neptune, who inquired my name, age, place of birth, length of time at sea, &c.; and as I had been a little posted in the matter I was prepared for this introduction. When I attempted to answer these questions a paint-brush filled with tar and grease was pressed against my mouth. But fore-warned and fore-armed, I invariably spoke through my teeth, so that none of the horrible mixture entered my mouth. This seemed to please old Neptune, and his gracious majesty with his royal lips pronounced me a smart boy, and gave his royal command to lather me well and give me a rough shave. This interesting operation is performed by applying a paint-brush filled with the above mixture to the cheeks and chin, and scraping it off with a piece of iron hoop notched like a saw. This done, the board on which I sat was pushed from under me, and I fell back into the tub of water. At the same time the bandage was removed, and I arose a free man and loyal subject of old King Neptune. Having thus attained my freedom of the seas I was at liberty to rove over his entire dominion, and could double all capes and pass through any strait without fee or fine. I was now permitted to join his party, and took as much pleasure in tormenting others who came after me, to be initiated, as the party did in degrading me.

The old men who personified Neptune and his staff were the most grotesque and ugly-looking beings I ever beheld, or wish to see again. They had dismounted one of the guns and took the carriage for a throne, and covered it with tarpaulin and bunting. Old Neptune wore a crown made of stout canvas, trimmed with gold lace; on his shoulders a mantle made of sheep-skin with the wool on, and spun yarn about his legs for stockings; a long beard, reaching down to his waist, made of oakum; and he had a fish-spear for a tri-

dent, or scepter. His wife sat on one side, and his secretary of state, or barber, on the other, while his numerous assistants or counselors were standing around ready to obey him with becoming promptitude. The whole group made the most strange and frightful appearance imaginable.

This sport and folly continued until about 2:00 p. m., when the last victim met his fate. During all these hours rum flowed freely; and nearly all the older men were stupidly drunk, and rolling about the deck like swine in a mud-hole. Our captain and the soldiers' officers, and even the ladies, seemed to enjoy the rude and unseemly merriment of the hour, and often received a good sprinkling from the hose of our hand fire-engine, which was often directed toward the quarter-deck (of course accidentally). But all was taken in good humor as part of the programme of the occasion.

After the close of this disgusting, outlandish, and heathenish scene, a white squall came up,—that is, a squall without any warning,—and nearly all but the youngsters were unfit by intoxication to go aft or manage the sails. The ship was thrown upon her beam ends, and for some time we were in imminent danger of foundering. Had it not been for a few sober boys there might have been the most disastrous consequences.

We remained at the Cape of Good Hope only a few days, when we resumed our voyage, touching at the island of Ceylon, and soon arrived at Bombay, where we landed our soldiers and proceeded to the river Ganges. Here there is no tide, but a strong current sets toward the sea. After ascending the river a few miles we had to drop anchor and wait a change of wind. While ascending the river we hired a "Dingee Wallar," a native of the country, to wait on the ship and do errands to the shore, bringing milk, fruits, &c. On one occasion while laying at anchor near the shore, a native coming down the rapid stream in his "catamaran," (a kind of boat composed of three logs lashed together with ropes made of the bark of a tree and used by the Hindoos in

in that country,) ran against our cable and capsized. The poor fellow grasped our cable, and, the frail thing which he navigated slipped from under him, and with all his wares or stock in trade, drifted astern. He was left clinging to our cable, with his body dangling in the water, and unable to help himself. Our Dingee Wallar was at this time on shore, about a quarter of a mile from the ship. The mate called on him, and made signs to have him come and rescue his countryman from his perilous position. He refused to come, although well aware of the man's imminent danger. One of the sailors slipped down the cable, made a rope fast round the waist of the almost exhausted man, and he was soon drawn on deck. Our boatman seeing this soon after came on board, and our mate gave him a sound threshing for his inhuman conduct. His reason for refusing to come when called was his sacred veneration for the river Ganges, which he was taught to believe was a representative of the god Gunga, and anything that accidentally falls into that sacred stream must be left as a sacrifice to that deity. On another occasion while laying at anchor we heard a most horrid din of horns, gongs, and other instruments, which caused all eyes to be directed toward the shore, where we beheld a sight I hope never to witness again. Many thousands of persons, extending apparently for miles, were gathered upon and near the beach. Soon a large company of Brahmans, or priests, attired in long-flowing yellow robes, appeared and formed two lines by turning their faces inward, and extending to the edge of the water. After the line was formed a mother with a babe in her arms passed through the line, entered the river up to her waist, and after halting for a moment to receive instruction, or a blessing from the priests, deliberately walked a little farther into the river, and with the utmost coolness deposited her babe upon the bosom of the water. The clothes buoyed up the child awhile, and the current soon carried it beyond our sight. This, we were told, was done to propitiate the god Gunga in behalf of a sick father, who lay at the point of death.

On arriving at Calcutta we were often allowed to go on shore in small companies, always accompanied by one or more coolies, ostensibly to wait upon us, but obviously to prevent us from deserting. When we were inclined to wait upon ourselves and desired to dispense with their services and presence, and ramble about as we felt disposed, we would procure a large piece of pork and offer it to them. Without manifesting any disposition to accept of our generous offer, they would take to their heels and run as if they were running for dear life. This they did for fear of contamination. Being Mahommedans, their creed ignored swine's flesh. By this means we often prolonged our stay on shore, to the no little annoyance of our commander, as well as neglect of duties we ought to perform on board. But sailors are usually reckless in these matters—present gratification being the principal object sought, without regard to future circumstances. While strolling one day a short distance from the city, I suddenly came upon a "fakir," sitting cross-legged like a Turk, enjoying his pipe of opium. He sat on a leopard-skin, near the highway where two roads cross each other, with his hands above his head and his fingers clasped together. His finger nails were several inches long. He had been in that position upward of eight years. A dish of rice was by his side, contributed by those who desired to share in his merits; and passers-by would occasionally put a few spoonfuls of rice into his mouth, but he would invariably refuse to receive any except from those of his own caste. This voluntary suffering and long endurance was submitted to in order to obtain and distribute merits among his friends, and those who administered to his relief. I did not at that time know much about theology, or even the forms of religion, as contended for by different denominations, but I knew my young heart was greatly grieved at the sight of his sufferings. My feeble judgment could not but condemn the wickedness and folly of his instructors.

CHAPTER VII.

VOYAGE TO CHINA—JAVA—UPAS-TREE—PRESS-GANG—LEFT HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE BY SWIMMING—CHANGE OF NAME—ENCOUNTER WITH A SHARK.

My next voyage was to China. Nothing remarkable occurred until we arrived at the island of Java, a colony belonging to Holland, and perhaps one of the best governed colonies in the world. While at Batavia, the capital of the island, we were visited by the Java fever, as it is called. This disease is said to be the result of long continued winds blowing off the shore, bringing the effluvia from the celebrated "upas-tree," which the natives suppose stands in the center of the island. The tradition is that a large tree which emits a powerful resinous gum occupies the center of the island, and that no one can approach it except by going before the wind. Should the wind change while any one is in the vicinity of the tree, instant death would follow. It is said that persons have reached the tree and returned in safety, bringing some of the gum as proof of their exploit; and they report that all along the way the ground is strewed with the bones of men and animals that have ventured too near or beyond the circumference of its malarious or destructive power. I give this for what it is worth, but think that many of the statements are fabulous; yet with a gale from the land there is commonly much sickness on board the ships in port. We lost several of our men by the Java fever, and hastened our departure lest a greater calamity should befall us.

On our return from Canton, when at Gravesend, only twenty-eight miles from home, I was pressed and sent on board a ship-of-war. I was suddenly awakened about midnight by a bright light, from a dark-lantern, shining in my face, and a pistol presented at my head, with the order to rise without making a noise, and without delay, on pain of hav-

ing my brains blown out. Arriving on deck the crew were mustered to ascertain how many were British subjects, and liable to be impressed. Our crew were principally foreigners, who had certificates of their nationality which would secure them from impressment. On calling the name of one he said he was a German, and produced his protection papers. He was permitted to remain. Another was a Swede, or a Russian, and on showing his parchment he was allowed to go below. Another said he was a Yankee, and on examining his credentials it was proved that he was born in one of the New England states and consequently exempt from being pressed into foreign service. The next, when interrogated as to his nativity, said, "I'se a Yankee, te, sar," in true Northumberland style, and produced his naturalization papers to prove his assertion. His papers may have been genuine or may not. The press-gang have no means to prove or disprove a forgery; and any amount of such documents can be procured from sea-faring men for a few glasses of grog. The officer had no disposition to haggle over his papers, and had what he termed *prima facie* evidence that he was a Briton to the manor born. "Ah, Mr. Yankee, te, sar, I understand you to mean I am a Yankee, too, sir; but your speech betrays you; please get your traps and go into the boat." The next admitted that he was of English birth, but put in a plea that he had served on board a man-of-war for seven years and ought to be exempt from further service. The officer assured him that he was just such a man as they needed; and the poor fellow had to go. When my turn came I thought I would profit by the last man's misfortune, and readily admitted my nationality. With some confidence I informed him that I had never been on board a man-of-war, and was altogether unacquainted with the usages and tactics of his majesty's navy. "Well," said he, "you are just the right age to learn. It is time you had some knowledge of the service, and you must get ready to go into the boat." The captain paid me off, and I sent my money home by one

of my shipmates who was exempt from impressment. I was now introduced to a new order of things. The crew consisted of 350 men, under the most rigid subordination. Our officers were always upon the watch to find fault with the men. The least hesitancy to obey promptly was invariably construed into a crime for which the victim was knocked down or flogged with a cat-o-nine-tails, or received some minor punishment, such as extra work, or what was very severe to the sailor, a stoppage of his grog for a number of days. Being still young, my heart was light and cheerful; and I concluded to make myself as useful and contented as possible until I could find an opportunity to escape.

In the British navy the officers are generally the sons of noble men, as they are termed. The oldest son takes his father's estate and title; the others are fitted for the bar, the army, or the navy; and it is often said if one is a little weak in intellect he is destined for the church, to be admitted to holy orders.

During the time I was on board this ship I was restless under the yoke, and dissatisfied with my position; but I had to observe the strictest vigilance, so as not to give the least intimation of discontent. No opportunity of escape occurred until I had been on board more than two years. During all that time I was never once on shore, or nearer the land than two miles. Being a pressed man, I was not permitted to go on shore like those who had volunteered. Often when any of the crew would return with mud on their shoes it would fire my heart with a determination to avail myself of the first opportunity to tread *terra firma* once more. At last, one night while lying at Yarmouth Roads, on the north coast of England, I determined to make the attempt to escape by swimming. At nine o'clock at night, when all lights were extinguished except those in the cabin, and when the sentries had discharged their guns and were busy reloading, the drum and fife rattling off the long-roll and the band playing their last tune, I stood by a port-hole in the waste, stripped

off my shirt and threw it overboard to prevent suspicion, and slipped down a rope into the sea. I swam a mile or more to a collier, or ship loaded with coal, bound to London, which was waiting for the turn of the tide. The time I chose was of course opportune. It was what is called slack-water, which occurs twice every twenty-four hours, between the ebb and flow of the tide. I proceeded moderately until I had reached a distance not to be observed by the sentry, and then swam for dear life. I soon reached the ship in a state of perfect nudity, leaving behind me all my bedding and what clothes I had, besides a considerable amount of prize-money for vessels we had taken, and more than two years' wages. But liberty was sweet and desirable, and during our late anti-slavery struggle it was no cross for me to have a feeling of sympathy for the panting fugitive who had left all the endearments of his family and the associations of his early boyhood to seek liberty at the risk of his life. Is it any wonder that I was an abolitionist of the first water?

On reaching the collier I was hailed by the anchor watch, and gave my answer. A man threw me a rope and helped me on deck. It took but a few moments for me to explain my situation, trusting entirely to the kindness and sympathy that a sailor always has for a brother in distress. This man gave me a shirt and permitted me to turn into his bunk. In a little while the tide turned, we weighed anchor, and by daylight we were forty miles from the ship from which I had escaped. The remainder of the crew sympathized with me in my destitute condition, and furnished me with a complete suit of clothes. The captain seemed to be a kind-hearted man, and appeared deeply interested at the recital of my history. He told me he was liable to a penalty for harboring me, and would receive a reward if he delivered me up, but promised he would give me a passage to London. He had two of his sons on board, who were training for a sea-faring life, and thought perhaps they might be exposed to the hardships I had endured, and in that case he would be glad to have them fall into kind hands.

I again reached home, and found our family alive and well. For a few weeks I enjoyed some of the comforts and pleasures of a domestic life under the family roof, and felt well paid for all my past painful adventures and privations in the hearty welcome I received from all. My parents urged me to remain at home. Some of the children had left home and settled in life for themselves, and my father said he wanted me in his business; but I had been accustomed to a sea-faring life, and took great pleasure in the exciting scenes of a sea-voyage and the strange things to be seen in foreign lands. My ambition led me to believe that I would succeed better on sea than on shore, and I concluded not to abandon a sea-faring life until I had realized the object I had in view in adopting my past course of life.

I soon shipped for the Isle of France, in the Indian Ocean, and took the precaution to add my mother's name to that of my father's. My mother's maiden name was Holmes, and I wrote my name on the ship's book, "George P. Holmes." I had to adopt this course because of the singularity of my father's name. I was young and would soon change my appearance and thus avoid detection, but my name would betray me at any age. Had my name been Smith, Brown, or Jones, no suspicion would have been excited, but should chance bring me in contact with the ship from which I had absconded, I had good hope the change of name would prevent detection.

During this voyage I came near being devoured by a shark. In 1826 I was living in Upper Canada, and assisted in forming a Sunday-school, which was then a new thing in many parts of the province. As usual in any enterprise, I met with some opposition. I related the following incident to the meeting called to organize the school, and was urged to write it out for the press, which I did. It was afterward published in a Sunday-school book, from which I now quote :

"MR. EDITOR:—I consider a Sunday-school, properly conducted, a great blessing to the poor of our land. I am a liv-

ing witness of its benefits. I was born of poor parents, who could send me to no other school. It was there, in the course of two or three years, together with my private tuition at home, that I acquired that degree of education which I now possess. I was taught to fear God, obey my parents, reverence the Sabbath, abhor the sins of lying, cheating, stealing, and a catalogue of others; and had it not been for a wicked relative who inspired me with a notion for the sea, I perhaps never should have sunk to such depths of wickedness as I have. Being surrounded, while a sailor, with sinful company, I soon forsook the godly counsel given me by my teachers. I never could plead ignorance in sinning, for the convictions I received at the Sunday-school never left me, although I sailed eleven years on the ocean, in daily rebellion against God. Surely, I may say that mercy and goodness have followed me all my days. During these eleven years I have frequently sailed from England, my native country, to almost all parts of Europe and Africa,—to the East and West Indies, South America and British North America,—and oh! how many times has the Lord saved me from an untimely death, both in storms and battles. Had I room I would now record them, and render a public thanksgiving to God, my Savior. I can not forbear inserting one instance of his goodness. In May, 1812, we were sailing to the East Indies from London, being near the equinoctial line, two ships in company, with a detachment of soldiers on board of each. It was a fine day. Our ship and her consort were not more than three fourths of a mile apart. The crews of both ships obtained leave from their officers to go in swimming. I was a daring swimmer, and in company with perhaps a hundred more plunged into the water. A man from the other ship, with a bottle of rum in his hand, challenged any of us to meet him half way between the ships and he would treat. A soldier, who was a better swimmer than myself, agreed with me to accept the challenge. We had scarcely reached him, at a distance of nearly half a mile from our ship, when one of our mates, who was up in the rigging watching our maneuvers in the water, saw a shark coming up astern, and called to us to make haste on board. In a calm day sharks can be seen a great distance, as they swim with their upper fin out of the water. Those who were near the ship immediately got on board, and my companion and myself who were farthest from the ship, were left. By this time some one had thrown overboard a hook with a large piece of pork

on it, intending thus to decoy the shark from us. It seemed to take no notice of the trap, but steered directly for us. My companion reached the head of the ship some distance ahead of me, and had taken hold of a rope that hung over the side, but was so exhausted he could not climb. While he was endeavoring to reach the deck I came up to him and caught him around the waist as he hung about half out of the water. My clinching him caused him to slip farther down. I caught hold of the rope above his hands, and placing my knees upon his shoulders made an effort to climb to the head of the ship. At that instant the rope broke and plunged us both into the water beside the shark. I swam around the stern, took hold of another rope, and was soon on deck. I looked down at the soldier and saw the shark open his mouth to receive his prey. The men on deck had thrown him a rope and called to him to kick with his feet. He did so, and struck the shark on the nose, when it turned away and the man was hauled on deck. The shark then took the bait and we hoisted him in. He measured about sixteen feet, and his jaws when extended would admit of a bulk as large as a barrel. In this singular manner did God in his providence again preserve my life."

Before we reached the Cape of Good Hope the carpenter was ordered to repair the boats, and I was told to bail the pitch-pot on the galley fire. There was a man among the soldiers on board who understood the art of navigation. He proposed to show me on the chart where the ship was at noon, if I could find out where she was at the same time the day before, providing I could furnish her course run and the distance made in the last twenty-four hours. I was very anxious to increase my little fund of knowledge, and to learn the art of navigation, as it might fit me in the future for some office on shipboard. I accordingly went aft to the quarter-deck, obtained a sight of the log-board, and with pencil and paper copied the information required. We both became deeply absorbed in figuring up the different runs, and were so interested in the operation, that I entirely forgot the pitch-pot. The result was it boiled over, and immediately the ship was on fire. It being a fine afternoon, many hands were on

deck; and the fire was soon extinguished with little damage done except the loss of the pitch. The alarm was caused by my neglect and carelessness, which, but for a merciful Providence, might have proved fatal to many. As soon as the excitement abated and the captain had ascertained the cause, he took me by the neck, dragged me to the quarter-deck, and gave me such a flogging as I never before saw inflicted on man or beast. I can not tell how many strokes I received, but those who witnessed the operation assured me that he occupied about fifteen minutes in this, to him, delightful and interesting employment. Notwithstanding my incessant cries for mercy and promises of future care, he only desisted when his strength became exhausted, and every shred of clothing was cut from off my back and legs. My body was like jelly, and the blood stood in puddles on the deck. For many days I could neither lie on my back or sit down, but had to lay on my face until my wounds began to heal. I was excused from duty on account of my sores, and I determined to leave the ship on the first opportunity.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARRIVAL AT CAPETOWN—RAN AWAY—THREE DAYS ON TABLE MOUNTAIN—SUPPLIED WITH FOOD BY MONKEYS—FOUND ANOTHER SHIP—SAILED TO SAINT HELENA.

When we reached the Cape of Good Hope we dropped anchor in Table Bay, usually denominated the half-way house to the East Indies. Here ships on a voyage to India generally call, and remain a few days to take on water and get a fresh supply of vegetables and provisions. On the shore of the bay is Capetown,—the capital of the colony,—quite a respectable place, both in regard to buildings and population. It was originally laid out by a colony from

Holland, and the old buildings were built in rather a quaint style, much after the fashion of the houses in New Amsterdam, at the mouth of the Hudson River, as described by Washington Irving in his *Knickerbocker*. The English captured the place in 1805, and opened up the back country for immigration; and they have at present a large and enterprising colony in this part of Africa. Previous to the capture of this place, the Dutch had settled a considerable distance from the town; and now the Dutch "boors," as the farmers are called, form no small portion of the inhabitants of the country, and are living in proximity to their English and Scotch neighbors. The main street of the town is well supplied with stores and shops, and probably half the merchants are Dutch. The English and Dutch languages are freely used in transacting business and in daily intercourse. The streets are all lined with beautiful and thrifty shade-trees, and many of the private houses, especially those built since the conquest of the place, are both commodious and elegant. The government house and offices are fine and substantial, while the forts seem to be almost impregnable. The governor's house would compare favorably with the White House in Washington, and indeed the outside resembles closely the latter building. The government garden, or, more properly, the public garden, was at that time (sixty years ago) thought by many to excel the celebrated gardens of William, Prince of Orange, near Amsterdam in Holland, at the time of the revolution in England under that prince. The plan of the garden was of Dutch origin, and carried out to its present comparative perfection by the English government officers. It combined in about eight or ten acres all the rare displays and advantages of a park, with miniature lakes and fishponds; with selections from the floral kingdom, from all parts of the world, and with animals of almost every description. Here could be seen the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the elephant, the zebra, the ostrich, &c., in fact, all kinds of animals that are known to the tropics, in their perfect state, without

being dwarfed, as they often are in northern latitudes. The place is open to the public; and all strangers from ship-board and elsewhere delight to take a stroll through its meandering walks, enjoy the shade of the stately trees, inhale the fragrance of the beautiful flowers, and form an acquaintance with the animals.

On the east side of the town lies a high ridge or promontory, which, with the help of a little imagination, looks like a huge lion. Its head, shoulders, legs, hips, and especially its tail, with the tuft at the end, are pretty well developed, and are known among the citizens by their respective names. On this ridge are the forts for the defense of the harbor and town, and on the lion's head is the telegraph or signal-post. The original form of the lion may have been much marred by excavations for the forts, and yet the form remains. There is also a delightful promenade here, where those who desire it may on a warm day enjoy the breeze from the ocean.

On the north side of the town rises Table Mountain, which gives name to the bay. It is said to be a mile perpendicular in height above the level of the town, is perfectly flat on top, and is often seen above the clouds. There is a winding road made to its summit, which is often ascended by "picnic" and other parties, either for science or pleasure. When a heavy white cloud rests upon this mountain, it is said that "the table is spread with its white cloth." This is esteemed a sure sign of a storm, and the ships in the harbor look well to their moorings.

While our ship lay in the bay I was often sent on shore for fresh meat, fruits, vegetables, &c., as well as on other errands. Though my wounds were healed, the recollection of my torture, on account of the pitch-pot affair, was still indelibly fixed in my mind, and I was determined to sail no more with that brutal man. I therefore laid my plans to desert the ship the day she left port.

In the afternoon of the day of sailing I was in the boat

that took the captain on shore to get his clearance papers. While he was gone to procure these documents I hid myself behind a pile of boards in a lumber-yard near the wharf, and remained there until dark. I then left my place of retreat and started for Table Mountain. I followed a winding road to its summit, a distance of about three miles. On reaching the end of my journey I laid down at the root of a cocoa-nut tree and slept soundly until morning, when I was aroused by the chattering of scores of monkees and the cawing of parrots and other tropical birds, that seemed to be alarmed at my intrusion upon their territory; and each party appeared anxious to dispute my right to remain there. I had taken no thought of to-morrow, and had neither bread, money, or shoes. All I possessed was a shirt, a pair of trowsers, and a straw hat. I had now been more than four years at sea; had several times run away from oppression; had left behind all my clothes and wages, and each time had to start in the world with little less than my bare skin, and that in a lacerated condition. I was now on the continent of Africa, twelve thousand miles or more from my native land, with perhaps a price on my head, and not a friend to whom I had access. I had had nothing to eat since noon the day before, and my stomach began to admonish me that supplies were needed. I began to explore my elevated and lonely retreat for something to satisfy the cravings of hunger. I soon found some wild fruits, and, what was more opportune, my walking about seemed to exasperate my companions in exile (the monkees), who in their apparent rage ran up the tall cocoa-nut trees which I could not climb, and in their fury tore off the fruit, which I eagerly seized. The contents afforded me sustenance for the three days of my visit to their domain. While on this hill I had the satisfaction of beholding the final departure of the ship which alone could claim my services. Of course I knew she could not be detained on her voyage to search for such an insignificant person as myself, but I did not know what directions the captain had given

concerning my apprehension and imprisonment when found. I left my place of refuge with much caution, bid adieu to my hastily formed acquaintances on Table Mountain, and descended toward the town, resolved to give the soldiers and the business part of town a wide berth. But in attempting to do this I stumbled upon the barracks, and soon found myself walking beside the barrack wall. On the outside wall near the gate was a small cottage where a soldier was allowed to live with his family, when not on duty. As I drew nigh a well-dressed young woman, leading a little child by the hand, left the cottage and came toward me. The child was crying, and the mother, to pacify it, directed its attention to me, at the same time inquiring if I was an English boy? I told her I was. She inquired what part of England; and when I informed her she exclaimed, "Oh, dear me, I came from London. How glad I am to see any person from that place. Would you like to have a piece of bread and butter?" I need not give the answer. Would a drowning man be delighted at being rescued from a watery grave? This was a luxury I had not indulged in for many months. The last I had received was from my mother's hand. It was indeed a luxury, and I accepted it with profound thankfulness, with an acknowledgment then, as well as now, of the care and kindness of that gracious Providence who watched over and took pity on my waywardness as a waif tossed on the sea of life. I dared not tell this lady my helpless condition, for fear of consequences I so much dreaded, or perhaps in her kindness she might have bestowed upon me greater proofs of her sympathy. I was afraid she would ask me what ship I belonged to. I could not answer such a question, for my own ship had sailed, and I did not know the name of any ship in port. The butter on the bread she had given me was the fat of sheep's-tails, which was commonly used in that country as a substitute for butter. The African sheep has a large flat tail, very much in the shape of a bricklayer's trowel, with the handle part next the body, tapering to a point and reaching

down to the ground. It weighs from five to ten pounds and more. Some of extraordinary size may be seen in parks, with a little truck with wheels attached to the body of the sheep, in order to support the tail and prevent embrasures of the skin. When the sheep are slaughtered this dernier appendage is tried down, or melted, and produces a substance somewhat harder than lard but not so hard as tallow. When it is seasoned with salt it is an excellent substitute for butter.

I left this last kind friend, deeply regretting that I could not make her acquainted with my destitute condition, and repaired to the public park, where I laid down at the root of a large tree. As the church-clock struck twelve I was awakened by a company of Germans returning from a theater, who were singing a European song in a scientific and truly musical manner. I was wonderfully charmed and delighted with the singing, though I did not understand a word. I was invigorated and encouraged. As the sound died away in the distance I again composed my mind with the hope that this was an omen for good, and rested the remainder of the night undisturbed.

In the morning I repaired down to the harbor and inquired for a ship in need of hands, and soon found a vessel bound to Saint Helena, and thence to Rio Janeiro. I made a bargain with the captain, who offered me twelve dollars per month and agreed to furnish me with an outfit. Of course the captain knew I was a deserter from some ship; but on shipping hands in a foreign port that question is never alluded to. They are generally so eager to get men as not to be overscrupulous how they obtain them. This ship was clipper-built, and better adapted for sailing fast than for the merchant service or the carrying of a heavy cargo. She mounted six twelve-pounders on each side, and had two or three large arm-chests. In fact we had more than twice the number of guns and ammunition usually carried on board a merchant ship which intended a lawful voyage. On going to sea we were constantly exercised on the guns and

small arms, and the captain and mates put on uniforms similar to those of the royal navy. It began to be whispered among the men that we were going on a buccaneering voyage or cruise, and the question was whether we would consent. It was not long before the men determined not to engage in so hazardous and criminal an undertaking, and declared if fighting was to be done it should commence with the officers. The cabin-boy frequently appeared forward among the men, as a spy, we supposed, to ascertain the minds of the men. They were not backward to express their fears of the captain's intention before him, neither their own determinations should their fears be realized. We never knew what effect it had, if any, on the captain. Our voyage was, so far as we knew, legal and honorable.

We left the Cape of Good Hope with a cargo of two hundred pipes or casks of wine, seventy oxen, and five hundred fat sheep, bound for Saint Helena, the island to which Bonaparte was banished after the battle of Waterloo, and where he subsequently died. This island is about thirty or forty miles in circumference. It is a perpendicular rock, with only one landing-place. Jamestown, the capital, is situated here, and is a considerable town, deriving its support chiefly from the ships that usually call there on their way to and from the Indies. The land is barren, but in a few ravines there are trees and other vegetation. Many of the gardens in its only village or town have been made from earth or mold imported from the continent. It is strongly fortified, and well garrisoned with soldiers. Every man on the island is in the service of the government in some form, and the place is under martial law. The strictest surveillance is observed toward all ships going to its roadstead (it has no harbor), and while they remain there. Its importance consists in its excellent water, and, being situated so remote from England, in furnishing supplies for ships on their long voyages to China and other parts of the East.

From this place we went in ballast to Rio Janeiro, in South

America, one of the most beautiful cities and harbors on the American continent. It is the largest and most important city south of the Isthmus of Darien. The harbor is perfectly land-locked, and beautifully studded with islands, which are perpetually in verdure, and afford the most delightful retreats during the hottest seasons of the year. However, this is somewhat questionable, as the city is so near the equator that little is known about the change of seasons. The harbor is quite spacious, and the flags of nearly all nations float from the masts of ships that safely repose upon the bosom of its clear and tranquil waters. The emperor's palace is a magnificent building, near the verge of the harbor and the stone stairs where the boats usually land. This palace and the numerous churches, together with the government buildings, are evidence of enterprise and taste in the nation, and are a credit to the age. In the public square, in front of the palace, is a large fountain of water, ascending many feet into the air, and then falling gracefully into a large stone reservoir, which supplies a great part of the city with water. Here, at all times, may be seen numerous slaves engaged in washing clothes, while scores of others are carrying large tubs of water on their heads to different parts of the city.

Our supply of fresh beef and poultry was abundant while in port, both being remarkably cheap. Of fruits and vegetables we had a liberal quantity for all hands, which together with the cheapness of *aquadent*, a mean imitation of villainous whisky, made us quite contented, and even anxious to remain in port for an indefinite time.

It was in 1813 when we reached this place. There was war between England and the United States; and there were a number of south-sea whale-ships in port who could not leave on account of the British cruisers on the coast. When on shore, on duty or otherwise, I formed acquaintance with a number of American seamen, who belonged to the ships in port; indeed, any person who could speak

your own tongue would be an agreeable companion under the circumstances. There was also a public house or hotel in the city, whose sign was the "American Flag," to which all who spoke the English language were accustomed to resort. This house was kept by an American, and had the stars and stripes floating from the second story. As soon as we landed, if we had time, we bent our course to this common center, in order to "liquor up," spin yarns of past exploits and future prospects, and tell of the daring deeds of both nations. When captains or mates were in search of their men they usually found them here. I knew nothing of the cause of the war; but my Yankee acquaintances soon enlightened me on this subject. They informed me that they were fighting John Bull for free trade and sailors' rights,—big words in the mouth of sailors; and to hear them elaborate on this interesting theme one would imagine that at the close of the war sailors would find an Elysian ocean, as the Turks expect Elysian fields. We were told that in America (in foreign countries the United States embraces all America) there was no king, that all were free and equal and had better treatment and better wages than in the British service, and in many ways eulogized the American character and usages. My mind was soon on fire with the idea of becoming an American citizen, and thus be permitted to enjoy the immunities and privileges of that wonderful nation of freemen.

My duty, in company with another boy, was to go on shore every morning before daylight, for beef, vegetables, oranges, &c., for daily use. At such times we usually made a call at the "American Flag." At these and other interviews the subject of leaving our ships and going into the American service was freely discussed in mutual confidence. When going on shore in the morning, if no officer went with us, we took a garment or blanket, and left them with the landlord, telling him that at a suitable time we should leave our ship. This with him was only a matter of business; and we were

as safe to confide in him as though we were brother Masons. We, the other boy and myself, had continued thus to remove all our clothes and blankets, until all my things were on shore except one shirt. The day the ship was to sail was the time agreed on to desert. On that day, about noon, we were ordered into the boat to take the captain to the custom-house for his clearance. As I started for the boat I took my remaining shirt under my arm, and when going over the side the mate said:

“George, what have you got under your arm?”

“A shirt, sir,” I replied.

“What are you going to do with it?” he inquired.

“Wash it,” said I, “while waiting for the captain.”

“Let me see it,” said he. “Why, it is clean, and don’t need washing!”

When the captain came on deck the mate said: “I believe George is going to run away.”

“Why so?” inquired the captain.

“Because he told me a lie. He has a shirt with him which he said he was going to wash, and it does not need washing.”

The captain said: “Oh, I guess he is not going to run off, but to be safe, send another hand in his place.”

Here I was, completely foiled in all my expectations. My castles were all built on the air, and had all sunk completely out of sight, not a vestige remaining. It was the last day the ship was to remain in port, and all my clothes were on shore. To make it known would criminate myself, and to go to sea without a change of clothes, or a bed or a blanket to lie on, was truly appalling.

CHAPTER IX.

LEFT RIO JANEIRO BOUND TO RIO DE LA PLATA—SAILED UP THE RIVER—BUENOS AYRES—REVOLUTION IN THE PROVINCE—ATTEMPTS AT DESERTION, IN ORDER TO RETURN TO RIO JANEIRO TO PROCURE MY CLOTHES, UNSUCCESSFUL — MRS. CLARKE.

The captain returned without the other boy, who had left the boat as he intended, and as I would have done had it been my good fortune to have been in his company. I took the liberty to rally the captain a little on his misplaced confidence.

“Ah, you scoundrel,” said he, “you would have done so too had you gone on shore.”

While on shore that day the captain employed four other men, one of them a black man, for twenty-five dollars per month, and paid them two months' pay in advance. Hands were scarce in port, and they could command almost any terms they chose to demand. These men were a kind of bounty-jumpers; that is, they would hire for large wages when ships were in need of help, get pay for one or two months in advance, remain on board only a few weeks, or perhaps days, and then escape and ship on board another vessel. So they would repeat the same acts time and again, and pursue this dishonest course for months or years.

We sailed from Rio Janeiro bound to Rio de la Plata, or “Silver River,” one of the most beautiful streams in the world. It is several hundred miles wide, but very shallow, and its banks are quite low. On both sides are extensive prairies, covered with luxuriant grass which affords pasture for immense herds of cattle. In the heat of the day they come down to the brink of the river, and for many miles, as far as the eye can reach, completely cover the beach; and the noise of their bellowing sounds like distant thunder. At

the time I was there the principal exports were hides and tallow. For these commodities, chiefly, were the cattle slaughtered. The carcass was left for the carrion-crow, a bird nearly as large as a turkey, which, with the wolves, held high carnival in slaughtering time. These birds are protected by legislation as necessary scavengers, a fine being imposed upon any person who destroys them.

Buenos Ayres, several hundred miles from the mouth of the river, was a considerable city when I was there. It was a colony of old Spain, but had a short time previously declared its independence of the mother country. Great preparations were being made, as rapidly as possible, or as their limited resources would admit, to meet the Spanish forces who were expected soon to attempt a suppression of the rebellion.

On our way up the river the men whom we shipped at Rio Janeiro learned the fact that my clothes and other effects were left in that place. They drew me into their confidence, informing me of their intention to leave the ship at the first favorable opportunity, and allowing me a share in the hazardous undertaking. On reaching Buenos Ayres we anchored opposite the city, about nine miles from land, as the water was too shallow to admit of a ship with a cargo to approach nearer to the shore. Our long-boat was fitted with mast and sail, and all our intercourse was by this means. One night I had the anchor watch from ten to twelve o'clock, and it was agreed that as soon as the man I had relieved should be asleep I was to carefully inform my confederates in folly and rashness. We would then haul up the long-boat, which was towing astern, put their baggage (not mine, for I had none,) on board, and make our way to the shore. This part of the programme was accomplished without any interruption, as all on board were asleep; and we took every precaution to prevent pursuit or arrest. We secured the tackle of the boat hanging on the quarter, so that it would consume much time in the dark to lower her

down, and a rope was passed around the companion-hatch, so that the mate in the cabin could not get on deck without help. We now started, with full confidence of success, and at break of day reached the shore. Soon we removed our effects from the boat, and hauled her up as far as we could on the shore. We now took our things, consisting of two chests, some bags of clothing, and four mattresses, into the first *pulerparce*, or hotel, we could reach, which happened to be near where we landed. Here we took breakfast, and held a counsel how we should dispose of ourselves and avoid apprehension. It was thought best not all to keep together, but to divide into three parties as the most likely way to prevent detection. There was one of our number who was about fifty years of age, and could speak the Spanish language fluently; the remainder were young men, myself the youngest of all. I intimated my desire to go with the oldest man, and argued that as I was the youngest it was no more than right that I should be classed with the man who would in some sense be my protector, as they all knew the country better than myself, I having never been here before. My object was to be coupled with a man who could speak the language of the country, in hopes to fare better. But in this, as the sequel will show, I was mistaken. So it was finally agreed that Jack Roper and another should go together, Tom Edwards (the old man) and myself should form another party, and the negro should go by himself. Thus we had arranged matters with confidence of success; and after pledging ourselves with another glass and renewing our promises to be true to each other, and if one was caught not to inform on the remainder, we left the hotel in a body. We shook hands in the street, and wished each other luck, and parted to seek our fortune and shape our future destiny. The old man to whom I looked for counsel and help, and to whose care I had implicitly committed myself, proved a perfect failure. He called at almost every grog-shop we passed, and by the middle of the afternoon became so drunk as to be un-

able to walk, and actually laid down on the pavement beside a garden wall in the midst of the city. I had continually urged him to leave the city and take refuge in the country for a few days, but all to no purpose. He was willful and obstinate, knew what was best, or at least said so, and all I could do was to submit. I could not leave him, as I knew not where to go; and I knew but few words of the language spoken in the country. Besides, we had agreed at the outset to stand by each other and not to desert a comrade in the hour of need. I therefore sat down like a faithful dog beside his master, and drove the flies from his face while he slept.

A short time before sunset I saw three cavalry soldiers approaching us, accompanied by a civilian in Spanish garb. In that day the usual outer dress of a poor Spaniard was a blanket with a hole in the middle for the head to protrude, one half hanging behind and the other in front, and bound around the body by a leather thong. Those in better circumstances substituted broadcloth, and often trimmed it with something fanciful and expensive. When the soldiers came near, the gentleman in Spanish dress said, "There are two of them." The gentleman in the garb of the country proved to be no other than our captain, who in this disguised condition was in search of his recreant crew. He ordered me to mount behind him, while my drunken comrade was placed behind a soldier, and in this grotesque condition we took up our line of march I knew not whither. I was closely interrogated in reference to the remainder of the party who had deserted with us. I told the captain I knew nothing of their whereabouts—which was strictly true. He then inquired about our future designs, and whether I was willing to go on board again and behave myself. I promptly said no, and reminded him that he knew that my clothes and things were in Rio Janeiro, and I was bound to go there and obtain them. He then said he would put me in prison and keep me there, without wages, until the next voyage was over. While this conversation was passing between us we reach-

ed the city prison, or kind of lock-up which was in the back yard of the hotel where we had stored our baggage in the morning. It seems that the crew lay in bed till they were tired, as there was no watch on deck to call them up. On finding out the situation of things, the crew were mustered and the number ascertained who had absconded and taken the long-boat to aid in their escape. The second mate was sent on shore to acquaint the captain with the state of affairs, and on looking on the beach the boat from which we landed was lying where we left her. We were then tracked in the mud to the tavern where we left our things, the landlord of which was the sheriff or some other officer, who soon put the captain on our track. The sequel, as far as I was concerned, has already been related.

On entering the prison we found it divided into different compartments, similar to stalls in a horse-stable, but in the place of a manger there was a pair of stocks in each stall to receive the legs of the prisoner. Tom and I were placed in separate stalls, with both legs fastened, so that it would be impossible to turn or change our position, but be obliged to lie on our backs. To sit would be painful, for our heels were higher than our bodies. A green hide was thrown on the ground on which we were to repose, with nothing to support the head. Tom soon began to snore, and became oblivious to his comfortable quarters; but for myself, my mind was active, and I was fully alive to the sense of my situation and the impracticability of my escape. The prison vermin soon commenced a series of marching and counter-marching, taking an occasional nip on my skin as they passed along, which rendered my situation miserable in the extreme. I had some time previously read Dr. Franklin's essays, who states in one of them an anecdote on imprisonment for debt. He said that an Indian was once in Philadelphia, and showing him the rarities of the city, among other places he was conducted to the prison. The Indian inquired what that building was for, and was informed it was intended to put dishonest men

in who did not pay their debts, or Indians who did not bring the furs they promised. "Ah!" said the Indian, "we no catch skin dar." The doctor reasoned that it is a poor place to put a debtor to enable him to pay his debts. And so thought I in regard to myself, while in the stocks I am helpless, and were I once more at liberty I might find another chance of escape. I was sorry I had not consented to go with the captain at his request.

"He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Will never live to fight again."

While I was thus tormented, both in mind and body, and deeply regretting my folly and the helplessness of my condition, I heard the door open and immediately recognized the captain's voice. He inquired if I liked my situation or was pleased with the stocks. I promptly replied no, and promised to return to the ship if he would only release me from that miserable place. He ordered my release; and indeed, I suppose my confinement was contrary to law. I had not been tried, neither had I violated any law of the country; but captains are often a law unto themselves, and with impunity commit many outrages upon poor sailors.

It was now dark, and the captain conducted me to his lodgings, a very fine, large house on the main street of the city. This house was owned by a Mrs. Clarke, who was a widow, and kept a boarding-house for English and American captains and other gentlemen who favored her with their patronage. Mrs. Clarke, in the halcyon days of her single blessedness, could sing with the eccentric Barrington, who had been once in her situation,

" True patriots we, for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good."

She was of Irish birth, and some years previously had been transported for crime to Botany Bay. On the voyage the

men mutinied and took the ship and ran her into a Spanish port, England and Spain being then at war. The convicts were all liberated, and she subsequently married one of the number by the name of Clarke. He appears to have been an enterprising man, and soon amassed a large fortune. He had a large store in the city, was the owner of much real estate and many slaves, and, having no children, when he died his property was inherited by his widow. The house in which she lived was built in Asiatic style, with a flat roof, and no door on the street, the entrance being under an archway with lodging apartments over it. Passing the archway you entered a spacious square, with the principal building or house on one side, and the negro quarters and store-rooms, or workshops, on the other sides. In the center of the square was a beautiful fountain, whose water arose to a great height and fell into a reservoir where different kinds of water-fowl seemed to revel with delight. This hollow square embraced about half an acre, I should judge, and was well laid out with walks and shrubbery, and seemed like the Elysian fields in miniature. There was an air of neatness and refreshing coolness all about the premises, with large, airy rooms in the main building, and the hospitalities were freely tendered to all who were accustomed to enjoy her company. There were about forty slaves, who lived on the premises, many of whom were mechanics and others musicians, and a whole band could be called into service in a few minutes. It was no wonder that gentlemen of leisure and others should find this place a pleasant retreat. In her manners, Mrs. Clarke was perfectly agreeable and fascinating. Her table always afforded the delicacies of the season, and her liquors and cigars were of the choicest kind. To this place the captain led me. He introduced me to his landlady as one of his run-away boys, and requested her to give me some supper and lodge me for the night.

CHAPTER X.

ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM MRS. CLARKE—KINDNESS OF A SPANISH BACHELOR—AGAIN FOILED—CONCLUDED TO BECOME A "PATRIOT"—ENGLISH FLAG—JACK ROPER.

The next day was Sunday, and soon after sunrise I heard the captain and second mate talking up stairs directly over where I had slept the night previously. In giving orders to the mate, he said: "The boy George is down below; take him with you on board." The mate soon found me, informed me of the captain's command, and ordered me to follow him to the slaughter-house. On arriving there we found the steward and three of the hands waiting the return of the mate. The mate inquired of the steward if he knew of a coffee-house near by. The steward said there was one near the wharf. "Let us go," said he, "and get a mug of coffee," at the same time telling the men to take the beef, which had already been weighed, and the bags of vegetables and fruit, and wait in the boat for them. As they left the slaughter-house the men began to inquire how it happened that I had been caught. I told them as briefly as possible of the folly and madness of Tom, and helped two of them to shoulder their load, when the other, who lingered behind, winked at me and said:

"Let them go."

When the two had departed, "Jack Straw," as we called him, said he had a good mind to try his luck at running away.

"Well," said I, "now is a good time."

We left our loads behind us and entered the street together, when I said: "Jack, we must each act for himself. I was caught yesterday by being in company with Tom. Had I been alone I might have escaped."

To this he readily assented, and bidding each other good-by he turned up a narrow lane and was soon out of

sight. I went a little way on the street which fronted the harbor and commanded a full view of all the shipping in port, saw the door of a private house open, and without ceremony entered. I saluted the man of the house with, "*Viva la patriot,*" nearly all the Spanish I could command. He cheerfully returned the salute with gusto. This house was occupied by a middle-aged man, whom I took for a bachelor. He was preparing his breakfast, which consisted of boiled chicken and warm biscuits, accompanied with "mattee," a kind of continental tea, as a substitute for the Chinese beverage generally used in civilized life. The Spanish fleet was blockading the ports, so that little tea could be found in the province except what was smuggled in. I was courteously entertained. Many questions were asked, few of which I could answer, not knowing their import, therefore most of our conversation was tabooed. But by signs and gestures I made him understand I was in favor with the cause of the insurgents, and often repeated the expression, "*Viva la patriot,*" which was sure to meet a hearty response on his part. He invited me to partake of breakfast with him. I readily assented, and helped him discuss his hot rolls and chicken, and sucked his "matte" through a silver tube out of a cocoa-nut shell mounted on a silver foot. While at breakfast I saw our boat leave the wharf, and when I counted heads I discovered that Jack Straw had not been caught. I was now sure that for the present I was at liberty, and my next thought was how to retain and employ it. I was penniless and without an outfit (having only the clothes I wore), in a strange land, with the least possible knowledge of the language, and not a friend to whom I could look for assistance. I had heard of the revolution in the country and the approaching campaign, and the great inducements held out to those who would enlist in the cause of the country. Money seemed to be plenty, but men were scarce. Fifty dollars per month, and the same amount in bounty, with an equal share in prize-money, was freely offered to volunteers for the navy or privateers. The

expectation was, however, that no quarter would be given to prisoners on either side. The wages and emoluments I considered liberal and fully remunerative; but the last clause of the terms or contract was not so inviting, and tended rather to cool off my aspiration for naval or military renown. But, then, it was perfectly consonant with Spanish tastes and Spanish usages, and not at all unusual in their mode of warfare. Human life was always cheap where Spanish rule prevailed, and a common saying among "roughs" was, "a short life and a merry one." So even this difficulty would soon be settled by those who were as reckless as myself. I concluded to run the risk, and made up my mind to try my chance. I had escaped many dangers; and I was in hopes I should succeed even in this undertaking, and at the end of the war perhaps be rich. I made signs to mine host of my intention to enter the rebel, or rather patriot, service. He appeared to perfectly understand me in regard to my designs, and frequently exclaimed, "*Viva la patriot!*" to which I in return cheerfully responded in the same intelligent and patriotic style. But now a difficulty presented itself. The church-bells began to ring, announcing the hour for divine worship. He began to prepare for church, and appeared to be anxious to ascertain my nationality. He asked:

"*Vous Angletere ae Ilandios?*"

I understood him to mean, "Are you English or Irish?" (I may not write the words correctly, but give them as they sounded in my ears.) Immediately it was suggested to hail for an Irishman, as it might procure me better treatment, if not greater security.

"Oh," I replied, "*Ilandios.*"

"Ah," said he, "*Buano Machasar, star buan Christian,*" at the same time giving me a friendly slap on the shoulder, and devoutly crossing himself, and no doubt invoking a blessing from the mother of God in my behalf.

He now gave me a cordial invitation to go to church, which I respectfully declined, on the ground that I was not willing

to expose myself in too public a manner. But in reality I knew not the ceremony of the Roman Church, and by exposing my ignorance I should forfeit the encomium he had so lately bestowed upon me of being a "*star buan Christian.*" We left the house in company, he to pay his devotions in church, and I to seek an opportunity to carry out my plan of enlisting in the service of the insurgents.

I soon reached the negro market on the public square, where the negroes were allowed to meet on Sunday mornings to dispose of their little wares, such as chickens, ducks, singing-birds, dogs, brooms made of heather, small bundles of wood, bundles of hay, &c. The negroes who vended these articles were slaves; and these little privileges and perquisites were allowed by their owners, to encourage their fidelity, or perhaps to relax the rigor of their perpetual servitude. When I reached the public square the market was just closed, and many were departing for church or home. In the crowd I saw a white sailor-boy about my age, and inquired of him how I could find the "English Flag" (this was a public house, and the common place of resort for English and American seamen when on shore—similar to the "American Flag," in Rio Janeiro). The lad of whom I made the inquiry pointed down the main street, and said it was on the corner of the second or third street, on the right hand. He said I would know the house by the English colors flying from an upper window. I was much pleased to find I was so near to what I supposed would prove an asylum, or a safe retreat, until I could secure a passage on board a patriot vessel. I shaped my course in the direction designated, and before I had passed a single block I met the captain on the sidewalk in company with two other gentlemen. He looked at me with extreme astonishment, and seemed to scarcely believe his own sense of seeing. He inquired of me how I came there. I told him that the mate and steward had gone to a coffee-house to get some coffee, and as they stayed so long I also went to another place for refreshments. When I

returned the boat was gone, and I was now in search for his lodgings. He seemed to give me credit for my hastily-formed excuse, and said the place was near by. He then requested the gentlemen to excuse him a few minutes until he showed me the way to Mrs. Clarke's. It was but a few steps from where we stood, and in going I saw the English Flag and noticed how to find it in future. He again introduced me to Mrs. Clarke, and told her my story, which she also appeared to believe. I was ordered to remain there until the boat should return on to-morrow.

After his departure I found myself with only the house slaves for company, and they were all engaged in amusement and plays. The work of the morning was all accomplished, and every one was at liberty to amuse himself as he deemed best. Some were playing cards or dominoes, others pitching quoits, some wrestling, and others sleeping, while I alone was thoughtful and devising plans for escape. I was apprehensive that I was under surveillance, and perhaps some charge had been given them to watch that I did not leave the premises. I endeavored to make myself as agreeable as possible, and talked with them as well as I could; for some of the slaves had learned a little English from waiting upon boarders who spoke that language. I found they were expecting that emancipation would take place should the rebellion succeed. I avowed myself a patriot, and thus secured their confidence; and in grand chorus they all responded, "*Viva la patriot.*" I took a cigar from the side-board, and continued my meditations while I walked around the fountain, and neatly-kept paths among the flowers and shrubbery. Each time I performed my perambulations I approached a little nearer to the archway that led to the street, and when I thought that no eye was upon me I stepped out. A short run brought me to the English Flag.

On entering the house, I found a large company of sailors had gathered to spend the day and have a grand dinner. Among them was Jack Roper, one of the men we ship-

ped at Rio Janeiro, and who yesterday was the principal leader in planning our escape from the ship and directing our course after we reached the shore. He was in a high state of intoxication, exceedingly boisterous, and seemed to be the leading spirit of the entire company. He had plenty of money, and was making a liberal use of it. I told him our captain had passed by there a short time since, and would probably soon return, and that if he desired to avoid detection or escape arrest he had better find a place of more security, or at least be less boisterous. But my exhortation was useless, and he put himself in a threatening attitude and swore that if the captain or any other person attempted to arrest him he would knock him down.

I have not seen him since that day, but from information, through a reliable source, I have reason to believe he is identical with the late Rev. John Roper of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Like myself, he was a brand plucked from the burning. He had perhaps labored as faithfully in the service of the devil as I had—at any rate, in laying plans for fun and mischief there were few superior to him. He was my senior by ten years or more; a man of noble mien and generous disposition; incapable of doing a mean act to a shipmate; and always ready to resist oppression and defend the innocent. In form he was the perfect picture of a man—rather above the medium size, with an open, frank countenance. He had been favored in his boyhood days with at least a common-school education, of which, to my regret, I was entirely deprived.

Such was my friend Jack Roper, born in the same kingdom as myself, and reared under the same influences of folly and wickedness, but by the power of divine grace afterward known, in the State of New York, as Rev. John Roper, who was distinguished and respected for his piety and usefulness by those who knew him. With the writer he could sing:

“ Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe;
Sin has left a crimson stain
He washes white as snow.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAPTAIN ENTERS THE "ENGLISH FLAG"—I AM AGAIN CAUGHT—PUT IN THE STOCKS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE—TAKEN ON BOARD A SHIP-OF-WAR ONCE MORE—SEAL ISLAND—SAIL TO RIO JANEIRO—FINE TIMES—SAIL TO ENGLAND AND HOLLAND.

But to return to my narrative. I soon found the landlord, and told him my intentions. I requested him to inform me how I could reach one of the revolutionary war-vessels, or even a privateer. He replied that he could manage that business up to the handle, and would, if I desired, see me safely on board that night. I inquired his charges, and he said twenty-five dollars. I readily accepted the offer, and promised to pay him out of my bounty. I inquired for some place of seclusion, where my fears of arrest might be allayed. He thought the kitchen would be as safe as anywhere, and I could command the hospitalities of the house. I called for a glass of brandy and water and a cigar, and sat down behind the door. I soon settled into a delightful reverie, and began to build castles. I thought the war might last three or four years, and that fifty dollars per month, with now and then the capture of a rich prize, would yield me a pretty round sum at the time of my discharge. I imagined I should rival my uncle with all his abundant possession of gold. How I would surprise my parents when I returned home! I had no thought of adversity or misfortune, or of capture and assassination by the Spaniards. I was sailing in a smooth sea, with a fair wind and full expectation to reach the port in safety. But as Burns says,

"The best of plans of men and mice
May often gang astray,"

I had not been long engaged in this interesting and exceedingly pleasant employment of castle-building, when I

was alarmed by a great bustle and stir in the bar-room, and before I had time to ascertain the cause Jack Roper rushed through the kitchen where I was sitting, ran into the back yard, jumped the fence, and was out of sight. As I had suggested, the captain on passing had recognized Jack's voice, and stepped into the house in hope of finding some of his men. Jack observed his entrance, and thinking discretion the better part of valor he made a hasty retreat through the kitchen as the only means of escape. No doubt upon second—if not sober—thought he concluded that a good run was better than a bad or even a doubtful fight. The captain followed him closely. In losing sight of him he saw me, and stopped in order to secure one bird at least. He knew we were all birds of passage, and sometimes hard to catch; and a bird in hand was worth many on the wing. On seeing me he inquired how I came there. I informed him that I was tired of being pent up all day in company with none but house-slaves, and just stepped out to get a glass of grog. He said there was plenty of liquor on Mrs. Clarke's sideboard, and I could have helped myself if I had wished. I told him I did not want to sponge my grog from others, and could pay my own bill. He told me to follow him, and I was silly and stupid enough to do so. If I had resisted there was plenty of help at hand to have hustled him out of the house. But he was my lawful captain, and I knew I ought to obey him. On reaching the street a relief guard was passing, consisting of a corporal and four soldiers, and he told them in Spanish to take me in charge. They did so, and marched me down to the guard-house, at the head of the wharf, when I was again put into the stocks. All hopes of escape now vanished. The boat would land the next day close to where I was confined, and any resistance on my part to going on board would be useless. This to me was exceedingly horrible. To remain all night in the stocks, lying on nothing but hard plank; to be the next day taken to the ship and perhaps flogged until life became almost extinct, and then to

be held responsible in law for what damage the ship had sustained by my desertion, which would more than cover a year's wages, was too horrible to contemplate. Such was now to be the result of my day-dreams, and such the termination of my airy castle-building. All my most sanguine hopes had vanished, and I appeared to myself like a wreck on a shoreless sea. I knew that I had forfeited the captain's confidence, and from henceforth could expect no favor or indulgence from him, or be allowed to go on shore like other men. I would be under constant suspicion, and the worst construction put upon my actions. All this was truly appalling. But what could I do? I was a prisoner; and I knew the captain too well to expect any mercy at his hand. He would exact the pound of flesh according to the contract, and not be overscrupulous if blood did flow to obtain it.

It was not long, as in many other instances, before a way opened to escape the clutches of my captain. A naval officer, belonging to one of the British ships-of-war then lying in the river, happened to pass near the guard-house. I called to him, and said I was a British subject, held in confinement without trial or cause. He listened to my relation of the whole matter; and as no legal steps had been taken against me, and as I was only confined at the captain's request, he ordered the officer of the guard to release me. This was speedily done, and I was once more taken on board a man-of-war. Our captain soon after came on board to demand my surrender, but was told that he was liable to an action for damages for imprisoning me unlawfully. His duty was to have taken me on board his ship after he had apprehended me, and not incarcerate me in a jail without writ or warrant. At this decision I felt thankful that I was under the protection of the British flag, and at once volunteered into the service. I was driven to take this step by the perilous condition into which I had foolishly plunged myself by listening to the flattering statements of others, who appeared to be anxious to involve me in the same amount of guilt with

themselves. I had been in the royal navy before, and knew that I would have to serve with rigor; but I was now in a strait, and the only way to extricate myself was the course I then adopted.

The ship to which I was taken was the *Horatio*, a frigate of thirty-eight guns, commanded by Captain Joshua Percy, a younger son of the Earl of Northumberland. He was a gentleman in all his deportment, and, being the son of a wealthy aristocrat, he had plenty of money at his command. He was much addicted to pleasure, and was always on shore when in port. He paid little attention to the duties of his command, but left all matters concerning the managing of the ship to the first lieutenant. He seemed to have struck the key-note for all the other officers to play. Everything done on board was performed with the utmost regularity and dispatch, and the men seemed to love to do their duty. Kindness and urbanity were marked characteristics in all the officers; and there was less punishment than I had ever expected to witness in his majesty's service. I was agreeably disappointed in the treatment and management of the crew on board this ship; and were all the ships in the navy governed by similar rules, and the men treated with reason and kindness, the officers regarding them as human beings with similar passions and propensities with themselves, the British navy would never need to have recourse to impressment to fill up their complement of men.

In a few days we sailed down the river, and dropped anchor under the lee of an island below Montevideo, which, from the number of those animals found on the shore, we called "Seal Island." Here we were allowed to go on shore every day, one hundred or more in a party, to catch seals, which were exceedingly numerous, and not very shy, probably because they had not been hunted much. They were what are called "south-sea seals," having fur instead of hair for their covering, and on that account were valuable. They were of various colors, as much so as domestic dogs.

Some were black, some brown, some yellow, some almost white, and others were spotted and streaked. Our custom was to land before daylight and imitate their barking, when they would invariably leave their lair where they had spent the night and make a rush for the water. We would form two lines and stand with club in hand, and as they attempted to pass we knocked them down. If the first or second happened to miss his aim some one else would be more fortunate, and before they could reach the water most of them would be dispatched. The next day we would find another path from the water to their den, and obtain our game in a similar manner. Some mornings we killed more than one hundred. We took off their skins and saved the heart and liver for a fry. Every man on board had a good supply of skins, together with caps, waistcoats, trowsers, and jackets. The captain had a carpet made of different colors, for the cabin, in imitation of a lady's bed-quilt. I made myself a suit of outer garments, and picked up enough clippings of different colors to make my mother a carpet eight or ten feet square. I had the pleasure of seeing it yet in use more than twenty years after I sent it home.

On this island was a solitary horse, as black as coal, and one sheep. They were always in company with each other, but as wild as any animal could be. Our captain waited for several days to get within musket range of them, but did not succeed until the day before we sailed, when he shot the sheep. Its wool, for aught we knew, had not been shorn for six or seven years. When we reached Rio Janeiro the captain had the wool, or rather a part of it, spun and knit into a pair of stockings, in remembrance of the event. It is supposed that the horse and sheep were left by General Whitlock on his return from his unsuccessful attempt to take Buenos Ayres, in 1805. It is probable that when he retreated he landed at this island to recruit the health of his men. The horse may have been sick or lame, and probably the sheep strayed away from the flock when he embarked.

After we had gratified ourselves hunting seals we weighed anchor and sailed for Rio Janeiro, where we remained three or four weeks. During this time we had little to do. We were often on shore, at liberty, and were well provisioned. Each man had four oranges a day, and as many limes as he wished; and fresh beef or mutton were served to the crew every day while we remained in port. We had a splendid band of music, also an outfit of a bankrupt theater; and we had amusements of some kind nearly every night, consisting of games of play, dancing, or theatrical performances. We were as happy as men could be under our circumstances. Our theatrical performances, of course, were somewhat novel and rude, and were always of the comic character. The female parts were taken by beardless boys. In the play of the "Turnpike Gate" I was trained to act the part of "maid" at an inn. Many ladies and gentlemen, who came from town out of curiosity to witness our performance, frequently cheered us and called, "*Encore.*"

While here I went to the "American Flag," the house where I deposited my clothes about two months before, but could not obtain them. The rascally landlord had no recollection of the circumstance. All land-sharks take especial pleasure and delight in robbing poor sailors, who are usually generous and unsuspecting, and are easily gulled and cheated by those with whom they are accustomed to associate.

We sailed from Rio Janeiro, and when we reached Portsmouth and were paid the wages due we sailed for the coast of Holland in company with a fleet, to blockade the French fleet then lying in the Texell. We remained there until after the battle of Waterloo, when the power of Bonaparte was broken in Europe, and peace was proclaimed with all nations except the United States. On returning to Portsmouth we were again paid our wages, and some prize-money; and quite a sum fell to my share.

On the occasion of paying the crew of a man-of-war the Jew peddlers in great numbers visit the ship, and are allowed

to bring their wares, when they open a kind of store, with a general assortment of such articles as sailors use on a sea-voyage. Sometimes twenty or more arrange their goods on the gun-deck, each occupying the space between two guns, about eight or ten feet square; and during the day they are allowed to freely trade with the sailors, who can not be trusted to go on shore to make their purchases. At night they lock up in their strong chests what has not been disposed of. The next day the same process is continued, until trade grows slack, or the poor sailor is filched of all his money. This arrangement would be very commodious if all were done on honest principles, but the exorbitant prices they charge is beyond all belief. A dollar is often charged for an article which could be procured at an honest dealer's store in the city for one fourth that price. There is therefore a continual enmity between sailors and Jews, and often their rascality leads to murder.

CHAPTER XII.

TRANSFERRED TO THE LEVANT—SAILED FOR CHESAPEAKE BAY—
CALL AT LISBON—INTERVIEW WITH A MISSIONARY—TAKEN
BY THE CONSTITUTION—CARRIED INTO RIO A PRISONER OF
WAR—EXCHANGED—SENT TO CANADA—ARRIVE AT HALI-
FAX—NEWS OF PEACE—ARRIVE AT KINGSTON, CANADA
WEST.

In a short time after, being transferred to the Levant, in company with the *Cyone* we sailed for the coast of North America. Both these sloops of war were built expressly for the American coast and rivers. Each sloop mounted twenty guns, and each one was manned with one hundred and seventy-five men. They were of unusual light draft, and designed for fast sailing. We expected to have fine times visiting the plantations, and regaling ourselves with chickens and

eggs and sweet-potatoes, and having no little fun in carrying as many slaves as we could capture to Sierra Leone, in Africa, a settlement of liberated slaves.

The first port we put into was Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, where we remained two or three weeks. During the time we stayed there we were frequently allowed liberty to go on shore in squads of fifty or sixty, as it was considered to be beneficial to our health. One Sunday afternoon it was my turn, with some others, to spend a few hours in recreation on shore. On reaching the wharf we were accosted by a gentleman whom I supposed to be a Wesleyan missionary, (there was a missionary of that denomination in that city), for he had all the appearance of a minister. With much seriousness, and very politely, he said, "Come, sailors, you don't often have the opportunity to hear the gospel preached. There will be preaching and other religious services in that sail-loft, to commence in a few minutes; come, now, and hear a gospel sermon." I was much inclined to go; but the others hesitated and said it would spoil our afternoon's fun. At length one of our number, who was generally our spokesman, and who had a very good education but made a terrible bad use of it, put himself into the attitude of an orator, and with a glib tongue and rapid gesticulation said, "Sir, please excuse us for the present; and if you have sufficient politeness, and your goodness should prompt you so to do, don't forget to inform us when the service is closed, and then perhaps we will favor you with our presence. Until then, please accept our wishes for your success, and our polite farewell."

With a chuckle and laugh at this attempted witticism, we all started for the city, while the good missionary heaved a sigh and doubtless sent an earnest prayer to the throne in view of our folly and profanity. The man who made such a display of pretended talent was called Jack Herd, and was the reputed son of an English nobleman. He was sent on board a war-ship by his father for misconduct, and in order to keep him from further mischief. It was generally suppos-

ed by those in his confidence that his crime was seduction and his father, being fearful he might further disgrace the family, took this method to put him under restraint,—a not uncommon occurrence in England, with refractory boys whose parents move in the upper circles. As might be expected, such daring trifling with God's condescending goodness, and awful profanity in regard to his mercy, had a hardening effect upon his after life. This young man came to a fearful end, which will be faithfully recorded in this narrative when I reach the proper place.

From Lisbon we sailed on our cruise. When near the Cape de Verde islands we espied a strange sail, and with a light breeze gave chase. The stranger did not appear to desire any further acquaintance with us, but made sail from us. Both our ships (Levant and Cyone) were in company. We crowded on all sail to overtake her, and by the middle of the afternoon came within range, and fired a gun as a demand for her to show her colors. She very promptly threw the American ensign to the breeze, and backed her main topsail to allow us to come up within fighting distance, which was soon accomplished. We took our position, one on each side of the stranger. This was on the 20th of February, 1815, about two months after the treaty of Ghent was signed, and peace between the two nations had been proclaimed; but neither party had heard the intelligence, therefore our action was legitimate according to the rules of modern warfare and the law of nations. The action soon commenced with the accustomed bravery on both sides. But to our surprise and chagrin we found that we had caught a tartar. Our ships had twenty guns each, principally eighteen-pounders, with a few cannonades, and a crew of one hundred and seventy-five men each. The enemy had fifty guns, many of which were sixty-eight pounders (the largest I had ever seen at that time), and a crew of four hundred and fifty men. Notwithstanding this disparagement of men and weight of metal, we had the advantage in compelling her to fight both sides

of her battery at the same time; consequently her men were divided, and her guns could not be so well served or managed. We were within eight or ten rods of each other when the action commenced, and we peppered away at her huge sides with our pop-guns (compared with hers) until the distance was shortened by her sheering up within hailing distance, and informing us that our consort was sunk, and demanded us to strike our colors, as it was worse than useless to continue the strife accompanied with loss of life. Our captain for a moment considered this a mere ruse or feint to terrify us into submission, and rallied the men, who valiantly responded with three hearty cheers in defense of our country and its flag, and with renewed energy continued the action. But the enemy saw our mistake and soon locked yards, and immediately poured upon our decks upward of one hundred men (termed in action boarders), who with cutlass and pistol in hand soon gained possession of the deck and cut down our ensign.

The American commodore, Stewart, soon made his appearance on deck, received our captain's sword, and took formal possession. The men, as prisoners of war, were transferred to the American frigate *Constitution*. During the action my station was in the fore-top, to repair damage to the rigging. There were four men in each top assigned to this duty, who were also armed with musket and pistol, to fire on the enemy's deck when the opportunity offered, and if possible pick off the officers. When we came near enough to our antagonist to converse with the men in her top, who had a similar duty to perform, they inquired the name of our ship; and we also proposed the same question to them. We were told it was the "Old Ironsides," as she was familiarly called; so we rationally concluded that our time had come, and that, like Davy Crocket's coon, we might as well surrender and come down as to wait to be shot down. The men on the American's top remarked that it was hot work on deck, and offered to make a child's bargain with us. They said, "Don't

you fire on us, and we will not fire on you." To this we readily agreed, and watched the progress of the action until we were ordered down from our elevated position. With the celebrated Falstaff, we imagined that discretion was the better part of valor; and like the fable of the beasts and birds (a pitched battle was appointed for the championship), when the bat came he could not very readily decide to which side he belonged, as he had the body of a beast but the wings of a bird, and prudently determined to take sides with neither, but hover over the battle-ground until the contest was ended, and they alight among the victorious and shout, "We have conquered."

The battle lasted about forty minutes. We lost twenty five men killed and forty wounded, while our consort, the *Cyone*, which sunk, lost more than fifty of her men in killed and drowned. The boats of both ships were soon employed in rescuing the men from the sunk vessel, and all who survived the action were speedily transferred to the victor's deck as prisoners of war. For the first time I saw the British ensign trailing under that of a foreign nation, which considerably raised my patriotic ire, and I wished I had been killed in action rather than live to witness such national disgrace. On reaching the *Constitution* we were all hand-cuffed or otherwise secured; the dead were buried with the honors of war; the decks were washed down and prayers and thanksgiving offered for the victory, while a band of music promenaded the deck, playing "Yankee Doodle," the "Star Spangled Banner," and other patriotic airs. This excited my feelings so intensely that I longed for another conflict that I might be revenged for my present misfortune.

A gill of rum was given to each prisoner, and a kid or bucket of beans boiled with salt pork, with a good supply of hard-tack, was placed before us. This was a kind of food we had not been accustomed to, especially the beans, which we called horse-beans; and we made pretty fair use of the only weapon at our command, or that our victors had left us

to employ, namely, our tongues. We told the officers and all that came in hearing distance that their nation must be terribly impoverished or awful mean, that it could afford its defenders no better food than this delectable and inviting specimen placed before us! Good old King George gave to his men split peas, savory oatmeal, and the royal dish of plum-pudding twice a week, while their meal, which they called "Indian," was certainly an outlandish preparation, unfit for Christians to eat, and little better than saw-dust. But the grog! The horrible stuff! Ah, there was the rub! A miserable compound made of molasses or corn-stalks or something of that sort, and probably well drugged to conceal its vile character, and not worth the rent of the stomach into which we were allowed to make an occasional deposit, when compared with the good old Jamaica, which would go down a person's throat like oil.

Like many other ships that had been long at sea, the Constitution was rather short-handed, and inducements were held out to the prisoners to enlist into her service. Some of our men did volunteer into the American navy; but my principal objection to their repeated overture was the grog ration. I told them I would never serve or fight for a nation that could afford no better rations for their men than boiled beans and the abominable stuff they called rum. We were often allowed to roam about the decks in squads, and mingle with the men, as a relief from our confinement, which considerably mitigated the rancor that existed in our minds in being prisoners of war, and under the control of a foreign foe. During the few weeks of our captivity we began to be reconciled to our fate, and at length to relish the grog as much as the crew.

A vast amount of national pride has been from time to time engendered by the many victories obtained by the American navy over the British in the war of 1812. This pride has been intensified and poured down the throats of the gullible by Fourth of July orators and others, who wish

to make it appear that either the British sailor was a coward, or had inferior fighting qualities to the Yankee. But by frequent intercourse with the men on board the Constitution we found that nearly half the men before the mast were British born subjects (and many were of other nationalities); and these men would rather die in action than be taken prisoner, and hung to the yard-arm for being found in arms against their country. On the other hand, most of the crews in the British service were pressed men, and went into the war reluctantly; and many of them have been heard to say when half drunk (and it is said drunken men and children speak their minds), that if they came into action with the Yankees they would do no more fighting than they were obliged to do, and hoped they would be taken, because the Yankees had the right of the war, as they were contending for "free trade and sailors' rights." The fact is, both nations are of the same Anglo-Saxon stock; and, as said by the ancients, "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."

After the action we sailed for Rio Janeiro, a neutral port. We found there the British frigate *Phœbe*. She had on board, as prisoners of war, the crew of the American frigate *Essex*, lately captured in the Pacific Ocean. By arrangement of the two commanders a mutual exchange of prisoners was made; and once more I was placed under the power of the British government.

During our stay in port the officers of both ships had frequent interviews, and attended balls on each other's ships. When we were on shore we often met the American seamen, drank together, and in many ways appeared to be on the most friendly terms. We often referred to the fact that if we were only a league from land we should again be called upon to try our strength and prowess.

We were now ordered, by the admiral on the South American station, to be sent to Canada, to man the ships on the lakes. On arriving at Halifax we heard for the first time that peace had been proclaimed on the twentieth of Decem-

ber, nearly five months previously. As the orders were not countermanded we proceeded to Quebec, and from there on transports to Montreal. We were then transferred to Batteaux, and, on small craft, up the river St. Lawrence to Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario.

Here we found a fine dock-yard with quite a large fleet afloat for such an inland place,—one ship, named the St. Lawrence, of one hundred guns; a frigate, the Prince Regent, of fifty guns; the Psyche, of thirty-six guns; the Montreal, of twenty-four guns; the Nettley, of sixteen guns, besides a large number of gun-boats, and two ships on the stocks of one hundred guns each, that might be ready for launching in two or three months. But all business of ship-building was suspended at the close of the war, and there was nothing for us to do but to wait a while to see if both nations carried out the treaty of peace.

CHAPTER XIII.

FINE TIMES ON LAKE ONTARIO—DISCHARGED FROM HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE—BECOME THE OWNER OF REAL ESTATE—HIGH BUT ERRONEOUS NOTIONS OF THE VALUE OF FOREST LAND—MISERABLE END OF JACK HERD.

We occasionally took a cruise on the lake to keep the men in exercise and health, but were most of the time in port. In about two years from this time, or in June, 1817, orders came from England to lay up the ships and discharge the men. Many of us were sorry for this change, for we never expected to have as good times again. We had little to do, and our officers were kind and indulgent. Indeed our proximity to the United States rendered it very easy for the men to desert and get beyond the paw of the British lion; hence

the interest of the service required a little extra indulgence, as it was necessary to induce the men to be contented. Our food was excellent—good fresh beef and plenty of vegetables, an article which sailors highly esteem. There was little restraint from going on shore when we desired. In the winter, which comprised about five months in the year, we had little else to do but get our fire-wood from some of the islands in the river. We had the regular wages allowed by the government to sea-going vessels, and the province of Upper Canada gave us three dollars per month extra. When we were detailed to work in the dock-yard, which was often four days in the week, we received twenty-five cents per day of eight hours, whether we worked or played; and like the slaves, we did as little as possible and avoid censure. When the crews were mustered and the orders from the government read, we were told we could have our discharge immediately if we desired it, and each man before the mast could receive a land-warrant for one hundred acres in any part of the province where land was found belonging to the crown, or we might have a free pass to England and our wages continued until discharged at home. Whichever course we took would be of our own selection. This announcement pleased me much, and I thought surely the time had now come for me to realize all my golden expectations so fondly indulged in in my boyish days, when I saw my uncle with his hands full of gold coins. I at once, with a few others, determined to remain in the country, and receive and occupy the lands so generously offered. The idea of becoming a land-holder, and that too of one hundred acres, besides having it well stocked with timber, would, I thought, constitute me a rich man. I had known men in England who did not own more than fifteen or twenty acres of land, and were reputed to be rich—could ride in their carriage, and keep several servants; and I thought to own one hundred acres, and that too covered with forest-trees, would enable me to live without toil the remainder of my life. No doubt many of my American

readers, who have lived and worked in the woods in the eastern states, will smile when they read this, and think that I must have been very green to indulge such airy notions of the felicity of living among timber, though the rightful possessor of one hundred acres of land. But my ideas of the value of landed estates were formed in England, where but few own the land they live on, and where timber is scarce and of great value. It is no wonder that my views were vague and unamericanized.

At length the day arrived for our discharge, and we received our pay and land-warrants. I repaired to the town from the dock-yard, and soon found employment on a new schooner just launched. I engaged as mate, took charge, and then commenced to get her rigging on board and fit her for service. Not having the necessary arrangement for living on board the vessel, I was allowed to live at a hotel. Here I continued to board for several weeks until we had fitted up our caboose. One evening after supper, while living at the tavern, Jack Herd, who made the famous speech to the missionary at Lisbon, in Portugal, came into the house and asked me if I would pay for his supper and a night's lodging. He said he had not a shot in the locker; or, in other words, the two hundred dollars or more that he had received when discharged, three or four weeks previously, had been spent with harlots and in riotous living, or perhaps he had been plundered of a large share of it. I told the landlord to supply his immediate wants, and charge to my account. We both retired to bed at the same time. Our beds were in the same room and quite near each other. Some time in the night I was awakened by hearing him vomit violently. A little time was spent to procure a light, as we had no friction matches in those days, but obtained our light by the action of flint and steel. After some delay the family was aroused, and all rushed to our room to ascertain the cause of alarm. We found on the stand a vial labeled "poison." The vessel by his bed was nearly filled with greenish matter, and we

rationally concluded that he had attempted to poison himself, which he readily admitted. But he had taken an overdose, and his stomach had rejected it. A doctor was sent for, and the stomach-pump employed. He was immediately sent to the hospital, where he would have the best of medical skill and good attention. We hoped his unsuccessful attempt at suicide would prove a warning to him in the future not to foolishly and wickedly rush unbidden into the presence of his Maker.

About two weeks after this, having furnished our schooner with the cooking apparatus and shipped our crew, we were nearly ready for sea (as sailing on the lakes was called), when Jack in his hospital dress came down to the wharf and stepped on board. He had a staff in his hand, and looked more like a ghost than a living man. I conducted him down into the cabin, and requested him to lie down on my bed, which he immediately did. Soon after, I went down to inquire if I could in any way assist to make him more comfortable. I found that he had gone to my chest, which was unlocked, taken a penknife from the till, and was trying to cut his throat. I rushed to the place where he was sitting and wrenched the knife from his hands. I warned him against the awful crime of suicide, and in strong language reproached him for abusing my acts of hospitality. I then looked around the cabin to see if any weapon was within reach with which he could accomplish his horrible and wicked design, and went on deck to look after the crew and gave directions about the work necessary to be done. Beside the cabin stairs hung a lead with which we took soundings. I had cast it in a bucket of sand a few days previously. It was made for a hand-lead, and weighed about nine pounds. While on the forecastle with the men I heard a voice say, "Good-by," and immediately a plunge, and many doleful voices on the deck crying out, "A man overboard!" Sure enough, Jack Herd had seen the lead, tied it to his neck with his silk handkerchief, and jumped overboard.

The water was about ten or twelve feet deep, and very clear, and the body could easily be seen. We procured a boat, and in a few minutes, with the aid of a boat-hook, brought the body to the surface and raised it on deck. All were soon engaged in trying to restore him to life. Each one present had a favorite method to recommend; but having read the directions given by the Royal Humane Society for restoring persons apparently drowned to life, I commanded attention and began to use my utmost endeavors to cause the water to be ejected from the stomach and to inflate the lungs, and then wrapped the body in warm blankets. After earnest and laborious efforts for ten or fifteen minutes we succeeded in producing signs of life. The breast began to heave; there was a slight motion of the heart and lungs, a twitching of some of the muscles, and an occasional gasping for breath. All around him shouted for joy, and almost involuntarily gave thanks to God that in all probability he had in his good providence seconded our efforts in trying to save a fellow-mortal from the desperate and criminal attempt at suicide. But how great was our consternation and horror, when, on making a desperate effort to raise himself up and to draw a long breath, the first words he attempted to utter, though in a very guttural and incoherent manner, were, "Curse the man who made the lead for not making it heavier." I acknowledge that the expression raised my indignation and greatly exasperated me, and for a moment I felt sorry that any exertions had been made to save him. I frankly told him if he desired to go to the devil he might take his course without hinderance, for I would not again obstruct his path. However, we furnished him stimulants and gave him some as nutritious food as we had at our command. As soon as he was able to walk I ordered him on shore. One of our hands was detailed to take his arm and assist his tottering steps to the hospital. When they reached the gate of that institution he told his attendant that he would dispense with any further attention or help, as he was

able to go up the avenue alone. It appears, however, he did not enter the hospital, but as soon as his attendant left him he turned in another direction and wandered about the town until dark. He was seen in several parts of the town in the evening, but next morning he was found hanging to a tree, dead!

Such was the dreadful end of this young man, who probably had as good an opportunity to shine in the world or to rise to eminence and respectability as most other young men. His parents were rich and influential, and moved in the upper circles of society. They had possibly used their utmost endeavors to control him, and prevent his reprobacy, but all to no purpose; and as a last resort he was put on board a man-of-war, where he would be under restraint and in subordination to his superiors. But this did not have the desired effect. He was a drunkard and a gambler—exceedingly licentious and very profane; and when religious services were held on board he usually found some excuse for absence. He often, in mountebank style, turned the efforts of the parson for our reformation into ridicule. His natural abilities were good. He had a very respectable degree of education; was well read in history; was a kind of living or walking dictionary for his shipmates; was quite an adept at versification, and composed many songs which were sung by some of the crew; and yet he was regarded by the men generally as nothing better than a clown. He was very slovenly in his dress and careless about cleanliness, which often provoked the officers, frequently secured for him a place on the black list, and subjected him to disgrace or light punishment. But neither lenity nor severity had any effect upon his conduct. He was reckless and ungovernable, and took delight in mischief and wickedness. Such was John Herd in his general character, and such was his fearful and awful end.

While I knew that I was no good pattern for others to imitate, yet, like the Pharisee of old, during moments of reflection I often thanked God I was not like John Herd. I

had at three different times been instrumental in preventing him from committing the sin of self-murder; had helped him, when in distress, as I would any other fellow-creature when in suffering circumstances; and now all we could do was to follow his lifeless remains to the potter's field, without any religious service or ceremony—none being allowed in that country for persons who died by their own hands. Surely "the way of the transgressor is hard."

I spent the summer of 1817 in sailing in the *Ann* and *Jane*, the schooner above referred to, named after the two only daughters of the owner. Nothing worthy of note occurred except the ordinary scenes of a sea-faring life. There were only five persons on board, and all were agreeable and pleasant.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOM BOWLINE, ONE OF MY SHIPMATES—HIS SICKNESS AND DEATH—HIS UNIQUE FUNERAL—SONG SUNG BY HIS SHIPMATES—IN DECEMBER SHIP LAID UP FOR WINTER—OUT OF EMPLOYMENT AND TURNED ADRIFT.

One of the crew of the *Ann* and *Jane* was an old shipmate of mine, with whom I had shared the privations and dangers of old ocean for several voyages. We were intimately acquainted, and as much attached to each other as though we were brothers; indeed two brothers in the flesh could scarcely be more pleasant or kind in their intercourse with each other than we were for the three years of our acquaintance. His name was Thomas Bowles, but he was usually known among his shipmates as "Tom Bowline." He was a man of a large soul, kind and generous to any one in need, and harmless and inoffensive in his intercourse with all. He was a thorough-bred seaman; very tidy and clean in his

habits and dress, and always neat in his appearance. He was never known to shirk duty or try to avoid responsibility, but was always ready for every emergency. His name was number one on the list of responsible men among a crew of three hundred and fifty men before the mast.

One day while on board the *Prince Regent*, on Lake Ontario, I was sent down into the first lieutenant's state-room to do some little job. The apartment being small I had to shut the door in order to procure more space to work. On doing so I observed a large sheet of paper tacked to the back of the door, headed, "A List of Responsible Men." This list contained about fifty or sixty names, and the first name was Tom Bowline. Curiosity prompted me to read the entire list to see if my name was there, and who were the men in whom our commanding officer reposed confidence; and I was agreeably surprised to find my name third on the list. This little incident had considerable influence in shaping my future course; and though at that time I was only seventeen years of age, and had hitherto but few, if any, to care for me or to assist me in any attempts to rise in the service or to better my condition, I thought I saw in this circumstance an opportunity to help myself, and was determined to take advantage of this first chance for elevation. I reasoned thus: Does our officer repose such confidence in my faithfulness and promptitude? Then I will not betray that confidence nor cause him to regret that he had esteemed me a reliable man. I at once determined that promptitude and zeal for the credit of the service should govern my actions in the future, and I would try to merit the approbation of my superiors. Tom and myself often conversed about the matter (after I had related to him the circumstance of my reading the list), and we both came to the conclusion that it would be better to try and remain on the list, and retain the good opinion and esteem of our betters, than to have our names erased for disorderly conduct, and then make efforts to climb again.

When our ship was laid up and the crew discharged, as

referred to in a former chapter, the officer above mentioned made several attempts to have Tom and myself remain in the "ordinary service," as it is called, as a kind of ship-keepers, with the promise of preferment at no distant day. But the idea of becoming owners of real estate overbalanced every other consideration, and nothing could induce us to remain longer in his majesty's service.

As before stated, Tom shipped on board the schooner with me. Our short voyages on the lake, to nearly all the ports, were agreeable to both of us, and we spent the summer very pleasantly. In November, Tom died. It appeared to me that the dearest tie I had on earth was severed. I was with him both by day and night during the three weeks of his sickness (as often as I could be spared from my duties), and read to him from the Scriptures. I often read the church prayers, and on one occasion procured the attendance of a clergyman, who administered to him the sacrament of the Lord's-supper. He appeared to be truly penitent; made humble confession to the minister who attended him in his last moments; was most affectionately and earnestly directed to Jesus Christ as the only friend of sinners; and we could but hope that he found mercy in the Redeemer. But all my assiduity and care for his comfort in his sickness and my anxiety for his return to health were unavailing. The grim monster came, and Tom was summoned away. His spirit fled from his once noble but now emaciated tenement, and we must leave him in the hands of his Maker.

Some forty or more of his old shipmates, who were in port, made arrangements for his funeral, intending to follow his remains to the grave as mourners. We determined to bury him as kings and noblemen are usually buried, that is, at night and by torchlight. We cared not for the expense, and we knew that the novelty of the thing would secure a large concourse. About 8:00 P. M. we started from the house of death with sixty torches, carried by sailors, most of whom had known the deceased and appreciated his worth. His

body was borne on the shoulders of four sailors, dressed in their Sunday best. All wore black crape on the left arm, and those who carried the torches surrounded the corpse and mourners. In this manner we proceeded up the main street to the cemetery. When about half way there we procured a couple of chairs, and rested the coffin in the middle of the highway. We then, with apparent solemnity and much earnestness, all gathered in a circle around the corpse, and sung an appropriate song, which brought a flood of tears from many of the citizens. The song was old, and often sung by sailors in their more serious moments, especially at the death of a shipmate; and if it had been composed for the occasion it could not have been more appropriate. It was called "Tom Bowline," and was sung with much feeling and sympathy, and was often interrupted with tears and sobs. It is here presented:

TOM BOWLINE.

(Sung at the funeral of Thomas Bowles, by his shipmates, at Kingston, Upper Canada, November, 1817.)

" Now hore, shear hulk, lies poor Tom Bowline,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broached him too.
 Tom's form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
 Faithful below Tom did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

" Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair.
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah, cheerily and oft;
 But mirth is turned to melancholy
 Since Tom is gone aloft.

" But still shall Tom find pleasant weather
 When He who all commands
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe "all hands."

Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
For though his body lies under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft."

The singing of this exceedingly appropriate song, at the funeral of a noble, kind-hearted seaman, by about fifty of his former shipmates, who knew him well and deeply lamented his departure from among them, in the open air and at night, had a wonderful power on the emotions and sensibilities of the by-standers. It convinced many that sailors, with all their rough exterior and proverbial indifference and recklessness, had hearts not entirely devoid of humane feelings, and could sympathize with any one who is worthy of their esteem for noble bearing and generous conduct.

We then proceeded to the grave-yard, and while the chaplain pronounced the beautiful and impressive service of the Church of England for the burial of the dead, we committed what was left of his once noble form to old Mother Earth, as a safe deposit until the glorious resurrection morning. We placed a stone, with a suitable inscription on it, at the head of his grave. It was procured by the generous hearts and hands of those who loved him.

In the month of December our vessel was laid up for the winter; and for the first time I was thrown out of employment in a country where my line of business would avail me nothing. This was the commencement of a long winter in a cold country, where navigation would be suspended for five months. What to do I knew not. Nearly ten years of my life had been spent on shipboard. I knew nothing about work on shore, and was little acquainted with the manners and customs of civilized and domestic life on the land. I was three thousand miles from the home of my childhood, and one thousand miles from the sea, where I could find employment as a sailor. I was adrift with no friend at hand but the money I carried in my pocket; and the company with whom I was surrounded was not overscrupulous in devising

means to deprive me as speedily as possible of the valuable assistance of that friend. I knew if I remained in the city my habits of life would be too strong for me, and before the winter was over my resources would fail. The little money I had would be spent or wasted, and perhaps before navigation opened I would be in destitute circumstances.

CHAPTER XV.

LEFT KINGSTON AND WALKED ON THE SHORE OF THE BAY OF QUINTY—INCIDENTS AT A WAYSIDE TAVERN—NO WORK COULD BE FOUND—KINDNESS OF A QUAKER FAMILY WHO GAVE ME EMPLOYMENT—FIRST RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS, OR DEEP CONVICTIONS FOR SIN—REFLECTIONS AT THE CONCLUSION OF BOOK FIRST.

From considerations above stated I at once concluded I would take my departure for the country. Perhaps I could find something to do, though my wages might be small. At any rate, board would be cheaper, and I would not have the same temptations and allurements as in the city.

Accordingly I made up a pack of a change of raiment, and left my chest and bed at the tavern where I was accustomed to stay. I started for the country with quite a load of things on my back; and, like the patriarch, I knew not whither I went. In taking this course I had to endure considerable reproach from my former associates. Many jeers were uttered and not a few jokes perpetrated at my expense for the inconsiderate folly, as they termed it, in attempting to live a puritan life among farmers, and try to learn to steer oxen by saying "ho and gee." They predicted that I should find no sport nor fun in the country. They said the farmers would soon be tired of me, would turn me out of doors, and I should have to beg my way back to town. However, their sarcasm and prediction had but little weight on my resolution. I thought I saw a little streak of sunshine ahead, while utter

ruin and gaunt distress awaited me should I listen to their advice and remain in the city during the winter.

After taking a farewell glass and treating the company, I bid them good-by. I commenced my journey with a quick and unfaltering step, and soon left the city in the distance, stopping occasionally at the farm-houses to inquire for work. During the first day I was unsuccessful. My sea-faring dress was no recommendation to me. Some seemed to be unwilling to admit me into their house, or let me warm myself by their fire, and all appeared to be afraid of contamination. At night I put up at a wayside inn, where some of the neighbors were gathered to spend the evening. I was exceedingly tired and foot-sore, not being accustomed to walk on land. I found I had traveled that day thirty miles. I was the observed of all observers. Some condescended to enter into conversation with me about my adventures on the ocean and my future intentions, while others again were quite shy and gave some dark hints about the propriety of admitting strangers into the circle of their families, and expose themselves to the cheats and frauds practiced in the cities and towns. One of the company would have hired me, at least he seemed that way inclined, but finally excused himself and objected, as I was unacquainted with farm work. There was much whispering among the company, and of course I imagined I was the subject of their surmisings. I told them frankly that I did not understand farm work, but was willing to learn. I would willingly do what I could; would not require more wages than I could earn; and that my principal object was to find a home for the winter away from the temptations and allurements of a seaport town. But my anxiety and earnestness to find a temporary home were against me. Villainy and deception were coupled, in their opinion, with the garb and person of a sailor, and I had not a friend in court. On the company retiring the landlord informed me that one of the neighbors would have hired me, but he had several daughters, and he thought I was rather prepossessing in my

appearance, and was afraid of the consequences. Poor man, his fears were groundless; for wicked as I was, I had great respect for the fair sex and always avoided intrigues with them.

I commenced my lonely journey the next day in a westerly direction on the shores of the Bay of Quinty, and about midday came to a bend in the bay where I had to cross a ferry. The ferryman kept a house of entertainment, and a number of persons were waiting to cross over after dinner. With others, I partook of their noonday meal. While at the table the host, who was a Quaker, came in. Seeing my sailor's garb, and knowing I was far from port, he inquired if any of the young men at the table wanted to hire. With much promptness I replied, "Yes, I do."

He inquired, "Can you tie a knot quick?"

"I can as quick as you any day," I answered.

"I don't know about that; but we will try after dinner," he said.

This man, whose name was Lot Hazzard, belonged to the Society of Friends, and when young had sailed considerably on the Hudson River. For some years he had navigated a sloop, as a kind of market boat, to New York City. He had often come in contact with sea-faring men, and could use some of their phrases. He was inclined to be a little mirthful with me, as he discovered I was acquainted with life on the ocean and knew such men could relish a joke. After dinner he conducted me to the barn, where a large pile of Indian corn lay broken off the stalks. Having torn or stripped off the husks of three or four ears, he said: "There, if thee can tie a knot quick thee can do this work." I commenced the work he wished to assign me, and endeavored to imitate him in the operation. He gave me praise for my dexterity, and said, "If thee will work for me until the corn is all husked, I will give thee a half-dollar a day and thy board and lodging." The bargain was immediately closed. In ten days the work was done, and I had earned enough to

pay five weeks' board, provided I could find nothing to do. In the meantime I had found favor with Mrs. Hazzard. I had worked in the cabin on shipboard, and could do some work in the house; and I was never inclined to be idle or shirk around what ought to be done. I always brought in plenty of wood, and whenever I found the water-pail empty I would fill it. If she was churning, and I was not busy, I would take the dasher out of her hand and do the churning. I told her she need not make my bed or wash my clothes, as I was accustomed to do these things for myself. If the baby was cross I would take it in my arms, and when reading in the evening, if necessary, would rock the cradle with my foot. These little attentions were sure to ingratiate me into her good esteem, and she boasted to the neighboring women of the handy and obliging boy her husband had hired.

I mention these things—which are trifling indeed in themselves, but often lead to important results, as in my case,—for the benefit of orphan children and others like myself, who may have to depend, in a great measure, upon their own exertions, and the good will or approval of those to whom they look for direction and support. An industrious and obliging child will always find friends who will never fail to remember its merits, and be ever ready to render assistance in all its laudable efforts to do good to itself and others.

One day an aunt of Mrs. Hazzard came on a visit to our house and said:

“Thee has got a sailor-boy to live with thee, I hear. Does thee let him eat at the table with thee?”

“Why, yes,” said Mrs. Hazzard. “He is a fine, decent, and odlliging boy.” She then began to describe what she was pleased to denominate my good qualities, which quite charmed the old lady and entirely disarmed her of her prejudice.

At the tea-table she appeared very friendly, asked me many questions, and seemed to take an interest in my welfare. When she left for home she said, “George,—I

believe that is thy name,—our young folks would be much pleased to have thee come and make them a visit.” To which I replied that I would like to do so, if Mr. Hazzard would give me leave. I had not the least conception, at that time, that I could roam at large and leave the premises of my employer without his consent. I had always been under the yoke, and had been taught subordination to my superiors, and to obey those who had rule over me.

When the corn was husked Mr. Hazzard and his wife were unwilling to have me leave them to seek employment elsewhere, and expressed a strong desire to have me remain with them until the spring opened. Mr. Hazzard offered me seven dollars per month if I would remain with him until the first of April. I accepted the offer. Before the time expired he proposed to hire me for a year for nine dollars per month, and promised to teach me to work on a farm. I needed such instruction very much, for indeed I was not only ignorant of farm work, but I did not know one kind of grain from another, or the names of the tools with which the work was done. On one occasion, when going to meeting on a cold day, I was sent to the barn for a bundle of rye straw, and I brought a sheaf of oats. Of course my kind friends only smiled at my simplicity, and very readily apologized for my mistake. Lot Hazzard admitted that I could more easily distinguish between a bowline knot and a Turk’s cap, than I could be expected to between rye straw and unthreshed oats. I now had had a taste of domestic life; was allowed to remain all night in bed; had not been compelled to be on deck every alternate four hours, whatever the weather might be; was not obliged to work when it rained; had comfortable quarters, good food and plenty of it; and I moved about as an equal among equals. I thought it best to try one year on shore at least, and if I did not like the change I would sell my land-warrant and return to my former mode of life. By this time, however, in conversation with Lot Hazzard and others, I had discovered that my former views about the

high value of timber land, and the great profits to be derived therefrom, were simple in the extreme. My expectations of living like a nabob had vanished into empty air. Indeed with my awkward manner of chopping wood, and utter want of knowledge how to bring wild land into cultivation, I began to doubt whether I should ever be able to bring even one acre into a condition for agricultural purposes. When told of the hardships that early settlers in the woods had to endure, I concluded that the woods was no place for me.

I soon began to mingle with the young people of the neighborhood, and visited the Quaker lady who so kindly gave me the first invitation. While there her husband and children seemed to form an attachment for me. They appeared pleased with my manners, and what they termed the interesting mode of life I had lived, and offered to employ me on their farm. But I told them I was already hired. They inquired if we had drawn writings; I said, No. They then offered me a dollar more per month; but I rather indignantly replied that my word was as good as writings, and gave them to understand that I scorned their offer.

I remained in this kind and industrious family (the Hazzards) upward of fifteen months, and gained much information of the ways of the world, as well as how to work on a farm. But above all, I was instructed in regard to the value of my land, and the importance and necessity of obtaining religion. I ascertained that Mrs. Hazzard had been brought up a Methodist, and at an early age had united with that church. But on marrying a Quaker he had persuaded her to unite with the Friends, in order that their children might be birthright members. Yet she still retained her Methodist views of theology, accompanied with fervent piety and an ardent desire for the conversion of all with whom she was acquainted. In the absence of her husband she would talk to me faithfully, and often prayed with and for me. Although I used to accompany them to their silent meetings, which were held twice each week, with great punctuality

and regularity, yet my soul longed for more instruction and food than I could obtain in those interviews. Soon a Reformed Methodist came into the neighborhood, and made an appointment to preach at the court-house, which was about five miles from our house. I told Mrs. Hazzard about what old Jack had said to me when a cabin-boy, and how he called me a Methodist because I read the Bible and sung hymns. She advised me to attend their meetings, as I would in all probability obtain more good there than among "Friends." Her advice met my wishes; and, blessed be the Lord, I realized more from adopting that course than I ever could have anticipated.

Here I must close the first book of my autobiography, including the first nineteen years of my life; a period fraught with much incident and many changes. Overtopping all was recklessness and folly on my part, and exposing myself to much hardship and suffering. I hope my readers will be a little indulgent, and not too severe in their criticisms in regard to my frequent prevarications and departure from the truth in my various attempts to escape from cruel and inhuman treatment, and consider what they would have done under similar circumstances. I have not written those instances of deception in any triumphant way, or in the least degree to justify myself in the course I took to escape from or to avoid the horrible treatment to which I was exposed, but to faithfully record the facts as connected with my early career, and to acknowledge a gracious and merciful Providence who watched over me in all my sinful ways, and in his great goodness preserved me amid all my waywardness and wandering from him. I write also to warn the youth against the first step to ruin, both in this life and that which is to come, namely, disobedience to parents. Should the example of my privations and sufferings deter a single youth from adopting the course I took in leaving home clandestinely, I shall not regret the ridicule and criticism I have exposed myself to in penning these lines.

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

LIVING WITH THE HAZZARDS—ATTEND METHODIST MEETING—
DEEPLY CONVINCED OF SIN—ATTEMPTS TO REFORM—IGNO-
RANT OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION—FREQUENT FAILURES.

I have referred to the faithful admonitions and kind treatment of Mrs. Hazzard, which continued during the fifteen months I remained under their friendly and hospitable roof. During this time I was treated as one of the family, and every exertion was made for my spiritual and temporal happiness. They found me a poor, friendless wanderer,—a kind of outcast who few were willing to admit into their domestic circle; and the blessing of him who said, “I was a stranger and ye took me in,” was manifested while I remained with them. Mr. Hazzard told me that his crops had not been so good for years before as they were the summer I worked his farm, and he acknowledged that his ferry was run with less expense and less repairs than in any two years since he lived on the place. It was my especial business to row the boat and scow, and with the training I had received in former days I thought I was capable of giving him satisfaction; and he was delighted with my promptitude and care. When he sold out and removed to another part of the country, and I was left behind, it was attended with tears and much regret and with hearty wishes for my future prosperity.

For a number of months I attended Methodist meeting

quite regularly at the court-house, about five miles from my residence. After hearing the first sermon conviction seized my guilty soul, and I saw myself a heaven-daring and hell-deserving sinner. Every sin of my wicked life appeared as written in a book before me. I saw that every portion of God's law had been broken by me, and that continually. The many lessons of instruction I had received when a child in the Sabbath-school flashed with sudden and painful vividness across my newly-awakened mind. The remembrance of the many sleepless hours my parents had passed on my account, and their deep distress and anxiety in reference to the uncertainty of my existence or condition, caused a bitterness of soul that appeared almost unendurable.

It seemed to me that every person in the building could read in my countenance the true state of my mind. I was afraid and ashamed to look into the face of even my nearest acquaintance. I thought that all whom I knew would shun me for fear of contamination, and I did not wonder that while on my journey into the country discerning persons were afraid to admit me into their houses. I was actually fearful lest the floor should sink, or the earth open and swallow me up as a being unworthy longer to remain on its surface. But what appeared to trouble me most was that I had so flagrantly departed from every path of virtue, and had never recognized the hand of divine Providence in my many hair-breadth escapes from death and eternal ruin, and the many deliverances God had wrought for me when in imminent danger. I was greatly surprised that no one spoke to me in regard to my state of mind; and I rationally concluded that I had sinned past recovery, and that there was no hope in my case. I had not heard a gospel sermon for many years—none indeed since I was a mere child. True, we had now and then a chaplain; but they were usually in morals and religion like those to whom they preached. They were card-players and pleasure-seekers; foremost in our balls and dances, and took as great an interest in our amateur plays

and rude performances as any other person on the ship. They read prayers and a short essay on Sunday, when the weather and other circumstances would admit, and that was the sum of their ministrations, except to read a prayer to the dying and occasionally perform funeral services. I never heard anything about the plan of salvation as generally preached by evangelical ministers. We were exhorted to be good and virtuous; to faithfully discharge our duty to our country; and to fear God and honor the king, and valiantly fight in defense of our country and its cause. We were often told that we never could live up to the requirements of God and his law, yet he was very merciful, and would make allowance for our defects, and, by the intercession of his Son, pardon our short-comings and sins. I knew nothing about Jesus Christ and the merits of his atonement, only what I could gather from the apostles' creed. My mind was as blank, concerning faith in the dear Redeemer, as that of the Ethiopian eunuch who inquired "how he could understand unless some man should teach him."

At the time to which I now refer protracted meetings were unknown, except an occasional camp-meeting, and sometimes a two-days' meeting. Most of the efforts of preachers were directed to build up their favorite dogmas. Calvinism and Armenianism were the general topics discussed, and the few who made any profession of religion were usually engaged in controversy, and were not overstocked with piety or zeal, only so far as they could draw proselytes to their peculiar opinions. For several months none but Mrs. Hazzard ever spoke to me about my sinful condition, or ever attempted to direct my wandering feet to the way of life. I continued like one in darkness to grope my way along, not knowing where my path would end.

I had by this time formed a very extensive acquaintance with the young people for miles around. My society was desired in every party got up for amusement or recreation; and if it happened that I was not present they often sent for

me, as they thought the party was not complete if I was absent. I could sing songs, had a tolerably good voice, had been in many foreign countries, could relate many thrilling adventures, speak some words in different languages, and in many ways amuse them; and all appeared delighted with my company. Then there was my former mode of life, living and mingling with men who had not the most distant idea or care in reference to God's claims or their own responsibility, but whose sole object was to live for the present and to gratify and indulge their natural and evil propensities as opportunities offered or wicked desires might dictate. Indeed, at that early day it was not an uncommon opinion that sailors were scarcely accountable for their acts; that God did not require of them what he demanded of others who were more highly favored and had full control of their actions. It was a common saying that "there was no Sunday in five fathoms of water;" that God was not as exacting of sailors as of other people; and that he paid no attention to the little foolish and sinful acts of sailors, who did not mean any harm, only to indulge themselves a little and gratify their propensities after several months of unusual privation. In addition to this, my habits had been formed very early. Responsibilities had been laid upon me at a very tender age, and although my early religious impressions had considerable restraint upon me, and kept me from many gross acts into which I might otherwise have plunged, yet I often found it difficult to walk amid the fire and not get burned. Then it should be remembered that all the aspirations of a young man at sea were to arrive at manhood as soon as possible, and take his place "before the mast," and in his turn domineer over his younger shipmates. Hence boys were apt to imitate the older men; and there was little to copy but what was vicious. Sailors above all others must be quick to learn, or they will never be proficient in their calling. The vile practice of grog-drinking, profanity, licentious talk and songs, and the immoderate use of tobacco, were considered

evidences of manhood by the boys, and the nearer we approximated the men in these particulars, the more rapidly we conceived we advanced toward the end of our aspirations and the climax of our desires. Can it be a matter of surprise that a young man with such training, and in such company and example, should be slow to apprehend the way to salvation, and hesitate to comprehend the simple method by which God saves the sinner? Thus although for several months I heard the gospel preached in much plainness and purity, I still went on sinning and repenting. I sometimes met with an old acquaintance, who would endeavor to persuade me to join him in a glass or two, and I would stoutly refuse. In such a case I would take great credit to myself for my reformatory gains, and pride myself for the advance I had made toward goodness and Christian piety. Then again I was as easily overcome, and fell a victim to my perverted appetite. On such occasions I gave up all as lost, and concluded that all my former attempts at reformation were visionary and insincere; and it was useless and mockery to attend meetings or attempt to pray while I had no better government over my will and could not control my appetite.

My soul was in great bitterness and sorrow. I often wished I was dead, or that I had never been born, and not unfrequently imagined that the damned in hell could not suffer more than I did. I was anxious to know the worst of my case, but dare not take the fearful step, though often tempted to make away with my miserable existence. But my early teaching in Sunday-school on the terrible crime of suicide, and the impossibility of salvation for such as were guilty of the crime, and knowing as I did that the law of England required that all persons who committed self-murder should be buried in the highway, without any prayer or other religious ceremony, made me tremble at the thought of laying violent hands on myself. Calvinism was at that day commonly received and openly advocated both in daily intercourse and from the pulpit, and that too in its most hid-

eous forms. We were told that all the states and conditions of angels, men, and devils, with all their actions of right or wrong, were of divine appointment, together with all the means, inducements, and temptations leading in that direction; that God had from all eternity fore-ordained the destinies of all men, either for heaven or hell, and that the elect were sure of salvation, and the reprobate could not possibly escape eternal damnation. This doctrine, which I was compelled to hear advocated more or less every day, added to my grief and sorrow, and my spirit sunk almost into despair. I thought surely I was one of those whom God foresaw could never acquire a moral fitness for heaven, and had justly damned me for my sins to eternal wretchedness and woe. Sometimes I hoped that the doctrine of God's eternal decree might prove true, for then, I thought, he could not hold me accountable for my sinful acts if all were determined before I was born; and it appeared to me to be useless for me to attempt to change the decree of God, or in any way to resist his will.

The arguments I heard on this subject completely bewildered my feeble and untutored mind, and almost drove me to distraction. I was unable to comprehend the force of argument on either side of the question. Both parties seemed to have the Scriptures on their side, and both parties appeared to claim the victory. But I remained unenlightened and uninformed. I had always maintained a great reverence for the Bible, and never doubted its inspiration and divine authority. But now I wondered that while reading it I had never discovered these apparent discrepancies; and I resolved that I would read it more carefully in the future, and endeavor to ascertain the truth in this matter.

I commenced to read with more caution and deliberation than usual, marking on the margin with a pencil those passages which seemed to establish the Calvinistic views, and also those generally preached and advocated by the Methodists. In pursuing this course I was surprised and delighted

to find abundant proofs of God's benignity and love, and his repeated declarations that he was no respecter of persons; and to my unsophisticated mind it could not be so if he had decreed the eternal damnation of any person without reference to his sinfulness and unbelief. My mind now became more calm and settled on this much-vexed question; but I knew not how to apply the promises to the penitent.

My frequent failures at attempted reformation brought me into a state of despondency. None but Mrs. Hazzard knew the state of my mind, and even she very imperfectly; for it was impossible for me to form a correct view, much less to make her acquainted with the secret workings of my wicked and ignorant heart. I still went on endeavoring to watch over my inclinations, and trying to avoid places of temptation, in hopes of making myself more acceptable to God, or to render myself more worthy of his favor. But oh, how often did I find that the Ethiopian skin could not be made white, nor the leopard of himself change his spots! My frequent failures at trying to patch up a righteousness of my own, or secure a reformation that would give peace, convinced me that something was wrong. But where exactly that wrong was I could not determine.

CHAPTER II.

ATTEMPTS AT REFORMATION CONTINUED—FREQUENT FAILURES
—SYMPATHY OF MRS. HAZZARD—TERRIBLE STRUGGLE WITH
BESETMENTS—DAY BEGINS TO DAWN—FINAL VICTORY.

One day I heard that an old gentleman was to be buried, who, during the many years he had resided in that town, had stood very high in the community for his honesty and piety. I obtained leave of my employer to attend the

funeral. On the morning of that day I had lingered a little longer than usual at prayer, and felt more encouraged than ever before to hope that by perseverance in self-denial, and watching, and fasting, I should eventually succeed in overcoming my bad habits and sinful propensities, and obtain that peace of conscience I so ardently desired, and so anxiously sought. I felt determined that through this day at any rate I would watch and pray more diligently and fervently than ever, and avoid every place and person that would in any way induce me to break my good resolution. And I prayed that something said in the sermon might throw light on my benighted mind, and show me what hindered me from becoming pious. The preacher on the occasion was the Rev. Isaac Puffer, of chapter and verse notoriety. His text was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The points he made in regard to Christian character and experience, especially his knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, and the manner by which this grace is obtained, namely, by faith in this same Redeemer, and a firm reliance on the atonement made on the cross for sinners,—sinners of every grade and character,—made such an impression on my mind as I had never before experienced. My whole mind seemed to drink in every word, and it appeared that every word he said was for my benefit and encouragement. All my former views of making myself better and preparing my wicked heart for salvation appeared in their true light. I thought of the publican who went up to the temple to pray and was instantly forgiven. I remembered the thief on the cross, and the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, and the words of the apostle, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." The glorious truth flashed into my bewildered mind like a streak of sunshine on a darkened sky.

I left the grave-yard full of hope, and was sure the bitterness of death was past. I longed to reach home that I might

make further inquiries of kind Mrs. Hazzard about what appeared to me to be the mysteries of faith, and how I could acquire it, as I believed the day had begun to dawn on my benighted soul, and I fondly and reasonably hoped that deliverance was near. But I had not gone far before I met an old shipmate, who had landed from a sloop at anchor in the bay. He had been to the store for a gallon of rum, which he had in a tea-kettle, and was just crossing the fence into the road. We were both equally surprised to meet each other under such circumstances, and soon entered into a lively conversation about old times and future intentions. Pulling a little cup from his pocket, he very generously offered to treat. At once my good resolutions failed. I could not be so unsociable as to refuse to take one drink from an old shipmate with whom I had been so long acquainted, and whom I had not seen for many months, and perhaps might never see again. The first drink was soon followed by a second; and finding it uncomfortable to stand by the fence it was proposed to get over into the field, where there was a hay-stack, and sit down in the shade. This was soon accomplished, and we extended our interview beside the stack in telling old yarns, and drinking until the kettle was drained of its contents. We slept off the fumes of the infernal beverage under the lee of the stack, and did not awake until the sun had risen the next morning.

My feelings may possibly be imagined, but to attempt to describe them would require eloquence and rhetoric that I could never command, neither do I believe the Anglo-Saxon, with all its diversified nervousness, is sufficiently strong to portray. "O my countrymen, what a fall!" was said by one in time of great calamity; but was ever such a fall like mine? It would seem as though the old devil was determined on my destruction, and had laid this trap successfully for my eternal overthrow. Never shall I forget this terrible defeat; my cup of expectation so ruthlessly dashed to the ground; the shame and disgrace that I supposed would follow me; and

the utter uselessness of making any further attempts to overcome my strong and ungovernable appetite. Could the moderate drinker, who imagines he is able to curb his desire for strong drink, and will not be induced to totally abstain for the good of his neighbor, remember that I considered myself a moderate drinker. It was only occasionally that I drank at all, and never unless in company in order to be sociable. Could such suffer the thousandth part of what I endured that morning when I awoke from my last debauch, and consider that he is running the same fearful and terrible risk that I did in tampering with the accursed evil, surely he would review his dangerous position and not hesitate to make one more solemn resolve to abandon the foolish and sinful practice now and forever. I saw, upon reflection, that this was the turning-point. I must no longer tamper and seek to please others in wrong-doing at the expense of my soul's happiness. I had been accustomed to drink more or less ever since I was eight years of age. It was customary with all with whom I mingled to get as much liquor as possible. At that time I never saw a sailor refuse to drink. Temperance societies were then unknown, or if in existence their efforts were very limited. With those who followed the sea, drunkenness was the rule and sobriety the exception. The old heathen's advice to his son was well understood by them: "My son," said he, "get money honestly if you can; but if not, get money." So we philosophized: get grog honestly if you can; but if not, get grog. We were never overscrupulous how we obtained it, either by buying, begging, borrowing, or stealing. Many men who would scruple to lie on any other subject, or to defraud another of the value of a sixpence, would not hesitate to steal rum. The only question was how to avoid detection; and the most expert at this business was considered the cleverest fellow.

Is it any wonder that my appetite was strong, and that the chains which bound me were like iron? In addition to this, the drinking custom of that age was unpropitious to a young

man in my friendless condition, struggling against long-perverted usages and tastes. Nearly every farmer who could afford it would roll into his cellar two or more barrels of whisky, for home consumption, and would be esteemed in the community nothing better than a niggard should he fail to set the bottle on the table when his neighbors made a call. Under these circumstances it would seem almost impossible that I could ever break away from the enchantment, or cut myself loose from the demon that constantly followed me.

I had several times since my first conviction been overcome by this most potent enemy. Had my feelings and state of mind been generally known, as well as my desire to become a Christian, probably I should have had little sympathy for my sincerity and anxiety. I admit that I deserved none for my intelligence and strength of will.

I reached home in great distress, as may readily be conceived, which was soon observed by my kind and only friend, Mrs. Hazzard, who very kindly inquired what the trouble was. When I told her, with streaming eyes, of my disgraceful and calamitous fall, very tenderly did she sympathize with me in my agony of mind, especially when I informed her that I was determined to forever abandon the wretched practice of drinking. It seemed that in making this resolve new light and encouragement broke into my mind. I never before saw as I did then the exceeding sinfulness of sin, not only in regard to intemperance, but the heinousness of sin in every form. I saw that the disgrace attending my former habits was nothing in comparison to the sin against God. I had read in the New Testament a few days before that no drunkard could inherit the kingdom of God, and my whole soul was filled with horror, and trembling got hold of me. For a time I feared I had sinned beyond the possibility of forgiveness. This, while in a little grove a short distance from the orchard, which had become a sacred place to me for several months past, drove

me to my knees. There I wrestled, and wept, and prayed, in the best manner I knew how, and felt resolved not to quit the place until the important question as to whether there was mercy in store for me was settled. It was in the month of September, and I remained for several hours on the cold ground in great agony of soul. A heavy perspiration pervaded my whole body, and the exercise of my mind seemed to prostrate my whole frame. When I arose from my kneeling and reclining posture I was as much fatigued as though I had done a hard day's work. At length, about midnight, my mind became somewhat calm, and the terrible agitation of my nerves in a measure ceased; and this promise was as powerfully applied as though I had heard a voice: "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." This greatly encouraged me, and I retired to my bed with the sweet assurance that there was mercy yet for me, and that my greatly-offended God and often-slighted Savior would soon extend salvation to me—even poor me. After reaching my chamber the thought came, Suppose the blessing I had heard others speak of should be delayed for some time? My heart responded, God's will be done; he knows the most suitable time. Again: it was suggested that if I should be converted few would believe it, because I had been so wicked and had hitherto failed in all my attempts at reformation. I replied to the tempter, The "chief of sinners" has been saved, and there is still ground to hope in my case. Once more it occurred to my mind, You are so unacquainted with the Scriptures and the language that Christians generally use to express their feelings and enjoyments, that you could not make yourself intelligent to the people, and they would doubt the reality of the work and your sincerity. To this I replied that though like a child I could only prattle, yet parents were not often displeased with the attempts of their children to articulate. I had read in God's word, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise." I fell asleep with the precious

encouragement to believe that God would yet bless even me.

At length, on the eleventh of October, 1818, when just nineteen years of age, I went one evening, after a hard day's work, five miles to a prayer-meeting. On the way, my mind was deeply exercised and conflicting in reference to my spiritual condition; and it sometimes appeared that the burden of soul I then endured would almost press me down to the earth. I was tempted so severely that I became alarmed for my reason. It was suggested that I had sinned past recovery. There was a time when I might have found peace, but that time had gone by. I had lacked sincerity, and I had never been sufficiently in earnest. Had I been sincere or in earnest, some one would have noticed it and give me some encouragement. But it appeared evident that either my good intentions or sincerity were doubted, or else I was considered too insignificant or too wicked to attract attention. It was just here that my merciful and gracious Redeemer interposed in my behalf; and, blessed be his name forever, he saved me from despondency, for had it not been for the light of divine truth I should certainly have lost my reason, or sought deliverance from the conflicts endured by madly rushing into those unknown. That morning I happened to read the account of the poor woman of Canaan, who came to our Savior in behalf of her wretched daughter who was possessed with a devil, and consequently had no desire to seek deliverance for herself. The disciples, it would seem, thought their reputation was at stake while this woman, belonging to an accursed nation, was troubling them, and especially in the highway before the respectable portion of the people. "Send her away," they said, "for she crieth after us." But she the more earnestly cried, "Lord, help me." And though for a while she was repulsed, and reminded of her disreputable origin, and was told that she had no right to share with the children of Israel, yet perseverance and faith prevailed, and she obtained the object sought. I saw at

once that exceedingly unworthy and sinful as I was, and though a stranger in a strange land, and very dark and ignorant, yet He had heard and saved others who appeared to be in equally unpromising circumstances as myself, and I renewed my earnest request for deliverance. I told the Lord that I had arrived at a point of desperation; that I had been seeking my soul's salvation for many months; that he knew I was sincere; that although I had often during that time given terrible proofs of unfaithfulness and vacillation, yet there was no design on my part to disgrace religion or cease my efforts to obtain his grace; that it was the result of my depravity and a perverted appetite, which in my present condition it seemed to be impossible to overcome; and in the language of the poor woman I exclaimed with vehemence and deep anguish of heart, "Lord, help me." I further, in my simplicity, told the Lord that my case was desperate; that deliverance must come soon or I should perish; that it was a case of physical health as well as mental suffering; that if this conflict continued much longer my bodily powers, as well as mental, would be prostrated. I also told the Lord that I was going to the prayer-meeting that night in order to make it publicly known that I was not only desirous, but anxious to obtain salvation, and if he would that night accept of me, and grant me the pardon which he had vouchsafed to others, then I would on all proper occasions tell of it, and never be ashamed to acknowledge his goodness in any place or under any circumstances. Oh, how condescending the good Lord was to my childish ignorance! What presumption on my part to propose terms to my justly-offended Maker! Yet at that very moment new light sprung up into my benighted and deeply-burdened soul, and I felt encouraged to believe it would be even so. I seemed to start anew on my way to the meeting-house. My weariness through labor during the day and travel in the night was all gone. The ground on which I trod appeared to fly under my feet, and I soon reached the place of meeting.

CHAPTER III.

OBTAIN PEACE AND PARDON—FIRST FRUIT OF KEEPING MY PROMISE—COLD RECEPTION BY LOT HAZZARD—NEARLY DRIVEN TO DESPAIR—THREATENED ILL TREATMENT FROM FORMER ASSOCIATES—LOCATED MY LAND-WARRANT—CAPTAIN SPILSBURY—PREACHED A SERMON IN A HOTEL—LIFE IN DANGER IN CONSEQUENCE.

Soon after I arrived at the place of meeting the class-leader opened the services by singing, "A charge to keep I have; a God to glorify." Every word of the hymn appeared to suit my case, and I longed to have the singing terminate that I might have an opportunity to open my mind and make my feelings and desires known. But when the last verse was sung I could no longer refrain from tears:

"Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall forever die."

I mentally repeated, with a deep groan, "forever die." I could scarcely stand, and had to grasp the back of a seat to keep from falling. Several young men stood by me, and I knew they observed my agitation; but if a legion of devils had been there in their stead I could not have restrained my feelings. When the leader said, Let us pray, I fell on my knees beside the young men, who looked upon me with amazement at this movement, and appeared to wish to leave my company, for they all went to another seat. As soon as my knees reached the floor I gave vent to my pent-up feelings in loud cries for mercy. What words I used I can not say; but I knew my whole soul was in agony, and in deep earnestness for immediate deliverance. All in the house appeared to be more or less excited at this, to them, unexpected

occurrence. Soon a number of the brethren came to the place where I was kneeling, and offered many ardent prayers in my behalf. Some sung appropriate verses, and some exhorted me to exercise faith; and all seemed anxious for my salvation. I continued thus to wrestle in prayer, with great distress of soul, for nearly two hours; and while often urged to rise from my knees in order to rest or speak, I felt determined to do neither until I could find rest in Jesus. At length one good brother directed my thoughts to Calvary, and in a very feeling and graphic manner described the sufferings of Christ for sinners, and especially reminded me of the reviling of the thieves who suffered in his company, and how on the repentance of one of them he graciously bestowed a pardon. At this point my mind became more settled and clear. I fancied the blood could be seen dripping down from his head, and his hands, and his feet; and with a benignity beyond the power to express or comprehend I could hear his voice saying, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." My soul was at once filled with light and love, and I felt an assurance that Jesus had died for me,—even for me,—and that his precious blood could procure a pardon for me. The scenes of that hour are as fresh in my mind to-day as on that memorable night, fifty-four years ago, when, like Bunyan's pilgrim, I felt my enormous burden roll off while beholding with an eye of faith my Savior on the cross.

"Laws and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Will dissolve a heart of stone."

I arose from my knees and clapped my hands for joy, and told with much incoherence, and with many blunders, what God had done for me for Jesus' sake. My heart was in ecstasies over my wonderful deliverance, and with sudden bursts of joy I exclaimed, Glory, glory! The whole house seemed filled with the divine presence and the unction of the

Most High. I wondered why all did not feel as I felt. My feelings of joy and gladness continued with me on the road home, and several times I had to stop in the highway and give new vent to my joyous feelings. Had I met any persons on the way they would most probably have thought I was crazy.

I reached home about midnight, and found the family had retired for the night. But on opening the door Mrs. Hazzard awoke, and said, in her usual sweet voice:

“Is that thee, George?”

I replied, “Yes; bless the Lord, I have brought home a new heart.”

To which she replied, “Praise the Lord.”

Just then her husband awoke. He had no feelings in sympathy with other denominations, and especially disliked the Methodists, because they were noisy sometimes, and usually related their experience (as he said) with too much confidence. He said to me:

“George, Holy Writ says, ‘Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.’”

He said no more; neither did I reply, but retired to my bed—not to sleep, however. The remembrance of my frequent and disgraceful falls, after I had started to seek religion, were all brought to my mind, and in a moment all my joy and peace had fled. Oh, how I wept and sighed and prayed lest I should fall and return again to former habits of life. I humbly begged the Lord to rather take my soul from my body than to let me live and make shipwreck of my faith and abandon his ever-blessed cause. Soon the tumult of soul began to subside, and my mind became calm. With much effort I began to collect my scattered thoughts, and with wonderful clearness I seemed to have a correct view of my situation. In after-life, when thinking of this circumstance, I have been amazed at the clear and logical views I then had of my true condition, together with the causes which led me to fear and dread the sin of apostasy. It must be remember-

ed that at that time I was exceedingly ignorant of the plan of salvation; of the innate sinfulness of my fallen nature, and the wiles or devices of Satan. Now at this late day, upon sober reflection, I must conclude it was my heavenly Father that gave me wisdom and power to grapple with my subtle foe and finally triumph over him. As my mind became calm I began to reflect that my former wanderings and disgraceful falls were in consequence of want of divine aid. I had been seeking deliverance from sin in my own way and strength, with all my bad dispositions and depravity clinging to me continually. It was a relative change, not a radical one, that I had been seeking,—merely a reformation of former habits,—and no wonder I had so signally failed. I had not begun at the root of the evil. Now I was no longer the same person spiritually. My affections were changed, and my heart was fully given to God. I had consecrated myself to his service, and he had condescended to give me a pledge of his love and renewed my wicked and corrupt heart. I had tried until now to live and work without Christ, and awfully failed. But now I had learned that without him I could do nothing, and he had said to me, “Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Never was a promise more sweet than this. It was the very thing I needed. My soul had been like the raging waves of the sea. I had been for many months comfortless. I at once saw that my faithfulness and stability depended alone on the grace which he had promised to supply, and was resolved to take his easy yoke and light burden, and trust him to preserve me from falling and keep my feet from stumbling. My soul was again filled with his presence, and an assurance was given me that he was able and willing to keep me from roving into forbidden paths. In the morning I had an opportunity to redeem my pledge that I would never conceal what God had done for me, but on every proper occasion tell of what a dear Savior I had found. I related, as well as I was able, the precious dealings of God toward me the previous

night; and all the family listened with apparent surprise and solemnity. The hired girl and Mrs. Hazzard were in tears, and even the philosophic Lot, with all his attachments to the quiet forms of Quakerism, could not entirely suppress his emotions, but said, "Well, friend George, every plant which is not of my Father's planting shall be rooted up. If God has done all this for thee we shall see." This remark was not intended for my encouragement, but rather as an insinuation. Nevertheless it had its good effect, as it taught me a lesson of watchfulness. The hired girl, who had had the advantage of pious parents, soon gave her heart to God. She was the first fruit of my feeble effort, when, like the woman of Samaria, I could say but little else than, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" Others, too, of my acquaintances were constrained, through my humble efforts and the simple story of the cross, to seek salvation, so that about twelve or fifteen were added to the church in a few weeks.

On the Sabbath succeeding my conversion I united with the church on probation, and six months afterward I was admitted into full connection. Since that time, upward of fifty-four years, with all my unworthiness, I have sustained that relation to the people of God. I was soon after licensed to exhort; and in a few months after I received my first license to preach. I can not say, as some have said, that I went into the work reluctantly. I was glad that my brethren had so much confidence in me as to urge me to take this step, but wondered exceedingly how I should ever be able to acquire sufficient knowledge and talent to make myself intelligent to an enlightened congregation. I resolved that where I failed in ability I would make amends as far as possible in faithfulness and punctuality; and, further, that when my pond run out I would shut down the gate, and not repeat myself at that time. These maxims have been leading principles with me through life, and remain with me still; and, under God, what little good I have accomplished has been by a strict adherence to these resolves.

The following Tuesday after my conversion I was notified to attend a general training in a militia company. While standing in the ranks the man next to me said:

"I heard that you are going to marry Florenna Brown."

I said, "Do you believe it?"

He replied, "Yes."

"Well," said I, "don't believe it, for it is not true."

He then said, "I heard that you have got religion."

I replied, "Do you believe that?"

He said, "No; I should hardly think that a young man like you, so well adapted to enjoy life, would throw away all prospect of comfort and pleasure while so much could be enjoyed."

"Well," I replied, "you may believe that report, for, bless God, I humbly trust that it is true. I have been anxious to obtain religion for some months past, and now I hope that I have got the *genuine article*."

"Well," he replied, "you come out to The Front next Sunday and you will get a licking."

I asked, "Who will lick me?"

"Oh, some of your old friends."

"Well, by the grace of God, I will be there," I replied.

The Front, as we called the place, was a small village on the banks of the Bay of Quinty, where the court-house stood, and where I usually attended Methodist meeting.

The following Sabbath I started for meeting with some anxious feelings in regard to the treatment I should receive. But my hand was put to the plow, and I had no intention of looking, much less of turning back. I felt the love of Jesus filling my whole soul with a burning zeal for the glory of God and an anxious desire for the conversion of sinners; and I felt willing, if it was required, to endure for the cause of God as well as enjoy its blessings.

The court-house stood upon a hill, and in approaching it from the direction in which I came a deep ravine lay between me and it; yet those about the door could easily recognize me.

As soon as I came in sight they began to chuckle and laugh, and apparently put themselves in an attitude for some fun. I began to descend into the ravine, and soon lost sight of them. My heart began to palpitate, for I knew that some of them were desperate fellows; and it was uncertain what the consequence of our interview might be. I was not conscious of having done wrong to any one, and believed that God would stand by me and help me, or at any rate not suffer me to betray my trust or leave me to endure alone. At all events, I was bound to stand my ground, whatever might oppose. On reaching the bottom of the ravine, and as I began to ascend on the other side, a powerful impression was made upon my mind as though I had heard a voice, saying, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion." I heard no voice, neither was any person near me, yet the impression was equally strong as though some one had uttered the words. I knew not whence the words came, but was certain they were given me for encouragement. I suppose I had read them in the Bible (as I found them there afterward), but at the time had no recollection of it. This circumstance strengthened me most wonderfully, and I at once thought of Gideon, who with only one sword with his army stormed and put to flight a host of the enemies of God. My apprehensions and fears of danger were all gone. I stood more erect, and felt as though I could "run through a troop and leap over a wall!"

As I approached the building I saw a number of my old associates waiting, as I supposed, to open the ball as soon as I arrived. But in the consciousness of innocence and duty I deliberately, and with a good degree of boldness, walked toward them. As I drew nigh they formed into two lines, extending to the door. I passed between them, bowing respectfully, and with a smile on my countenance I ascended the stairs into the court-room, and they all followed. I chose a seat among the professors of religion, and they took a place in the back part of the house. From henceforth they

looked upon me as a "gone case." I plainly told them that if they would not go with me my mind was made up not to go with them; and I afterward had but little trouble with my old companions. My Bible and the little grove beyond the orchard, where I had been accustomed to resort for prayers for months past, were dearer to me than ever. My taste for fun and frolic and other pastimes with the young folks, in which I had taken so much delight, was entirely taken away, and my evenings were spent in trying to store my mind with useful knowledge.

I have often felt to bless God for the struggle I had to obtain pardon and peace. Had I endured less I might not have esteemed it so highly. What costs but little may not appear valuable to some. But in my case "the kingdom suffered violence." My conflicts with Satan were long and terrible; and the pearl I obtained was in my estimation of great price, and should not be rudely or foolishly thrown away. Now and then some one would ask me, by way of derision, if I had procured my saddle-bags yet—alluding to the equipage of a traveling preacher in those days; for few traveled otherwise than on horseback, and thus carried their books and clothes. This mode of ridicule or sarcasm did not disturb me in the least, as I had no more idea of ever becoming a preacher than I had thoughts of flying. This, with an occasional "amen" or "glory" from some as I passed along the street, was about all the persecution I received for many months. The Lord was my defense; and, blessed be his name, he "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

In vain may Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he can not go;
Our Jesus will stir up his power,
And soon avenge us of our foe."

I must now go back a little in my narrative to relate a circumstance which occurred the first winter I lived on shore. I took a journey on foot to Toronto, the capital of the province, to locate my land, for which I had a warrant from the

navy department. On entering the office I presented my papers, and inquiry was made where I wanted it. This was something not expected by me, as I supposed they would give me what land the government pleased. I told the clerk, or agent, I wanted it where it was vacant. I was shown several maps of townships where plenty of land was remaining unoccupied, and was told to select for myself. I think probably the agent thought me somewhat green; if so, he formed a correct opinion of me, for green I certainly was in regard to locating land. Yet the good Lord took pity on my simplicity in this comparative trifling affair, and undoubtedly directed my eye to the right spot on the map. If the hairs of our head are numbered, and not a sparrow is forgotten of God, why should it be thought incredulous to believe that our heavenly Father does often choose for us the lot of our inheritance? On looking over one of the maps I observed a lot, in the center of the township, blank, and inquired of the agent if it was good land. He said he did not know—which I suppose was the truth. "Well," said I, "put me down for that lot; perhaps it may be as good as any." And sure enough, if I had searched the township all over I could not have found a more eligible piece of land. There was timber, water, and meadow land, in due proportion, and everything desirable to make a good farm and home; and had I spent weeks in prospecting I could not have suited myself better. Surely this was not accidental. My heavenly Father knew my needs, and my simplicity, and graciously directed my eye to that part of the map. So I received it then, and so I continue to believe.

On my way home I was overtaken by a gentleman in a fine cutter. I was on foot, and he very kindly asked me to ride with him, which offer I readily accepted. He was dressed in respectable farmers' clothes. He soon began a conversation. I told him I had been to Toronto to draw my land. He inquired if I was an emigrant.

I said, "No; I obtained land for my services."

"Have you been a soldier?"

"No, sir; a sailor."

"Ah, indeed, where did you sail?"

"On Lake Ontario."

"Ah, in what ship on Lake Ontario?"

"Several, sir; the Prince Regent, Montreal, and others."

"Do you remember who was the surgeon on the Prince Regent?"

"Yes, sir; Surgeon Spilsbury."

He then inquired, "Who was captain of the Nettley?"

I replied, "Captain Spilsbury, the son of our surgeon."

He wanted to know what kind of a man Captain Spilsbury was. I told him he was as great a scoundrel as ever walked a quarter-deck. He inquired what was the matter with him. I told him his men complained of him as being cruel, giving them hard treatment, and flogging them most unmercifully for trifling offenses; and there were more desertions from his ship than all others on the lake. I told him, as further evidence of the general dislike of the crew, that one night when going under the top-gallant fore-castle some one rolled an eighteen-pound shot on his head, and fractured his skull, doubtless with the intention to kill him. He inquired if I knew who did that. I told him I did not, and if I did I would be the last one to reveal it. We soon reached a tavern, and he drove to the door. The hostler hurried out, made a polite bow, and said, "How do you do, Captain Spilsbury?" I had been riding for the last hour with the man whose character I had so freely given. My surprise may be better imagined than described. With thanks for my ride, and in great confusion, I was about to depart as speedily as possible; but on giving directions to the hostler he called on me to come in, and said we must not part so abruptly. I complied, but somewhat reluctantly. He called for brandy and water, and we talked over matters and things connected with our service on the lake for an hour or so. He did not seem to be displeased with me for the free use I had

made of his character. Perhaps he was so much of a philosopher as to conceal his chagrin. At any rate, he knew I told him nothing but the truth. He told me he was now on half pay, and living in a rural manner. I learned from others, where I made inquiry, that he was much respected by his neighbors; and I hope was a better man than when he sailed his majesty's ship *Nettley*.

The next day I reached the river Trent, at the head of the Bay of Quinty. I was in company with a young man near my own age. He was from the State of New York, and in search of work. We agreed to travel together until our roads diverged, and to remain at the Trent over night. On entering the tavern we found a Protestant Irishman,—who was of considerable respectability, and much esteemed by his neighbors,—in a state of intoxication. It was only occasionally that he was found in this condition, and when so he was somewhat captious and inclined to quarrel.

About sunset a number of teamsters, twenty or twenty-five in number, came in from the Mamora Iron Works, about thirty miles back in the woods. They did most of their teaming during winter, in taking out supplies and returning with iron. On arriving, they stopped at the tavern where we desired to lodge. All of them were Irish Roman Catholics. As soon as they entered the house this Protestant Irishman began to ridicule their religion, and imitated their manner of crossing themselves, and applying holy water. He spoke of the folly and uncertainty of praying to the saints, and of their subserviency in submission to the priests. They soon became much exasperated, and would have used violent measures to quiet his criticisms if the landlord had not interposed. At supper they were discussing among themselves the superior claims of Catholicism; that it is the only true church, out of which there can not possibly be any salvation. One of them, who seemed to be the best informed, remarked that Jesus Christ said to Saint Peter, who was the prince of the apostles, "I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon

this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "There," said he, triumphantly, "if hell itself can not prevail against the true Catholic Church, much less shall Protestant heretics prevail against it."

At this attempted bombast my church pride was inflated, and my Protestant zeal was at the boiling point. I felt indignant that he should claim a victory over even a drunken countryman of his own, and I requested permission of fifteen minutes' time to give my views of that much-abused text. The landlord, perhaps out of courtesy, or for the credit of his house, took sides with me, and urged them to be quiet while the young man, who, he said, appeared to be both candid and intelligent, would talk a little. As soon as quiet was restored I stepped up into a chair, and began to give Peter such a character as I thought he deserved. I told them that on one occasion, when on the mount of transfiguration, he had seen the heavenly visitors, and thought that he had had a good time generally, yet he foolishly imagined that heavenly inhabitants needed tents to dwell in, and talked of remaining on the mountain to make a permanent residence there, and thus let the remainder of the world perish without the means of salvation. And such, said I, is the fancied foundation of the Roman Catholic Church. I further observed that on seeing the miraculous draught of fishes, in an almost insane manner he requested his blessed Lord to depart from him; and when informed by the Savior of his approaching passion and sufferings, he rebuked the dear Redeemer, and declared that these things should never happen, although they were among the most essential items in the great plan of human salvation. Our blessed Savior called him Satan, and bid him be gone, as one who was offensive to and understood not the things of God. And this is the man that bears upon his shoulders the whole weight of the Christian church. I reminded them that he denied his Master, and that, too, with an oath, although but a few hours before he declared that he was willing to go to prison, or to die for

his sake. While in the garden, by his unadvised folly and rashness he had exposed his life to the vengeance of the Roman authority, by his blind zeal in drawing his sword upon the high-priest's servant, and was only saved from condign punishment by the timely and miraculous power of that gracious Redeemer whom he now rejected, and swore he knew him not. This is the man whom you delight to honor, and prefer him to any other being in the universe as the foundation-stone of your church fabric! Let me rather have the confession of Peter in the verse preceding, "Thou art the Christ." This glorious revealed truth lies at the foundation of the whole Christian scheme. All judgment was committed by the Father unto the Son, and it is highly improbable that he would transfer his authority to a frail mortal. This is the foundation which St. Paul says *is laid*, and of course will remain until the earth's foundations shall melt away; and Paul is as good authority as Peter, or any pope of Rome that ever existed. While I was making these remarks many of them fairly gnashed their teeth, and seemed to be preparing for some desperate purpose. When I concluded, the leader and one or two others seized sticks of fire-wood, and went up stairs to their beds, saying with an oath, as they left the room, "*We will have blood for supper.*" I told the landlord I did not think it safe for me to remain there that night, for I was fearful my antagonists had mischief, if not murder, in their hearts. I told him I was afraid I was not prepared to die, for I was very sinful, and had not been converted; that I was not willing to be a martyr, though I could talk, and, if need be, fight for the Protestant faith. He fully coincided with my views,—thought it unsafe for me to remain under his roof, and advised me to seek refuge elsewhere. The young man who traveled with me stood perfectly appalled at the scene, and fairly trembled for my safety. Perhaps he thought, like poor Tray, he would have to share with me, and be punished for being found in bad company. We paid our bill, shouldered our baggage, and walked through deep snow four miles to another public house.

This circumstance occurred about eight months before my conversion, and even before I had heard my first sermon after leaving the sea. If my theology appears lame, and my arguments seem out of joint, the reader should remember that the remarks were only the outbursts of fiery indignation from the untutored lips of a wild, unconverted sailor-boy, who then thought that his exposition was at least equally sound as the dogma he attempted to combat. I have often wondered since, while reviewing this transaction, and my thoughtlessness in thus exposing myself to the wrath of these wicked men, how good the Lord was to me in refreshing my mind in regard to Bible texts, which I so readily quoted, and, as I thought, so aptly applied.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FIRST MARRIAGE—REMOVED INTO THE WOODS ON MY LAND—
FIRST LICENSE TO PREACH—MY FIRST TEXT—MUCH EXHIL-
ARATED BY MY FIRST EFFORT—BROUGHT DOWN FROM MY
EMINENCE BY THE FAITHFUL REPROOFS OF MY WIFE—
SICKNESS OF MY WIFE—SOLD OUT WITH THE INTENTION
OF GOING TO ENGLAND.

Some time after my conversion I paid attention to a young woman named Syllinda Brown, who was in the same class with me and about my age. When my good friends, the Hazzards, removed to another part of the province, my attachments were sufficiently strong to cause me to remain, intending at a suitable time to try the married life. When nearly twenty-one years of age I married the young woman above referred to, which was the woman of my first choice. She presented me with a son, who still lives and has a large family.

I continued to work for the farmers about two years,

when we thought we would settle on the land I drew from the government. For the first few months our nearest neighbors were ten miles distant, and we had to endure all the hardships and privations incident to a frontier life in a heavy-timbered country. Our base of supplies for everything we needed besides what we raised on the land (and that was not much for the first two years) was thirty miles off, including store, post-office, mill, and mechanic shop. But we were both young, and our wants were few and simple; and we had no occasion to make a display, even if we had the ability (which we had not) or had been so inclined, for we had none near us to admire or censure us for our mode of living. Every one we knew lived in a similar style with ourselves. We were anxious to make us a home, and every tree cut down, every log consumed, every rail split and laid up in a fence, was so much accomplished in the right direction. Almost every day we could indulge in an honest pride in discovering some improvement. After we had lived in our plain but comfortable log-house about five months, we could count from our door-step seven smokes, from as many clearings in the woods, where as many neighbors had commenced as we had done a few months previously, and all within a radius of about two miles. Soon after this we established meetings for divine and social worship, and went a mile or more to an evening meeting, with the help of a torch made of pine knots or birch bark. As for a candle or lamp, there was no such luxury in the whole settlement. The light at our meetings was derived from a large fire of wood on the hearth in the winter, and a pine knot stuck in the back wall in the summer.

We now began to think "the lines had fallen to us in pleasant places." We were comfortable and happy. The woods around us were a shelter both in summer and winter. We had plenty of fuel, plenty of game, and an abundance of good maple sugar. We raised the second year more grain and vegetables than we could consume, and for several years

we had a home market by new-comers settling around us. Many of our new neighbors proved to be religious, and took delight in attending worship, which made it pleasant and agreeable.

Before my probation in the church was ended, many of the brethren urged me to exercise my gifts in public for the good of others, and in my simple and blundering way I seldom refused. This was nearly two years before I removed into the woods. On one occasion the circuit preacher, who had heard, I suppose, of my efforts in prayer-meeting, and was anxious to pass judgment on my abilities, called on me, after he had preached, to close his meeting. He handed me the hymn-book, and requested me to make some remarks. This, I think, was the greatest cross I had at that time ever been called upon to bear; but I dared not refuse, remembering the promise I made on the night of my conversion. I related some of my experience, after he which spoke to me very kindly and encouragingly, and urged me not to bury my talent. But to me it was a wonder where he could discover the talent. For many years I had been often taught severe lessons of subordination, and always to pay deference to the opinions and commands of my betters. I had ever regarded ministers as a superior class of human beings; and of course I supposed that my pastor knew more about these matters than I did, and that undoubtedly he was anxious for my spiritual enjoyment and usefulness. In addition to this, the love of God was still alive within my soul. I was conscious of a wonderful change wrought in my heart and affections, and could not but contrast my present objects, aims, and enjoyments with what they were before I knew the power of gospel truth. I still had an ardent and increasing desire for the salvation of my associates. I had as yet shunned no cross, nor tried to avoid responsibilities. The Lord had blessed my feeble efforts in the awakening of some, who were considered rather hard cases, and many were endeared to me by the strongest ties of Christian love. Unless I should ignore the most indubita-

ble evidence, I had every reason to believe that my humble endeavors had been owned of the great Head of the church, both in our social meetings and elsewhere. With such views and such feelings I could not but go forward. Besides, the pledge I had made on the memorable night when I gave my heart to Christ was ever uppermost in my mind, and I would have looked upon it as nothing less than sacrilege should I ever violate that solemn engagement.

At the end of my probation a license to exhort was given me, and I was soon after recommended to the quarterly conference for license to preach. The elder who presided at the conference when I was examined took rather a rough course with me. I was requested to retire while the brethren deliberated on my case. On reaching the door, the elder, in a loud voice, said:

“Young man, do you think you will go to hell if you don’t preach?”

I replied, “I don’t know, sir.”

After a moment’s pause I said, “If I don’t preach, I believe I shall not do my duty; if I don’t do my duty, I shall certainly displease God; if I displease God, I am fearful I shall backslide; and if I die in a backslidden state, judge ye what will be my portion.”

He replied, “That will do.”

I was soon called in; and a written license was passed into my hand, accompanied with a warm exhortation to fidelity, study, and prayer. Before this I never ventured to take a text, as many exhorters do, but usually read a chapter, or part of a chapter, and made a few comments, also relating some incidents of my experience and past manner of life, and illustrating some of the scenes of my boyhood days, and my exposures to sin and danger. By these means I could usually secure a large audience.

Now I had advanced some in my ecclesiastical position, and thought it very desirable to imitate other preachers and confine myself to a text. I studied hard and continuously,

and prayed much. But had little external help except from my good wife, who took a deep interest in the blessed work to which she said I was now consecrated. I had to work hard and constantly for our support. Wages were very low, and I could not command the highest because of my ignorance of farming affairs. I could seldom get fifty cents per day, often less, and had little time to improve my mind, except nights and Sundays. However, the suitable helpmeet that God had graciously given me was the greatest human help I could procure. She had been brought up religiously; had a praying father and mother, of sound theological views, who were esteemed, by those who knew them, as exemplary Christians. Moreover, she was two years my senior in religious experience. She was blessed with a good common-school education, and had from infancy enjoyed the means of grace. I often wondered how she had acquired such a profound knowledge of Christian duties, doctrines, and morals, and such apparently clear views of the Holy Scriptures. I looked upon myself as a dwarf when compared with the gigantic stature of her Christian attainments. Of course, she was no prodigy in her acquirements, as I afterward discovered, but only commonplace. Yet I was, in my estimation, far beneath commonplace, and much her inferior; and only my zeal and earnestness, coupled with my former condition and disadvantages, gave me access to the people, and rendered my feeble services tolerable, or even endurable.

The first text which I selected to preach as my maiden discourse was, "How can two walk together, except they be agreed?" My wife accompanied me to the meeting. And I was pleased that she was there; because I thought it would be better to rely on her faithful criticisms than on others who would not have the same, or at least equal, interest in my improvement. I had resolved beforehand that I would not do as I heard others do, make up in length what they lacked in ability and strength, but as soon as my pond ran

dry I would shut down the gate, if I should not speak more than ten minutes.

The meeting was well attended. Some of the more experienced brethren were there; but most of those present were young people, and many of them my former associates in folly and sin. I had arranged in my mind the principal ideas that I intended to advance, and congratulated myself as having a tolerably correct view of the doctrine contained in the text.

In my introduction I spoke of the nature and character of God, referring to his revealed will and attributes, and dwelling especially upon his purity and omniscience; showing that his holiness could not be contaminated by coming in contact with sinners, and that his knowledge would prevent him from being imposed upon by the impudence of those who would attempt to obtrude themselves into his company unprepared for an introduction. I showed that walking implied activity and progress; that to walk with God implies that we should be in harmony with him in belief and practice; that unless we were in sympathy with him in his precepts and requirements we could not "be agreed," and that he would soon distance us in our walk and leave us to pursue our journey alone. There was some shouting among the brethren,—a thing not uncommon in those days,—and a number remained for class-meeting that had never done so before; and one young lady professed to have found Jesus. By the hearty shake of the hand from many of the brethren,—as generally practiced in those times when they were happy,—I began to think that I had made a tolerable effort, and should yet succeed, and finally become an acceptable preacher.

Some of the brethren were so injudicious as to give me praise, and even compare me favorably with some one else who had preached for several years; and I was generally congratulated for the pleasing and happy effect produced by my labor on that occasion. I left the class-meeting somewhat elated, and considerably encouraged. And Satan did not forget to tell me that I had done well, and had given to the

brethren good satisfaction, and that if I continued to improve as much in the future as I had done for the last few months, I should excel Bro. A——, or even Bro. B——, before long. But I had climbed an eminence and reached a giddy height from which many have fallen, and from which I might have fallen upon stony ground below, and made shipwreck of faith, and perhaps jeopardized my calling, if not my salvation, had it not been for timely aid from a judicious monitor at my side. On our way home my ever-faithful and extremely prudent wife began to interrogate me about my sermon, and in her meek and most tender manner pointed out to me a number of errors into which I had fallen, both in regard to doctrine and manner. She told me plainly and kindly that I had no ground to flatter myself on account of my performance, but that I ought to be deeply abashed, and thankful that some of the brethren did not correct me on the spot, and thus expose me to the ridicule of those who appeared to have no interest in the cause of God. She said, "The subject was too great for you to grapple with. It would have been better for you and all concerned had you taken a text that would have led you into exhortation. Study the text again; pray much over it; and go back to the same place, make an apology, and try to correct your errors." Oh, how my heart sunk within me. My groans were audible; but the stroke was heavier than my groanings. I at once saw she was correct, and that I was at fault. I was certain that her reproofs and admonitions came from a kind and loving heart; that my good and the glory of God were at the foundation of her criticism and advice; and I could but bow my head and in faltering language say, "Do pray for me." The cup which but a little while before seemed to be full and very near my lips, was at once dashed to the ground, and for a few moments I felt to blame the preacher and brethren who had been so imprudent and unwise as to urge me forward to a duty for which I was not prepared, and to assume a responsibility I could not possibly sustain. I now thought I would

abandon all thoughts of becoming a preacher, and began to settle down into the belief that my past apparent usefulness and success were not the result of the blessing of God upon my labors, but merely accidental, and the result would have been the same if I had never made any efforts in that direction.

My loving and deeply pious wife again came to my rescue; and while she had faithfully inflicted a severe blow that stunned me and brought me low, yet in the midst of my heavy despondency she urged me not to be discouraged. She reminded me that others had made failures, and by perseverance and trusting had at length succeeded. She referred me to Priscilla and Aquilla, who admonished the eloquent Apollos, who, though he was a minister, and probably had been quite successful in the Master's work, yet was not entirely free from errors in some form, and needed instruction from others, and they took him and taught him the way of the Lord more perfectly. We talked frequently on the subject, and often prayed together and humbly sought divine aid. After repeated solicitations from the church I made another attempt; and, by the grace of God, I continue to this hour.

While in the backwoods, to which I have already referred, we held meetings in private houses, often going ten or even fifteen miles on foot to visit some Christian families who had moved into the township or vicinity; and we soon formed several classes. In about two years we had sufficient material to form a circuit, and had the privilege of receiving a preacher from conference.

We continued on this place about five years, or until the health of my wife failed, when we were advised to remove to another climate. About this time I received a letter from my father, informing me that he had some friends in the government through whose good offices he thought I might obtain the prize-money and wages I left behind when I swam away from a ship-of-war in Yarmouth Roads. We concluded to sell out and pay a visit to my parents. I soon found a

purchaser, and started for the sea-coast, intending to spend a few weeks with my wife's relations. When we reached there she became more feeble. Soon the alarming fact became apparent that her disease was consumption, and it would be madness and folly to attempt a sea-voyage in hopes to benefit a person in her condition. So we hired a piece of land and lived near her mother's.

CHAPTER V.

WENT TO MONTREAL ON A RAFT—SABBATH-BREAKING—VOYAGE TO SIERRE LEONE—RETURN HOME—WIFE STILL ON THE DECLINE—LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH—EPITAPH.

During the early part of my wife's illness I worked in the woods in the winter, making staves for the West India market. In the spring we made a raft of our staves, and I went as a hand to take it to Montreal for shipment. At that time the facilities for navigating the bays and rivers in Upper Canada were not as convenient as at present. We had no such thing as a tug-boat to help a vessel or raft over a difficult place. We passed down the Bay of Quinty without much difficulty, to a cluster of islands called the "Three Brothers," at the foot of Lake Ontario, and just above the town of Kingston, where the St. Lawrence River commences. Here is a wide "gap," as it is called, extending for many miles, into which the lake sweeps with great force when the wind is west or south-west. No rafts will attempt to pass this gap unless with a fair wind, and prospects of its continuance for several hours. We reached this place, and were detained for three weeks with calms and unfavorable wind. In the meantime three other rafts arrived at the same islands, and were in the same predicament. The feelings

of the owners can be imagined when we consider that they were confined to a small island with forty or fifty men, at an expense of board and wages, and with nothing profitable for them to do. At last, one Sabbath afternoon, the breeze sprung up fair, and all were on a move for a start except the owner of the raft to which I was attached, who declared he would not go, and told the others he thought the wind was not settled. Being a man of piety and sterling integrity, notwithstanding all their sophistry and arguments, he adhered to his purpose of remaining though all should leave. The others proceeded on their voyage without us, with a fair wind. They did not forget to almost rend the air with their foolish jests, and further profaned the Lord's day by their shouts of triumph in so far having overcome the prejudice of their early training as not to be bound by arbitrary rules that interfered with their worldly prosperity. But their triumph was short. They had proceeded but two or three miles when the wind died away, and they were left in the middle of the gap with no means to go forward or to return. During the night the wind blew a stiff gale from the west and drove them into Hatters Bay, where they were detained to re-raft their timber and repair damages, which cost the owners three hundred dollars extra. The next morning the wind was again fair, and we left our lonely island and passed our late companions working up to their necks in water to secure their timber. We arrived at our market four weeks in advance of them, and that too without loss or extra labor.

On returning home I found my wife yet very feeble, and I doubted whether with my low wages I could make her last days as comfortable as I desired. Her mother offered to take care of her while I made a voyage to sea. So I started to Montreal and engaged in a ship as second officer, for thirty-five dollars per month. The vessel was bound to Sierre Leone, on the west coast of Africa. At that time wages among farmers were from ten to twelve dollars per

month, and but a small part in money. But in sickness money was needed, and could not often be obtained.

Our voyage to the west coast of Africa was attended with no uncommon occurrence. Our crew were nearly all English or American. The captain was a Congregationalist, and many of the crew were Methodists. We usually had social prayer every day, and on Sunday, when the weather would permit, we usually had religious services twice. The time passed pleasantly and agreeably. As we approached the coast we began a course of diet and regimen to prepare to meet the malarial fever of that country. Strange as it may appear, I was not unfit for duty one day while in port nor during the voyage.

Sierra Leone is a British settlement on the west coast of Africa, a little north of the American colony of Liberia, and is composed chiefly of liberated slaves, captured by the English cruisers. These are under the protection of the British government, which has formed a colony here, and given considerable aid to new-comers. Most of the inhabitants are blacks, yet many English emigrants have settled among them. Freetown—a significant name—is the capital, and was then (1825) a place of some note for its trade and commerce. It was much dreaded by the slavers, who could scarcely refer to it without cursing, and, could they have done so, would have toppled it into the ocean. At that time the town contained about four thousand inhabitants, and was continually on the increase, both by emigration and the capture of slavers. Its buildings, among the poor, were simple, and built after the manner of the natives generally; but many, by industry and economy, had materially bettered their circumstances, and began to imitate the English in houses and mode of living.

The government buildings, however, were tolerable specimens of architecture, and the churches in the town—built principally by English Christian benevolence—would be a credit to any country town in Europe.

While we were in port two slavers were brought in, and adjudged as lawful prizes to a British cruiser that had captured them. One of them was sailing under Spanish colors, and bound for Cuba. It was a small brig, not more than three hundred tons burden, with upward of three hundred miserable human beings on board, stowed away in the hold and on the lower deck, in a similar form to pins stuck in paper, as sold in our stores. The other vessel was sailing under the Portuguese flag when first seen, and bound to the coast of Brazil. She was a schooner of about two hundred tons, with nearly two hundred slaves on board, in a similar condition to those of the other vessel. On examining the papers of the latter vessel, she was found by her register to be American built, and owned by some person in New England,—perhaps a member of some orthodox church, or a good brother deacon,—whose his property was invested in acts of piracy, and which act would subject him to swing by the neck at the yard-arm of his own ship were justice done, and American law executed. These vessels were, of course, lawful prizes to the ship that captured them, and a bounty was paid to the crew for every slave landed alive. The slavers had both been to sea about eight days; and during that time each had lost part of her wretched cargo, while many of them were landed in a dying condition.

Every precaution is taken for the relief and comfort of the rescued slaves. Airy and well-ventilated barracoons are erected in a comparative healthy part of the town near the wharf, with commodious berths and separate departments for men, women, and children, with the best of clean bedding and nourishing food, and with nurses and skillful doctors in attendance. In fact, everything that benevolence and humanity can possibly accomplish is done to relieve their distress and restore them to health. Of course, the rescued slaves are the wards of the British nation. Support is afforded when needed, and land is given to all who desire it. Many white people—chiefly from England—are residents of Free-

town. The various orthodox denominations of Christians have each an interest in the town and colony, and many of them have church buildings in Freetown. The best churches, and most numerous communicants, are the Church of England, and English Wesleyan Methodists. With the latter I worshiped chiefly while in port, and on one occasion, by the courtesy of the missionary, I preached to a congregation of two or three hundred persons,—principally negroes,—many of whom were captured slaves. Thus by the providence of God I have been permitted to hold forth the word of life and offer salvation to dying men of various shades, colors, and condition, in three continents—America, Europe, and poor benighted Africa. This order of statement is observed, as it was my rotation of labor.

While on the African coast, my health was as good as usual; though some of our crew were sick, and two died of African fever. I think there is no country I ever visited, whose climate is more trying to European constitutions than Africa.

We shipped our cargo, consisting of skins, pelts, dye-woods, palm-oil, and some ivory, and in a few weeks returned home. I made a little over one hundred dollars during my three months' absence.

My humble domicile was still the abode of suffering and disease. On reaching my family I found my feeble wife no better, but rather on the decline. Soon after, it was quite apparent that Death had marked her for his victim. But the work of preparation had not been delayed. She had believed in and loved the blessed Redeemer for more than twelve years, and had nothing to do but wait his pleasure. The sting of death was removed, and the grave was deprived of its terrors. She conversed about death and dying with much composure, as persons usually do about a pleasant journey they are about to perform. She distributed her clothes and other things among her sisters and friends, and gave directions about her funeral with as much calmness and minute-

ness as persons usually do in ordinary business. Indeed, for many years the service of the Lord was her chief delight, and her most desirable companions were those with whom she could converse freely on the deep things of God and experimental piety. Not that in seeking the company of the pious other duties were neglected, but every duty incumbent upon her, which her declining health would allow her to perform, she cheerfully did to the utmost of her strength and ability. She sustained the various relations she owed to society as wife, mother, sister, and daughter with credit to herself, universal approval of all who knew her, and to the entire satisfaction of him who knew and loved her best. She was a pattern of neatness and economy in her household affairs; and she was always ready to lend a helping hand to the suffering and needy, wherever found.

In her dress and appearance she always stood committed as a follower of Christ, and when from home among strangers was often supposed to be a member of the Society of Friends. She imitated, in a great measure, their plainness of dress, without conforming in full to their antiquated stiffness.

She was confined to her bed about three weeks, during which time we had a constant rush of relatives and friends, who came to visit us in order to hear the wonderful exhibition she made of divine goodness, and to see with what nerve and composure she could "brush the dews of Jordan," and meet the monster face to face. It was remarked by all who heard her that the words of caution or exhortation she uttered were the most appropriate that ever fell from mortal lips. They seemed to be tinged with a supernatural power and influence that reached every heart. The night before she died I was advised by her mother and others to seek a little rest, as I had been in attendance in her room much of the time by day and night. I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was informed by one of the watchers that a change had taken place—that she was bolstered up in almost a sitting

posture and was talking like an angel. I hastened down stairs as speedily as possible. The room seemed filled with the divine presence, and a most sacred radiance appeared to light up her pale but still smiling countenance. She was thought by some to be conversing with supernatural beings. "They have come," she said; "angels beckon me away. Jesus bids me come! Jesus, my adorable Redeemer, I await thy will! Oh, take me to thyself; thou knowest that I love thee with all my heart!"

For a moment there was a pause, and a death-like stillness in the room. On opening her eyes she gazed with a loving and heavenly smile, and taking hold of my hand, with a pressure perhaps as firm as she was capable, she said with greater strength of vein than usual, "Sing." Said I, "What shall we sing?" She repeated the first line of one of her favorite hymns; but in singing the following verse, we thought her spirit had fled:

"Oh, that I could with favored John
Recline my weary head upon
My dear Redeemer's breast.
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee,
My everlasting rest."

When the singing ended she became calm, and drew me toward her. She then poured forth such words of exhortation to me and her little son, her mother and others, as seemed truly angelic, and astonished every beholder, knowing, as we did, that her literary attainments were quite limited. She then appeared to be exhausted, and fell into a sweet slumber, from which she awoke no more until she opened her eyes in eternity. Thus died the wife of my youth, in the twenty-ninth year of her age,—though but young in years, yet a ripe Christian,—leaving me and her little child to meet the storms and adversities of life, without the privileges and counsels I had enjoyed in her company for the last nine

years. We laid her remains beside a friend, and on her tomb was inscribed the following epitaph :

“Sickness sore long time she bore,—
Physicians were in vain,—
Till God did please to give her ease,
And free her from her pain.” . . .

CHAPTER VI.

COMMENCED TO TEACH A DISTRICT SCHOOL—REMOVED TO AN INDIAN MISSION—SOME OF THE CUSTOMS OF INDIANS—PREACHED BY AN INTERPRETER—REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

I now had to change my mode of living. Myself and little son must be provided for, and for some time I was much perplexed as to the course I should take. I was poor as regards this world's goods, but could raise sufficient money to go to England. But it would be quite uncertain whether I could find employment there unless on board ship; and since my conversion and call to preach I hoped not to be compelled to take that course. I had for several years made it a custom to tell in a simple manner all my wants and desires to my heavenly Father, and he had often given me undoubted proofs of his kind care and providence toward me. I was exceeding lonely, and my loss seemed to be irreparable. My little boy much increased my weight of sorrow. Being over eight years old he was always with me, and by frequently alluding to his mother kept the wound still bleeding. Moreover, he resembled his mother so much that he kept her presence continually before me, and I could not reconcile myself to part with him. I still had confidence that God would in some way open up a path for my ready feet to walk in, and sustain me in this dark hour.

My wife died in the early part of September, and after two months of much anxiety I received a letter from my brother-

in-law and some of his neighbors, giving me an invitation to teach their district school during the approaching winter, and offering board and accommodations for me and my child. But here was a blessing I thought I had no room to contain. They certainly did not know my acquirements or lack of ability, or they never would think of intrusting their children to such an instructor as myself.

I was now in a dilemma. I had not been to school one day in all my life,—except Sunday-school,—and had never seen a school in session. I knew nothing about the mode of teaching, or the government of scholars, or what amount of knowledge was requisite to fit a person to take charge of a district school. Of course, I hesitated to comply with the request, knowing, as I did, my unfitness for the situation; though, at the same time, it was the very place I should have chosen under my circumstances, if I only had the necessary qualifications. This, too, was made the subject of prayer and much thought, and my mind was directed to my little boy for instruction and information. I had read, “A little child shall lead them,” and who knows but it may be so in my case. My son was over eight years of age, and had been to school more than four years. He had advanced very rapidly, and was considered a good scholar for one of his age. I immediately put myself under his tuition, and plied him with all the questions I could think of in regard to the formations of classes, the number of times they read or spelled in each session, how order was enforced, etc. At the same time I studied hard in Webster’s Spelling-book, and Lindley Murray’s English Reader—they were about the only books we had in school in those days besides the New Testament. I could read tolerably well, and could write and compose so as to be understood; and I knew the first four rules of arithmetic. This was about all the qualification I had to fit me for a school-teacher. After obtaining all the information I could from my scanty resources it seemed that the school was all mapped out before me, and I could see myself in the midst of

my scholars, with every eye turned toward me, and all anxious to receive instruction.

I wrote to my friends accepting the offer, and with fear and trembling soon commenced operations in this, to me, new and perilous enterprise. It should be remembered that in those days (fifty years ago) no examination before a superintendent or committee was required. Had that been the case, my judgment would have deterred me from ever attempting to act the part of a pedagogue. But the officers of the district who employed me were no better qualified to examine me than I was to examine them. By observing the motions of the scholars, occasionally hearing their remarks about the course of former teachers, using the half ounce of common sense God had given me, keeping my eyes and ears open, and, above all, having a firm reliance on divine aid, I managed to secure the good-will and attention of the children and the approbation of all concerned.

During the time I taught this school I made more rapid advance in my own studies than did even my scholars. I was diligent in trying to inform myself, and to obtain knowledge from every source within my reach. By close application to the duties imposed upon me, and employing all my spare time to fit myself better for my task, I am confident that I obtained more valuable information, in regard to literary acquirements, than I had ever gained in any previous ten years. I continued to teach in this school upward of three months, or until the month of March, 1828, when I was informed by a missionary that they were in need of a teacher on the station among the Chippawa Indians, on Rice Lake, and were anxious to obtain a local preacher for that office, who would supply the place of the missionary during his occasional absence. He further stated that the board had their attention directed to me as a suitable person for that situation, and desired me to give my consent, if possible, and to do so at my earliest convenience. After consultation with a few friends, and, above all, seeking divine direction, I

consented to the change, provided that I could get released from my present engagement. This was soon obtained. A young man was installed to fill out the remainder of my term, and again I started on a new enterprise—not without many misgivings as to my ultimate success.

This was indeed a new employment, and as much experimental as my former undertaking; but it was one in which I had begun to take delight, and which I hoped I was better qualified to perform. I had no fear that my scholars were in advance of me in literary accomplishments, and was quite sure that they would prove as docile and submissive as my former pupils. I went to my appointed field of labor with a glad heart and willing mind. We had to teach not only the rudiments of learning, but the customs and manners of civilization, and, above all, the first principles of the gospel of Christ. The Indians, as they came into the mission, were exceedingly filthy and degraded in their habits. Not only were they pagans, without any correct views of the existence of God or his claims upon his creatures, but lying and dishonesty and other low crimes were mere trifles in their estimation, in their aboriginal condition, and none placed any confidence in the doings or assertions of another.

We had to take them as we found them,—as rough stones from nature's quarry,—and endeavor to polish them as best we could. Yet we had less trouble and fewer trials with the young than in an equal number of white children who were addicted to the vices of civilization. Notwithstanding their ignorance and vicious manner of life, they were exceeding apt to learn; and as they advanced in their letters and spelling they became very anxious to improve. We had more trouble with the adults. In addition to their loose and corrupt habits and ignorance, a vast amount of pride—which always accompanies ignorance and poverty—was exhibited, more or less, in various ways. Sometimes it showed itself in stubbornness and sulks, avoiding as much as possible any contact with the missionary and his family, or any white

person on the mission premises. They would tell us that their fathers had done well enough without the pale-faces, and could still do without their help, and that their customs and religion were as good for them as ours were for the whites. They often informed us that their medicine-men knew as much as we did, and could do them more good in time of sickness and trouble; that the Great Spirit had placed them and us in different modes of life as best pleased him, and it was neither good nor wise for either party to go contrary to his will. Not unfrequently they were quite shrewd in their objections to civilization, saying that should they adopt our mode of life it would produce more care, anxiety, and labor to supply their wants. These, and many more obstacles, we had to meet and overcome before we could persuade them to submit to receive instruction, or adopt any part of our mode of living. Yet they appeared to be not devoid of gratitude for any favor shown them, especially kindness to their children; and our assiduity to teach them seemed to have instant effect, and operated favorably on their sensibilities. It would not do to be harsh or severe with them. We had to use much patience, treat them with kindness, and look upon them as mere children, though of a larger growth, with all the follies and perversities of children in their first lessons of instruction. The greatest difficulty we had was to enforce social order. We had to insist at the commencement upon the equality of the squaws with the men. For a long time we made but little progress in this respect, until the Spirit of God began to work upon their dark and untutored minds. After they manifested some desire for religious instruction the work of imparting lessons in civil and social improvement was comparatively easy. In their normal state their wives were esteemed by them as much inferior to themselves—by some as mere playthings, or toys, to be used or laid aside at pleasure, but by many as little better than beasts of burden. In their frequent removals their squaws not only carried their young

children, but as many of their household articles as possible, together with the provisions, if they had any; while their liege lord, with stately strides, marched in front with his gun on his shoulder and ammunition by his side. When a halt was made, the squaws, and children who were large enough to help, erected the wigwam, cut wood for the fire, and prepared the food, while his lordship stretched himself at full length on the ground, and stoically watched the proceedings and preparations made for his comfort. When all had thus been accomplished the unpolished nabob was informed of the achievement; but none dare partake of the repast which their skill and labor had provided until his honor had first secured the portion he claimed. If there was a lack of supplies for all, the squaw was the one who had to go to bed supperless. This degraded and unnatural custom for a long time stood in the way of any progress toward their social or religious improvement; and it seemed at times to be ingrained into their very nature, with the utter impossibility of ever effectually producing a change for the better. But it was believed that by patience and perseverance we would eventually succeed in working a radical change; that the Indian, after all, was human; that vices and customs apparently as invincible as this had been removed from society, and we would not despair even in this arduous case.

The missionary knew that it would not do to yield the point even for once. This inhuman practice, so inconsistent with the common instincts of nature, must be overcome and removed before we could reasonably expect to succeed in training them in other branches of civilized life. Hence no Indian was allowed to partake of food at the public table on the missionary premises, however hungry he might be, without the company of his wife, if she was present.

When I arrived at the station there were about ninety Indians, comprising thirty families, living on the mission grounds; and about fifty of the adults were either hopefully converted or under religious instruction—that is, they met in class on

probation. Those who professed to be converted appeared to be deeply pious. They were prompt and punctual to attend the means of grace, moral and honest among their associates, and much engaged in trying to promote the cause of Christ among their pagan brethren. When once brought to submit to the yoke of Christ it did not gall their necks; nor were they restive under labor, but appeared to be willing and even anxious to follow the advice and obey those whom they believed were capable to instruct them, and had given the most tangible and indubitable proof of love for their souls and ardent desire for their temporal and eternal welfare.

These converts soon became extremely docile, and placed the utmost confidence in their instructors. Indeed, the missionary was looked up to as a father, whose wishes became law to the whole tribe, both old and young. Like the centurion in the gospel, he would say to one, "Come, and he cometh; and to another, Go, and he goeth; and to a third, Do this, and he would do it." The children in the school made as rapid progress in their studies as children of other schools do, and, indeed, more, because they had not so many things to unlearn as many white children have when they commence going to school. Neither had they so many things to occupy their minds or to divert their attention from their books as many white children have. The condition of subordination was also more complete than among others.

Moreover they were actuated by a laudable ambition to imitate the whites in whatever was praiseworthy; and the example of the white population in what was safe to copy, together with the fact of their superior attainments in knowledge and comfort, was constantly held up before them as an inducement to stimulate them to exertion to acquire an advance in knowledge and virtue.

My mind was deeply impressed with the important position which I had assumed, and I engaged in my new and untried calling with much pleasure and profit. I esteemed

it quite a change for the better in leaving a white school and endeavoring to impart instruction to the aborigines.

We had attached to the mission about one hundred acres of land under improvement, all cleared and fenced by Indian labor—superintended, of course, by the missionary. There was quite a respectable number of houses, and such public buildings as were needed, all built of logs, but in a neat and comfortable manner. We raised on the farm nearly all we needed for the establishment, besides exercising our hospitality to new-comers, who were often quite numerous, especially in the winter season. There was much government land in the vicinity, and at the proper season we could make maple-sugar by tons, which, together with the fruits of the chase, made our living excellent. We had preaching twice each Sabbath, besides prayer and class meetings, and religious services of some sort every day; and on two evenings in the week there was preaching either by the missionary or some one else. When the missionary was absent the entire charge of the establishment devolved on myself, and in that case it was true that in labors I was more abundant. Neither the missionary nor myself could hold intercourse with or preach to the people without an interpreter; and we had an excellent one by the name of William Beaver, a noble specimen of an Indian, who had lived more or less in white society from his boyhood. He could talk English fluently, and was among the first-fruits of missionary labor. He had made considerable progress in reading and writing. This man, living among the whites for many years, had become addicted to all the vices found in civilized society, especially that of intemperance; but when in middle life the grace of God arrested him in his benighted and sottish condition, he became one of the most zealous of Christians, and all who knew him gave him full credit for his Christian profession. Soon after his conversion he expressed an ardent desire for the conversion and amelioration of his race, and made known to many leading Christian men the confidence he felt that with suit-

able and kind efforts his tribe, though the most degraded known in the province, might be brought under the influence of civilization and Christianity. William Beaver may be justly esteemed as the forerunner, if not the founder, of evangelical missions in Upper Canada.

CHAPTER VII.

MISSION-WORK CONTINUED — DRINKING CUSTOMS — PREVAILING PRACTICE OF INTEMPERANCE—WILLIAM BEAVER'S OPINION OF WHISKY-DRINKING CHRISTIANS—JOHN SUNDAY, A NATIVE EXHORTER—HIS FAITHFUL LABORS—PREACHING IN THE SAP-BUSH—SEVERAL CONVERTED.

It has been stated before that efforts in the temperance cause were unknown, only in connection with the church. Of course, none who were in the habit of getting drunk were considered as proper candidates for church-membership; yet tipping was not only tolerated in the church, but openly approved. Most men would have their dram in the morning to give them an appetite, and so for every meal through the day; and every farmer who could afford it would have one or more barrels of whisky in his cellar.

Ministers usually drank when visiting their flocks, and seldom refused to indulge in the social glass. Few dared to advocate total abstinence from alcoholic beverages, but, on the contrary, would advocate the moderate use of ardent spirits, and not unfrequently *wet their whistles* before they departed for the sanctuary. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of church order was the repeated complaints of disorderly conduct of members through the free use of stimulants.

Much of the work performed in rural districts requiring

more than one man was done by what was called "bees." We had lagging bees, mowing bees, husking bees, and numerous others; and all these "bees" had *stings*. None would attend or render any help if whisky, or its equivalent, was not forthcoming, and that, too, copiously; and he who could carry the most without becoming unfit for labor was considered the best fellow. Church-members would often find it difficult to pass through the fire and not get burned. But in laboring for the conversion and elevation of the Indian alcoholic drinks were not allowed, unless prescribed by a physician; and that indeed was very seldom, and sparingly.

A total relinquishment of anything that could intoxicate was a prerequisite condition required of all who came to reside on the mission-station. An Indian who was soundly converted, or who had been benefited by our course of training, could scarcely believe it possible that a man could be a Christian and indulge in the habitual use of intoxicating liquors. There were several missionary stations among the natives in Upper Canada, some of them many miles distant from each other, so it was desirable to keep up a friendly intercourse between the tribes. The Indians, like other people, loved to visit their friends, and would sometimes attend a quarterly or camp meeting among the whites, at no great distance from the station. We often held missionary conventions for the purpose of increasing the missionary spirit among the people, and also to obtain aid for our work that we might enlarge our borders. At such times we had to use the utmost caution lest the natives should come in contact with *dram-drinking Christians*; for all well knew that one false step might easily lead to another, and then perhaps to their final ruin. There were many unprincipled whites who would have been rejoiced to witness the overthrow of all our labors to reclaim these sons of the forest, and then pride themselves on the accomplishment of their predictions: "Did not we tell you that it was no use to try to convert the *Ingens*."

On one occasion we had to spare our interpreter, William

Beaver, to visit another station two or three days' journey distant, which he performed on foot. He had written directions where to stop among the brethren for refreshments. On his return the missionary inquired if a certain brother treated him kindly.

He said, "Yes."

"Well, did you see Brother S.?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think he is a good man?"

"Well, I suppose so."

"But," said the preacher, "don't you believe he is a good Christian brother?"

"I suppose so."

"Do you doubt his piety?"

Drawing himself to his full height, and looking exceedingly serious, Beaver said, "He drinks whisky, and offered me some."

This to him was at least ground for doubt as to the completeness of his Christian character, and should be a terrible rebuke to all professing Christians who indulge in this debasing and soul-destroying practice.

One of the members of the church named "John Sunday," who was among the first-fruits of missionary labor, was baptized. He was a large, portly man, with a very prepossessing appearance. He had great powers of endurance, was very kind in his manners, and manifested much patience with his pagan oppressors. He had received license to exhort, and was said to be quite eloquent in his native tongue. All the Indians appeared to love him, and profited much by his frequent labors among them. Whenever he held a meeting it always appeared to be accompanied with the divine presence; and the Holy Spirit seemed to pervade him, body and soul. He labored very hard, not only with his fellow-christians, but among his pagan acquaintances. When he selected one of the latter as a subject of prayer and instruction, he seldom failed in his purpose of bringing him

under the influence of the gospel, and ultimately to the Savior. It was often said among the tribe, "Sunday has got hold of him; he will have to come."

Soon after sugar-making John Sunday and two other Indians took their guns and packs on their backs, and went more than one hundred miles north to Mud Lake, in the midst of the forest, to seek after six pagan families of Indians, who were pursuing the spring hunt. They were absent several weeks. One Saturday afternoon about the middle of May they returned to the station, bringing with them these families, consisting of twelve adults with their children.

The next day being pleasant, it was proposed to hold our meeting in the sap-bush, among the maple-trees, as our school-house, which we used for meeting, was usually crowded. The missionary was absent, and it devolved on me to conduct the religious services of the day. At the appointed hour we gathered our flock together in the grove. There were probably one hundred and fifty persons in all, old and young being present. Among them were a number of white persons from the surrounding settlements, who had come several miles to worship with us. I took my place on a stand erected for the purpose, with Bro. Beaver, the interpreter, by my side. After the preliminary exercises were over (all being interpreted to the people), I selected my text from I. Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." The brethren, of course, were seated as near the stand as possible, on temporary seats, as is usual in woods-meetings. But the pagans, who had arrived the previous day, retired as far as they could in the distance and yet remain within the limits of the place of meeting. In true Indian style they squatted on the ground, leaning against the great maple-trees, with their backs toward both preacher and people. During prayer and singing there seemed to be an unusual feeling of devotion among the brethren; and Bro. Beaver, when interpreting the prayer, appeared

to be deeply affected, and hearty amens escaped from many lips. Perhaps the fact that so many pagans were there, who had never until now been present at a Christian meeting, had a powerful effect upon their minds, as all were anxious for their conversion. After reading my text, Bro. Beaver began to interpret, but was so filled with emotion that he almost broke down, and stood and sobbed like a child in great distress. He was so overcome by his feelings that he had to sit down to save himself from falling. For a few minutes I had to desist from further remarks, while the people all over the ground shouted, "Hallelujah!" "Jesus!" "Amen!" (It should be remembered that among the Indians these words are always uttered in English, as they have no words of similar import in their own language.) The pagans, on hearing the shouting, arose to their feet and attempted to hide behind the large trees. They peeped around at us with all the ferociousness and slyness peculiar to their race, and at last settled into a vacant stare and profound indifference. After awhile the tumult subsided, and I continued the discourse. The people, with more calmness and much apparent earnestness, gave good attention to the glorious truths elaborated from that precious text. When I reached that part of the text which declares that these glad tidings are "worthy of all acceptance," whether by white or Indian, or men or women, and that all are interested and may be benefited and saved by embracing salvation by Christ Jesus and conforming to the requirements of the gospel, the power of God seemed to come down on the whole assembly, and it was useless to attempt to proceed any further with my discourse. At this juncture the people gave a shout "which made the welkin ring," and several of the pagans came from behind the trees, faced the stand, and for a few minutes looked upon the scene with utter amazement, their countenances at the same time showing their deep distress and awful agony of mind. Some of them appeared disposed to leave the ground, but seemed devoid of strength to accomplish their

purpose. They had taken only a few steps when five or six of their number gave a kind of guttural grunt, or incoherent sound, and fell like dead men to the ground. The others stood and trembled like persons afflicted with the ague, and began to cry in their own language, "*O mushemito!*" and fell upon their faces in the utmost confusion and distress. The brethren gathered around them and prayed and sung, "*Jesus, se pee nee she nee quaw,*" ("Jesus, the name that charms our fears,") and soon there was a shout in the camp. Deliverance had come, and victory perched upon Israel's banners.

The morning meeting could not be closed, but was continued till late in the afternoon. The result of this day's effort was the conversion of eight of the twelve pagans. Many of the white people who were with us on that occasion, and who were skeptical in reference to the sudden conversion of these untaught savages, acknowledged that God was in this movement, and declared that their skepticism was all gone; and they were willing to admit with thankfulness that "God had granted to these poor gentiles repentance unto life."

This indeed was a great and glorious day on our station. Brother Sunday and others were in great ecstasy. Brother Beaver was so overcome and exhausted that he was unable to do anything by way of interpreting, and so we had to give the meeting up into the hands of the Indians for the remainder of the day. In a few days the missionary returned; and the intelligence of our meeting gladdened his heart. The good news soon reached other stations, and spread rapidly among the white settlements. The good work continued for several weeks. The remainder of the party brought to the mission by Bro. Sunday were soon afterward converted to God; and a glorious revival spread among the white population in two or three different neighborhoods.

I continued my labors among the children, and preached occasionally, until the month of July, 1828. I look back upon those scenes as among the brightest and purest spots in my chequered life, and remember this as the place where I

witnessed greater displays of the saving power of God than ever before in my life. It was a great trial to leave this sacred locality. The children and people, and the missionary and his family, were all exceedingly dear to me; and the work upon which I had been engaged had been pleasant and delightful. But, as will be subsequently seen, duty called me in another direction, and it was imperative that I should obey.

About this time I received a letter from my parents, expressing great anxiety for my return home, and hoping to see me once more before they died. I had not seen any of my relatives since my conversion. The last time I saw them I was a wild, reckless boy of fifteen years of age. I was now a man nearly thirty. God had given me a new heart, and in the most wonderful manner prepared my mind for the great work he had appointed me to perform. My heavenly Father had graciously forgiven me the sins of my youth, as well as those of riper years. Though I had by letter often expressed my regret and sorrow for leaving my father's house in a clandestine manner, and had received his forgiveness and blessing in return, yet I was anxious to receive the assurance of pardon from his lips, after expressing my sorrow on my knees before him.

I was now living in single life, and it was the most appropriate time to make the voyage. I could find a good place for my child while I made the trip to England, which I did not think would separate us more than six months. Should anything occur to prevent my return there would be fewer dear ones to mourn my loss than if I were married; for it was my intention to settle down again at a suitable time.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAV MISSION-STATION—REACH MONTREAL—ARRIVAL IN
LONDON—REFLECTIONS ON AGAIN SEEING MY PARENTS—
VISIT MY OLD SABBATH-SCHOOL—FIRST SERMON PREACHED
IN LONDON.

After a farewell-meeting at the mission-station, which was of an exceedingly interesting character, and attended with deep regrets, I took passage for Montreal. At this place I found a new ship bound for London, and hired as second officer for twenty-five dollars per month. This agreement was made upon the discharge papers I had received from his majesty's ship Prince Regent more than eleven years previously. I was fearful, owing to so many changes having taken place in nautical affairs during that length of time, I should be unable to comprehend the situation, and thus lose my influence over the men. But my fears in this respect were groundless. The changes in implements and customs, as well as management, were indeed important and numerous; but I soon comprehended the whole affair, and in a little time learned the names of the new implements and their various uses, and felt perfectly at home in my old employment.

We reached London on a Saturday afternoon in the month of October, after a very agreeable and pleasant passage. By nightfall we had the ship safely moored in the dock. The crew were discharged with the promise of their wages on Monday. I started after dark to find my uncle's house amidst a maze and wilderness of complicated streets. My uncle had a prominent residence, and I knew if I found him I should soon find my father's house. I had been absent about fifteen years, and great changes had taken place in the city during that time.

I concluded it was best to hire a boy to conduct me to the street where my uncle lived. I did so, and by ten o'clock in the evening I was in the arms of my own dear aunt. But a short time could be spent with these dear relatives, as I was exceedingly anxious to see my parents that night, and by eleven o'clock I was conducted to their house. The family had retired for the night. My aunt, who accompanied me, when asked why she came at that unseasonable hour, said, "There is a young man present who knew your son George in America." The door was soon opened, and we were cordially received. I was not immediately recognized by my mother, who had just admitted us into the house. My father, who was confined to his bed, inquired if I knew his son George. I replied, "Yes, sir." He then inquired how long since I saw him. I told him not long since. My mother then, as by instinct, and as she had done eighteen years before, flew toward me with a candle in her hand. She looked at my chin and saw the well-known scar, and exclaimed with wonderful emotion, and almost fainting, "It is George himself."

I need not attempt to describe the scene that followed. My brothers and sisters, about eight in number, who were yet living at home, were soon awakened with the news that the prodigal had returned to his father's house. Little sleep could be obtained that night. The excitement, as may be imagined, was too intense to allow of slumber. My whole soul was filled with humble gratitude to my heavenly Father that my return home was so much different in spirit and manner to that in which I had left the parental roof when only a child of eight years.

I had now arrived at the time and place I had so long desired since my conversion to God, namely, to fall down before my ill-treated and deeply-afflicted parents and acknowledge my sin in causing them so much trouble and anxiety as well as sorrow on my account, and to seek their forgiveness and blessing. This being accomplished, I felt much relieved in

my mind, and was more than ever determined to consecrate myself to the service of God.

The next day being Sunday I went to "Darling Row," where I attended Sabbath-school when a little boy, and until I was eight years of age. I found the building occupied by the Methodists as a chapel, and the school was removed to another place. To that place I repaired in the afternoon with anxious feet and a light and glowing heart. When I reached the building I found my old teacher still at his post. He was a dwarf, and less than three feet in height. I easily recognized him by his form. I told him that I had been his pupil for several years when a little boy; had been to sea since then for a number of years, but for the last ten years had been in America, and was now on a visit to my parents; that gratitude prompted me to find the school in order to make an acknowledgment of the advantages I had received while a member of his class. Of course he appeared to be much elated, and said as soon as the classes had recited he would introduce me to the school, and give me an opportunity to address the teachers and scholars.

I need not say that our interview was interesting, and I hope profitable. After the school was dismissed I was invited to attend the monthly concert of teachers for prayer and mutual instruction, which occurred that afternoon, accompanied with a tea-meeting (a practice quite common in that country), which in every respect was of a truly Christian character. In the evening I was invited to preach in their commodious and beautiful chapel. For the first time, I ascertained that my early lessons of religious instruction were obtained at a "Particular Baptist" Sabbath-school. This was my first effort in Europe, and was made the day after I had landed on my native soil; and it appeared to me more appropriate that I should commence my work in the place and among the people who had in an early day taken a deep interest in my spiritual welfare. I might have excused myself on the ground of fatigue and want of preparation,

having just closed a long voyage on the ocean, but my promise was sacred. I was under obligation to "tell to all around what a dear Savior I had found." God was specially present in the effort, and the pastor as well as my former teacher tendered me their hearty congratulations.

The remarks I made in the Sabbath-school were afterward published, in a condensed form, in their magazine, as follows:

"Some time ago a respectably-dressed young man entered a Sunday-school in London, and after some conversation with the superintendent, stated that about twenty-five years ago he commenced as a scholar in that school, and while in attendance the truths of religion which he was taught made a strong impression on his mind. He left the school at an early age, and for several years followed the sea, and much of the time he was on board of a ship in his majesty's service. He there experienced many trials, and endured many vicissitudes; and though he made no profession of religion at that time, still many lessons which he had received from the teachers would often come into his mind. At the close of the war with the United States he was paid off, and as a reward for his services received a considerable grant of land in Canada, on which he had been located for several years. While there he became decidedly pious. He had prospered very well on his estate, and was now a preacher of the gospel. He attributed to the instructions received in the Sunday-school the state of his mind while on shipboard, which would not allow him to commit sin as others did; and he traced to the same cause his ultimate decision to lead a pious life. Further: he considered his prosperity on his farm as mainly arising from the lessons of prudence and religion received in early life from his teachers. He expressed himself very grateful to God that he had been brought up in a Sunday-school."

CHAPTER IX.

RAMBLES ABOUT LONDON—BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY AS IT WAS FORTY YEARS AGO—MODE OF LIVING IN READY-FURNISHED LODGINGS—UNITED WITH THE WESLEYAN METHODISTS—APPOINTED TO PREACH AS A LOCAL PREACHER.

I was now in the great city of London, almost one of the wonders of the world; a city noted for its extreme wealth and most squalid poverty. The streets were daily thronged, from early dawn until late at night, by persons who, in pursuit of their daily avocations, seemed to be the most anxious and the most assiduous of any class of persons I had ever seen or heard of. Each person, bent upon his own business or pleasure, was passing or repassing with the utmost rapidity, and each doubtless with some special object in view. While watching their movements and numbers I wondered where this vast multitude could obtain food; and then, when entering any of their numerous markets, the question would arise, Who could consume all this produce? Of course, in a city like London there is a vast amount of crime. But there is also a great amount of sterling piety and active benevolence; and there is no form of wretchedness, disease, or poverty, found in that metropolis of the world, but what is generously provided for by its numerous charities. Much is said about the pauperism of London, and we are often told that the extreme low wages paid for labor, and the oppressions of the aristocracy and the wealthy, are the causes of suffering among the poor. But those who argue thus do not consult figures, or know whereof they affirm. In no part of Europe are higher wages paid to the laborer or mechanic than in England, and especially in London; and there is no country on the eastern continent where the peasantry or lower classes are so well housed and fed. Witness the swarms

of foreigners who are continually landing on the shores of England to seek for employment, and to secure better wages than they can obtain in their own country. Were it not for the great influx of a foreign population, Englishmen would secure more labor and a better remuneration. The fact is the same in all parts of the world. The curse of intemperance is the great cause of nine tenths of all the poverty and suffering that exist; and even in London there are few but might be in comfortable circumstances were it not for the almost universal practice of indulgence in intoxicating drinks.

For a number of weeks I employed my time in seeing the wonders of this modern Babylon. Having brought a little money with me, and having nothing else to do, I determined to gratify my desire for sight-seeing and obtain a confirmation of what I had read and heard. Nor do I regret the time employed or the expense incurred in this direction.

Talk of being lonely in the woods, or in the vast prairies of the West! There is no place more lonely than a large city, where you come in contact with thousands every hour, no two of whom look alike, and none that you can recognize as a friend or acquaintance. I visited the British Museum, where are deposited many great curiosities, gathered from all parts of the known world, and also rare specimens of antiquity; St. Pauls Cathedral, the largest church in existence except St. Peters at Rome; Westminster Abby, the place where sovereigns are crowned, and where most of them and other great personages are buried; the monument at the foot of Fish Street hill, built in commemoration of the great fire of 1666, when a large part of London was consumed. This fire has been by some called the "Fire of Gluttony," for no other reason, that I know of, but the significant fact that it commenced at "Pie Corner" and ended at "Pudding Lane."

The Tower of London is a little town of itself, covering several acres of land, on the banks of the river Thames, and is the only fortress in or near the city. It was built by William the Conqueror, nearly one thousand years ago; and it

is likely to stand for thousands of years to come. Besides the tower proper it contains within its walls dwellings and stores of various kinds, and workshops for all kinds of machines. It is surrounded by a deep and wide ditch; also, a wall, upon which cannon of heavy caliber are mounted. In the tower are deposited, for safe-keeping, the king's or queen's crown, and the crown-jewels, when not in use; also, Queen Elizabeth on horseback—herself and horse curiously made up of implements of war, and surrounded by warlike utensils and instruments of torture, captured on the Spanish armada, which intended to again reduce England to popery under the reign of that monarch. The table on which the crown and crown-jewels are placed is made to revolve continually, so that visitors can obtain a full view of each article. Specimens of wild animals are also kept for exhibition within the limits of the tower. A fee of one shilling will admit any person to see every portion of its interesting curiosities.

The Zoological Garden in Southwark is a most beautiful place. Its walks and buildings can not probably be equaled in any other country. Animals of every description that can possibly be secured, and by skill and the application of science be made to respire in that climate, are on exhibition; and the student of natural history will be amply repaid for the time spent in visiting the different departments.

The Thames Tunnel is also a magnificent achievement of human skill; a triumph of art over the obstacles of nature. It is several miles down the river, below the first bridge,—or what is called the London Bridge,—where the traffic across the river is immense, and where the largest ships in the world can float. At this point a bridge would be wholly impracticable, as vessels of large tonnage are continually on the move. To meet this necessity, and avoid the long distance of travel on the lower or London bridge, it was conceived that a passage could be procured under the river. In this age of wonders to conceive an undertaking is next door to its completion; and so the tunnel is finished. Now the river

can be crossed without danger of coming in contact with the numerous barges, boats, and huge ships, which in other days was often unpleasant, and sometimes extremely hazardous. The tunnel is arched with brick, in an oblong form, and all pressure from without only tends to increase its strength and solidity. It has two carriage-ways and two foot-paths. In the center, stalls or shops are kept for the sale of many useful and ornamental articles, and also refreshments. It is lighted with gas, and is as pleasant a promenade as any street in the city. And while one is walking in this beautiful avenue, many yards below the bed of the river, perhaps the largest steamers, or other craft, are safely proceeding on their course directly over his head.

Among other places of interest is Greenwich Hospital, where the old pensioned sailors who have served in the navy are comfortably provided for. It is a splendid building, equal in grandeur to any palace in the kingdom. It was founded by William and Mary, as a home or retreat for disabled and worn-out seamen, and is a credit to the nation that used to pride itself in the protection it derived from its "wooden walls," or extensive and efficient navy.

In my rambles I went to Bunhill Fields burying-ground, or cemetery, directly opposite the City Road Chapel, which was built by Mr. John Wesley. Here I found the grave of John Bunyan, the greatest of all good dreamers, who was doubtless the marvel of the age in which he lived, and who has left to us and coming generations literary works which, next to the Book of books, will accomplish more good in the world than the productions of any man that has ever lived. Near Bunyan's grave is the last resting-place of Dr. Isaac Watts, the sweet singer of our modern Israel. Surrounding it are the graves of numerous clergymen and noted laymen of various dissenting churches. Bunhill Fields cemetery is perhaps the most beautiful place of its kind in the world. Its walks are nicely graveled, the ground is well shaded with trees, and all kept in the most perfect order. Gas-lights are

kept burning through the night, and a watchman is employed on the ground to guard against "body-snatchers," for there are interments every day. A parsonage of good dimensions and handsome structure is on the grounds for a resident clergyman, who performs the funeral rites for those whose minister does not accompany the corpse; for many are interred here from all parts of England, and from other countries.

The City Road Chapel, owned by the Wesleyan Methodists, was built during Mr. Wesley's life-time, and is capable of seating about five thousand persons. It is a neat and commodious structure, in the rear of which is a smaller building, capable of seating one thousand persons, called "The Morning Chapel," as during Mr. Wesley's life-time, and for many years after, religious services were held in it every morning for one hour, commencing at five o'clock. When I was in London it was occupied only on Sunday mornings, and on week-day evenings. Most Methodists who go to the city for the first time make a pilgrimage to this ancient relic of Methodism. Of course I followed in the wake of my "illustrious predecessors," and was much delighted to pay my devotions in so sacred a place, which so many eminently worthy men and women had graced by their presence.

The sexton lives on the premises, and is in daily requisition to give information to all who are led to this head-quarters of Methodism. On entering the vestry, for a small fee to the sexton, I had the gratification of putting over my shoulders the gown or surplice worn by Mr. Wesley when he preached, and which was left by his last will for the use of the officiating minister of the chapel. Elisha wore the mantle previously pendant on his master, and a double portion of the spirit of Elijah rested upon him; but I have no idea that any portion of the noble and self-denying spirit of Wesley was conveyed to me by this simple act of self-gratification. I thought then, and yet think, that it is more like desecration

than honor to the virtuous dead to come in contact with a garment he had so often handled. In the basement was still preserved the pulpit in which he used to preach in Moorfield, not far from the chapel, which was borne by four men when needed for out-door worship, and, after the services, was removed to that place for safety.

After some time spent in looking around London, I obtained work in a ship-chandler's store, at five dollars per week, and took a ready-furnished room, suitable for a single person, in the house where my sister and her husband resided, she keeping my room in order, while I took my meals at a coffee-house, or cook-shop. This is a very common mode of living in London, by single persons of both sexes, and quite inexpensive. My breakfast, consisting of hot rolls and butter, and a pint of coffee, cost fourpence; dinner, consisting of soup, meat, and vegetables, and pudding, about one shilling, or twenty-five cents; tea in the evening, about fourpence; making for the three meals about forty-one cents—less than half my day's wages. Mrs. Cook, an old widow lady, owned the house in which I lodged. She lived in the basement, and obtained her support by the rent of the other part of the house. As she belonged to the Wesleyan Methodist society and was a woman of deep piety and sound experience, I often spent an evening in her company and obtained some information in regard to that denomination.

It will be remembered that in the early part of my seafaring life I was impressed into the British navy, and, after several years' service, left the ship by swimming to a merchant ship; and, to avoid detection, I took my mother's name in addition to my father's, and was known in Canada as George P. Holmes. The cause of this was well known to all who knew me; and none, that I knew of, ever censured me for taking that course.

On leaving Canada for England I requested the minister to give me a letter of removal in my own name, without the addition of that of my mother's, which he willingly did, as

on reaching my father's house I should necessarily be recognized by the family name. I have no apology to make for this act; none is needed. I never felt any condemnation for the innocent deception I practiced. No person was ever injured by the course I then took; and any one who is disposed to censure me or find fault with me in the premises would not be satisfied with any apology I could make.

Soon after I took lodgings at my sister's I went to Saint George's Chapel, a Wesleyan place of worship in the immediate neighborhood, and, after preaching, attended the leader's meeting in the vestry, which, according to their usage, is the proper place for an official person to unite with the society or church, and be directed to a suitable class. Rev. Henry Moore, one of Mr. John Wesley's executors, and who wrote the life of the latter, presided at the meeting, and on reading my papers observed, "You did not belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church;" to which I replied, "No, sir." He then said to the leaders, "Do you know that our brethren in America have bishops?" Some said no, and others, "Is it possible!" while others again said they would like to see a Methodist bishop. Mr. Moore then said he was as well informed in regard to Mr. Wesley's views as any man living, for on the subject of organizing the Methodist Church in America Mr. Wesley had more than once spoken to him; and he had heard him sharply reprove Dr. Coke for the course he took in the organization of the American church in 1784. He further stated that Dr. Coke was doubtless a godly man, and a useful divine, but was aspiring, and very ambitious, and hoped by the course he took to have an influence for good on the Episcopalians in that country, whose ministers during the Revolution had forsaken their charges and had not re-organized since the war.

Turning to me, he said, "The preachers on this circuit take breakfast with me on Sunday; come to my house next Lord's day, at eight o'clock, and we will give you work. Accordingly I went at the appointed hour, and found about

thirty preachers present. There were forty-five preachers on the circuit (London East),—four itinerants and forty-one local.

In England the Methodists have no “stations,” not even in cities or populous towns, but always include a part of the country around, and give the people a change of preachers every Sabbath.

On this circuit there were at that time thirty-six chapels and other places of worship, to be supplied twice, and some of them three times, each Sabbath, and forty-five men to do the work. Among so many it was not unusual that some of them were sick; or some of their families might be indisposed, and require their presence at home; or they might be out of town on business; and if they had work on the plan their places must be supplied. All except the four itinerants were local preachers, and gave their services to the cause of God and the church on Sunday gratuitously, and attended to their secular business on other days. Many of them were poor. They worked hard, and received low wages, and could not give time to attend to the business of filling up deficiencies on week-days; hence the necessity of attending to this duty on Sunday. And no part of the day was more appropriate or more readily attended than the breakfast hour. Mr. Wesley, during his life-time, had established this rule, and required the circuit to meet the expense, which indeed was very trifling compared with the good to be derived, and the labor performed. It had always worked admirably.

Our repast was an English breakfast, very simple and plain. But the hour's interview was exceedingly interesting, in exchanging thought with so many gifted brethren; and I was especially pleased in hearing from Mr. Moore, who was one of Mr. Wesley's confidential friends, and had been an itinerant preacher for more than sixty years. He was always ready with his Irish wit and repartee, and full of reminiscences of early Methodism. He was intimately acquainted and contemporary with the Wesleys, Whitefield, Fletcher,

Benson, Rowland Hill, Toplady, John Nelson, Dr. Coke, Francis Asbury, and many others; and his numerous anecdotes of former times were highly entertaining and truly instructive.

At my first interview with those brethren at their weekly breakfast meeting, after I had united with the society and delivered up my papers Mr. Moore put into my hands a printed plan of the circuit, extending for three months, showing each preacher his appointments for that length of time. He told me that Bro. Couch, one of their number, had just sailed for America; and he requested me to fill his appointments for the present quarter; after that my name would be inserted on the plan. In looking over it I discovered that Bro. Couch was appointed to preach on that day at Slater's Court Chapel. I reminded him of that fact, and inquired how I could find the place. The brethren appeared surprised that I was unacquainted with so notable a place as Slater's Court; but after informing them that I had been absent from London for fifteen years, they inquired if I knew the locality of Rosmary Lane. I replied in the affirmative.

They then said, "Go into Rosmary Lane a little before meeting-time and follow some Methodist sister, and she will lead you to the chapel."

"But," said I, "how am I to know a Methodist sister in the street?"

"Why," said one, "by her dress and bonnet, to be sure. Don't you know them by that means in America?"

I was constrained, with some confusion, to answer, "No."

I did as I was requested, and stood a few moments on the pavement while the bells were tolling for church. I soon saw a lady whom I supposed, from her neat and plain dress, to be a Methodist. I followed in her wake, and soon found Slater's Court Chapel.

It is a fact that Methodists in London, however wealthy, are far less fashionable in their dress and equipage than those who bear the same name in the rural districts in this country.

Upon uniting with the Wesleyan Methodist Church in London, the question is usually asked, "What are you going to do?" Very few are allowed to be idle; all are required to be occupied in the wide field of benevolence or usefulness. None are supposed to have accomplished their mission by attending meetings, contributing to the support of the gospel, and abstaining from wrong-doing. Active piety is demanded and expected by every member, whether old or young, rich or poor; and none are allowed to absent themselves from class-meeting without a reasonable excuse. All who have health and ability are set to work in some form. Those who have the gift receive license to preach or exhort. Some have a special gift for leading a class. A blank book is put into their hands, and they are required to find awakened persons, if but two or three, form them into a class as seekers, and meet them and give instruction once a week. Others are formed into bands—called "prayer leaders"—consisting of two men and two women, whose duty is to hold prayer-meetings as often as practicable, in private houses or elsewhere; and each member is pledged to be present or find a substitute, so that no failure can possibly occur. Some have a peculiar gift at soliciting. A blank book is given them, and they are required to take a certain number of streets and call upon members once each month and collect for missions or Sunday-schools; and few are found who do not give a trifle for these noble enterprises. Others can take a class in the Sabbath-school, or act as a missionary to pick up poor children in the streets, clothe them from the Sabbath-school wardrobe, and bring them under the influence of that institution. Thus by constant labor, without any friction, those workers are kept in a pious, healthy condition.

But one of the glories of the English Methodists is the "Strangers' Friend Society," an institution first commenced by Dr. Adam Clarke, in Manchester, during the year 1791. The object is to relieve the sick poor who are *not Wesleyans*, but strangers to God and his grace, at their own homes, and

impart to them something toward supplying their temporal wants, and pray with them and otherwise give to them religious instruction. The society in the city, on each circuit, meets every Sunday morning at nine o'clock, and receives notices of any persons who are sick and desire visits from members of the society. The name and address are then inserted on a card and handed, by the chairman, to a visitor, either man or woman,—who usually visit those of their own sex; and they are required, if possible, to make the visit that day, or at the earliest opportunity. On the card are spaces, with appropriate headings, to be filled by the visitors on the first visit, such as, “Are they converted?” “penitent?” “indifferent?” Also their age and disease, the number of children, if any, and their temporal circumstances. The visitors are required to inform themselves, first of all, in regard to their wants and sufferings, admonish them in reference to economy and cleanliness, and then minister to their wants as far as their limited means will permit. After thus attending to their physical needs the visitors are required to ascertain as far as possible the state of their minds in reference to religious matters, read the Scriptures to them and pray with them, and give such advice as is deemed proper. A report is made on the next Sabbath, and the efforts are repeated the following week. By this system of unostentatious benevolence thousands are saved from extreme suffering and wants and perhaps from eternal ruin; for still a spark of gratitude may be found in the most obdurate heart.

Each class-leader is supposed to be acquainted with the circumstances of his poor members. By meeting them in class each week, and by having frequent intercourse with them at their homes, he knows who are needy and require assistance; and at the leader's meeting he makes his report and draws upon the “poor steward” for such sum, for his needy members, as the meeting may award. Their system of benevolence seems to be complete. Nearly every case that comes within the legitimate supervision of the church is

usually amply provided for; and the utmost caution is observed in supplying the wants of all, and to prevent partiality in the distribution. Collectors for the several funds, and all, are held to a strict accountability, and each fund is kept distinct from others. The collections at the love-feasts and the Lord's-supper are sacredly appropriated to the benefit of the poor. The love-feast is held once in three months, and the sacrament is administered once a month; so that sixteen collections are taken up every year for the poor in the church. Rich persons are often reminded of their duty in this respect, and many, by legacy or otherwise, contribute to these funds; and there is always something on hand to meet extreme cases and supply immediate want. It is easy to perceive that those who water others are themselves well watered, and what they scatter abroad for the benefit of others only tends to increase their own store. A generous and commendable strife is constantly in operation in the several departments of Christian enterprise, in order to excel others in the amount of good accomplished; and it is scarcely possible that those thus engaged can have leanness of soul or depression of spirit, or remain long in darkness in regard to the safety of their souls.

While in London, I often had the great privilege of hearing, and sometimes associating with, many of those preachers whom the Christian church has highly esteemed and still takes delight to honor. Among them may be named Dr. Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, Jabez Bunting, Dr. Hannah, John Angel James, James Jackson, Binney, Lessay, Roland Hill, and many others whose praise is in the churches, and who have done exceeding great service in the cause of God and humanity. Dr. Adam Clarke and Mr. Watson I always considered as model preachers. In pulpit labors and preachers' meetings, or when meeting the classes, or in leaders' meetings, they appeared to be the same humble, unassuming Christians that it is expected the grace of God will produce. It would hardly be possible for a person subject to melan-

choly, or of a morose turn of mind, to indulge doubts of the goodness and love of God while remaining a short time in company with Dr. Clarke. His constant endeavor was to increase the happiness of all around him, and to impress upon them the need and advantage of cultivating a belief and confidence in the benevolence and unceasing care of our heavenly Father

CHAPTER X.

DR. ADAM CLARKE—MR. RICHARD WATSON—HIS APPEARANCE AND MANNER OF PREACHING—INTRODUCTION TO MISS MORRIS, AND SUBSEQUENT MARRIAGE TO THAT LADY.

Dr. Adam Clarke was a robust man, and somewhat inclined to corpulency. He was very tidy in appearance, and neat and plain in his dress. His countenance was always beaming with kindness and good humor; ever solemn and serious, but never gloomy or morose; and in every case of doubt or slavish fear he was ever ready to apply some precious promise or relate some suitable anecdote that invariably brought a smile of delight and joy from many a down-cast countenance. In the pulpit he was quite graceful and attractive. He was always natural, impressive, and instructive, and there was no attempt at display or oratory, or forced eloquence. None could hear him without profit, and a deep conviction that he was a man of God and master in Israel. He was greatly in favor of employing women whenever and wherever it could be done with the prospect of usefulness and success, especially as class-leaders and in financial matters. He always admired their devotion to the cause they cordially espoused,

and their powers of resistance, frequently quoting from his favorite *Hudibras* :

" If she will she will,
 You may depend on't
 If she won't she won't,
 And that's the end on't.

Mr. Richard Watson was in person tall and slender; and all his attempts at neatness of attire would be useless, as far as fitting the outer man was concerned. In personal appearance he much resembled our late lamented President Lincoln, both in shape of person and limbs; and he was not unlike him in visage. He was far from being a dandy, and equally distant from being a sloven; yet in appearance he always looked untidy because of his gaunt shape. But this was of small amount to those who were favored with sitting under his ministry. They did not frequent the place of his labors to admire his personal appearance or criticise the selection he made from his wardrobe, but to feed on the rich and precious truths he constantly elaborated from the unfailing treasury of the word of God. His efforts in the pulpit were in the main of a theological character, while those of Dr. Clarke had more of a practical turn. But both had their own peculiar forte; and well did they accomplish their mission, in performing the work assigned them by the Master of the vineyard. I heard him preach in a field once, when it was estimated that twenty-five thousand persons were present; and there was not one in the vast assemblage but seemed anxious to hear every word he uttered. He stood upon a rock, about four feet above the level of the ground, on one side of the inclosure, and commenced in a tone, or key, which he supposed he could readily manage through the entire service, and on rising said, in a clear and commanding ring, "Can you all hear my voice?" A person on the back part of the immense crowd answered, "Yes, sir, quite distinctly." He then opened the exercise with the same modulation of voice, and continued, with little variation, for about

two hours. All appeared riveted to the spot where they stood; and few were disposed to hurry away, or appeared fatigued, though standing for that length of time. His subject was, "The Originality and Inspiration of the Bible." I need not say that the effort was masterly. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Watson's "Christian Institutes" may well imagine the scholarly and evangelical manner in which he presented the truth on that occasion. I have often sat under the ministry of both these men of God, and have been so powerfully wrought upon with their clear and lucid exposition of many parts of the Holy Scriptures—which I dared not grapple with—that I felt perfectly confounded at my superficial knowledge of the divine oracles. Well, we can not all be Boanergeses, or Apollos, or Pauls, or Ciceros; but we can humbly, and with assiduity and faithfulness, fill the station God has appointed us in his church, and by employing all the helps within our reach be useful in our day and become workmen that need not be ashamed. Our Master employed fishermen to be among the first propagators of his gospel, and it is still his prerogative to "send by whom he will" at the present day. His vineyard is vast, and there are kinds of labor to be performed which require a diversity of talent. All who desire may find their appropriate place, and perform their allotted tasks with credit to themselves and usefulness to others, and thereby secure the approbation of their employer.

For more than four years I was employed as a local preacher, usually preaching five Sabbaths out of every six; often traveling from five to fifteen miles on foot and return the same distance on the same day; very often exceedingly weary *in the work*, but never *weary of it*.

For some months I lived as before stated, in ready furnished lodgings, and took my meals at a restaurant, which is the cheapest mode of living in a city for a single person. My employment was on the river side, at a ship-chandler's store, and my wages five dollars per week; and only half of that

sum was required to furnish me with comfortable food and lodging. But Mr. Moore, our superintendent, advised me to procure a suitable person and again enter the marriage state, as a means of promoting my own comfort and increasing my usefulness. My landlady suggested the same. I told her I designed at some future time, perhaps before long, to return to America, and did not wish to incumber myself with a family or take a woman to a foreign country without her consent. I reminded her that though England was my native home, yet I had been so much in other lands I was in a great measure weaned from my attachment; and it appeared to me that America must be my future home. There was my spiritual birthplace; there I had buried the wife of my youth; there I had still a little pecuniary interest; and there, above all, I had a little son who needed a father's care and counsel. She informed me of a lady of her acquaintance, about my age, deeply pious and gifted, a class-leader, Sabbath-school teacher, and sustaining many other responsible relations to the church, who had often expressed a desire to be employed on a foreign mission. She thought that Miss Morris (for that was the young lady's name) would make me a suitable companion, and if I approved it she would invite her to take tea and give me an introduction. Of course I assented. A mutual attachment was formed, which ripened into affection, and in process of time our destinies for this life were united.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY WIFE ELIZABETH—EARLY ORPHANAGE—
BOUND AN APPRENTICE TO AN ALE-HOUSE—CRUEL TREAT-
MENT—EARLY PIETY—CONVERTED AT THIRTEEN YEARS OF
AGE—FORBIDDEN TO GO TO CHURCH.

In changing my mode of life some offense was given to many of the leading members of the church, who thought

that Miss MORRIS had jeopardized her usefulness, if not her happiness, by marrying a stranger, and especially one from America, where the marriage contract was only lightly esteemed, and where a divorce could so easily be obtained. Her pastor called upon her and reminded her that possibly I might have a wife and family in America, as such instances of desertion were not unfrequent in that country. She assured him that he need give himself no uneasiness on that account, as she had seen an obituary of my former wife's death in a religious newspaper, as well as letters from my son, and other relatives and friends. But the great objection was, they wanted her undivided labors as formerly in the benevolent enterprises, in which she had since her conversion been more or less engaged; and by attending to domestic duties, they imagined her labors in that direction would be circumscribed. But we reasoned that the marriage state was ordained of God, and that no duty could be imposed on us which conflicted with this ordinance of heaven. Our union was formed after much deliberation and prayer; nor did either of us ever regret the step we had taken.

She was much my superior in almost every respect; and I considered her, during the thirty-nine years we labored, enjoyed, and suffered together, the greatest earthly boon my heavenly Father had ever bestowed upon me. Solomon says, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." But what if she proved to be a *good wife*? Mine was of the latter description, and I always esteemed it a double favor indeed.

She was an early orphan; and at the tender age of nine years, like a helpless waif upon the broad ocean, she was cast adrift upon this sinful world in the city of London without a single relative to care for or supply her wants. True, she had a rich uncle, her mother's brother, living in the fashionable part of the city,—or, "west end," as it is termed. But her mother, who in her younger days depended somewhat upon him, displeased him by marrying against his will. The

breach that occurred in consequence was never healed, and he paid no attention to her helpless orphans. Her eldest sister was, by the kindness of a friend, sent to the orphan asylum; but she and her brother, who was the youngest of the three, were sent by the parish to Bermandsey Workhouse, from which they were both bound out,—he to the sea, like myself, and she to an ale-house. I often wondered how she acquired so much knowledge, and information of such valuable character, for she never went to school after she was nine years old. Her knowledge and acquirements were far from being superficial; and in her lady-like manners and accomplishments, and in gracefulness and decorum, there were few in the middle walks of life that could excel her. Those who knew her in this country, and had long acquaintance with her, will bear record that I do not in these respects exaggerate in the least. Her mistress to whom she was bound an apprentice took in sewing, and taught her how to sew and make garments when very young; and when she could find a scrap of writing she would place it before her and occasionally try to copy a letter or two by scratching with the point of her needle on her thumb nail. Thus she obtained her first knowledge of the mystery of writing.

She was intimately acquainted with the Scriptures; and her Bible, which she always managed to have near at hand, was on the margin well filled with marks and notes of her own writing, by which she could readily refer to the promises and commands of God, which had often been made a blessing to her, either in their perusal or accomplishment. Her time to study the living oracles was of course quite limited, but when favored with a light by which to retire at night, she would always, however tired or sleepy, read one or more chapters before attempting to compose herself for rest.

The family was large; and there were many beds to make up in the morning, which service always devolved on her. While thus engaged she would place the Bible or hymn-book

on the stand or window-sill, and in passing by read a verse or two and commit many passages to memory; and when once placed there they were seldom forgotten.

When driven by hunger and other privations and abuses to abscond from the cruel treatment of her ungovernable mistress, and, like Hagar, wandered she knew not whither, the Lord sent his angel in the form of kind friends, who mercifully supplied her wants and gave her much good advice and instruction. They procured the arrest of her inhuman mistress and brought her before a magistrate, who sharply reproved her for her unlady-like and indecorous conduct, as he very gingerly and politely called it. He remanded the fugitive again to her tender mercies, with a promise to look after the child, and threatened, upon another complaint of a similar character, that he would take measures to cancel the indentures and procure another home for his *protege*.

For awhile after this her treatment was more tolerable. Her master and mistress were proud of their assumed gentility, and it would be shocking to be paraded before a justice of peace and then have their names printed in the *Police Gazette* for ill-treating one of their servants. But soon their petty tyranny showed itself in a new form, and one that a conscientious and God-fearing child could not endure.

When thirteen years of age,—after living in this family nearly four years,—she was sent to a store on an errand by her mistress; and while the young man who attended to her demands turned his back to the counter in order to procure the articles desired she took up the book he had just laid down, to read a line or so. She had scarcely read two lines when the clerk turned around, and with visible emotion and much earnestness said, “Ah, if you should live to be as good a woman as he was a man it will be well for you that you were born.” The book in question was the biography of some Christian man; she could never tell who, for she did not look at the title-page. He said no more. But it was “a

nail fastened in a sure place;" she saw herself in a light she had never beheld before, as condemned by the pure and holy law of God. She had always been religiously inclined, was familiarly acquainted with the Scriptures, and was conscientiously honest and truthful; but the innate depravity of her heart never appeared with such deformity as now. Her conviction was deep and pungent; and she returned home weeping, under a sense of her load of guilt, and began to tell her unkind master and mistress how unhappy she was because of God's displeasure with her on account of her sins, and at the same time warned them of their terrible danger unless they repented and changed their mode of life.

They both appeared surprised, and were greatly exasperated at her words and conduct, and inquired what she had done to produce such a state of religious despondency. Had she killed anybody? Had she been stealing? What enormous crime had she committed of late that so greatly exercised her mind and put her into trouble about others? They said she was always esteemed by them as a good, honest girl, and one that could be trusted with money untold. Could they possibly have been mistaken in her character? She reminded them that they and others had wicked and unrenewed hearts, and that they must be born again or perish.

They then said, "Betsey, we have always allowed you to go to church on Sunday; but if this is the result of your religious training you must make up your mind never to go to church while you remain with us; you shall never attend a place of worship until your time is up."

She then said, with confident firmness, "I will run away."

They then, with a hearty, satanic laugh, said, "That is the latest joke of the season. You run away? A girl thirteen years old run away in the city of London? Where will you run to?"

She replied, "God has a people somewhere, and I will try and find them."

Her mistress then said, "Betsey, you know you are our

girl until you are eighteen years of age. We have full control over you until that time; and you know the Bible, which you seem to understand so well and love to talk about so much, tells you to be subject to them that have the rule over you. How would you dare to run away, and thus sin against God?"

She replied, "I have been your faithful and obedient servant for some years past. You have admitted that I have been always honest; and you can not charge me with disobedience. I have endured much cruel treatment, and suffered both from hunger and cold. All this I submitted to without complaining, while I had the privilege of attending church and hearing the word of God preached, because I knew my afflictions were of short duration and would soon terminate; but to have you step in between my soul and my Creator and Redeemer, and condemn me to five years more of similar treatment, and deprive me of the instructions and consolations of religion all that time, I believe is more than God demands, or is required by the word of God; and I am determined not to submit to it. If your minds are made up that I shall not be allowed to attend church while I remain with you, permit me, if you please, to find another place of service; otherwise, at a convenient time I shall leave you."

Her mistress told her to go to work, and ask God to drive those foolish and wicked thoughts from her mind.

During the first few years of her servitude she had been allowed to attend Dr. Rippon's church. Dr. Rippon was a celebrated Baptist minister, who preached a sermon on Sunday mornings at five o'clock; and once each month he preached a special sermon to the youth. She could more readily attend at that hour, because the family were still in bed and did not require her help at that early hour. Miss Morriss greatly admired the doctor, and profited much under his ministry; and now to be utterly deprived of the public means of grace was more, she thought, than ought to be endured.

She remained under the roof of her master for several weeks after the above interview, but was forbidden to leave the house on Sundays. She occasionally saw the young man at the store, to whom she related some of her sore trials; but he either did not fully comprehend her case, or was too young and inexperienced to give her suitable counsel. She still conducted herself with her usual propriety and subordination, and obeyed with promptitude, as in times past; and they supposed they had conquered what they termed her stubbornness and folly. But they were mistaken. What they called stubbornness was conscientiousness, and her folly was to her the "wisdom of God" just beginning to dawn.

CHAPTER XII.

MISS MORRIS ESCAPES FROM THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE—FIRST DAY'S TRAVEL—LOOKED UPON WITH SUSPICION—DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN LODGING—FOUND EMPLOYMENT AT A PAPER-MILL—KINDNESS OF THE HANDS AND THE FOREMAN—HER PRAYER ANSWERED—WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

At an early hour one morning, before the family arose from bed, Miss Morris took her departure from her house of bondage. Like the children of Israel, she departed in great haste, and also with little baggage to incumber her on her untried pilgrimage. She started, not knowing whither she went, but constantly praying that if God had a people who faithfully served him he would graciously please to direct her steps where they could be found. She had only a few pence in money, with which she bought some bread during the day; and about sunset she reached the city of Saint Albans, twenty-five miles from London, weary, friendless, and foot-sore. She continued her tedious journey through

the city in the same direction in which she came, not daring to seek a shelter in so populous a place. At the close of twilight she went to a small cottage near the roadside, and found only an elderly lady within, to whom she made application for permission to remain under her roof during the night. After the usual inquiries in such cases, she related her simple but touching story. The old woman, in the most stoical and stupid manner, listened, and then in a cross and crabbed way bid her depart. She said she did not believe such stuff; told her she had better go back to her mistress and do what she wished her to do; that there were many girls nowadays who had quite lofty notions in their heads, and thought they knew more than their betters, and that a little coarse treatment and wholesome restraint would do them good, and bring them to know their place and become more orderly and obedient. The old lady's tirade was entirely out of place in this instance. Had she lived sixty years later she might have found abundant cause to ventilate her opinions in regard to domestic help.

While this tender specimen of feminine humanity was delivering herself of this aristocratic, orthodox exhortation, her husband came in from work, and the poor girl had to repeat her story. She still stood out of the door after her long journey, and was nearly ready to fall down with weariness; for the old woman had not the humanity to invite her into the house, or to sit down. She reiterated her case to the old man, who very kindly invited her to sit down while she talked. She told him she was an orphan; that both father and mother were dead, and were poor when they died; that she had been bound an apprentice by the parish to a public house, where she had been cruelly treated by a hard-hearted mistress, and had suffered much from hunger and cold; that lately they had forbidden her to go to church, neither would they permit her to find another place of work; that she had read the Bible and saw that she was a sinner, and wanted to love and serve God, and had left London in hopes to find a

place among Christians. The old lady, who had heard this statement a few minutes previously, could not restrain herself, but broke in before the young girl had finished her story, and said, "Oh, fiddle-sticks. A pretty story indeed! A young girl like you leaving a good home and strolling through the country in search of devout people! I don't believe a word of it. You would make us believe you are a saint. I expect you are one of those bad girls of which we hear there are so many in the city, and you have come out here to corrupt our young men!" Her husband interrupted her in her attempts to put a fence around the seventh commandment, and said, "Wife, I am inclined to believe the poor girl's story; it seems simple and truthful. She has an honest face, and all the appearance of a truthful girl. Besides, if she is what you suppose her to be she would not carry a Bible with her; neither would she be likely to leave the city, but be more inclined to remain there; for the business of such persons is more brisk and more in demand there than in the country. At any rate, it will not be wrong to give her shelter for the night."

They gave her a little food for her supper, of which she was in much need, and locked her up in a closet with a pallet of straw (perhaps the best they could afford) until the morning. They then directed her to the village of Harpenden, where was a paper-mill, and where, they said, hands were often wanted. With a thankful heart to God for his protection thus far, and gratitude to those who had administered to her wants the previous night, she took her course as directed, and reached the place about noon. The mill was not running, and the hands were eating their dinner. The foreman was on the premises, and also many of the hands, chiefly women and girls, who had brought their dinner with them. She was conducted to the counting-room, and, after some questions by the foreman, again rehearsed her simple but painful story. As may be expected, many of the girls crowded around to hear what she had to say. The village was made up principally of the work-people in the mill and the

necessary shops, and mechanics and their families. Most of the inhabitants belonged to the Wesleyans, and the foreman and nearly all the hands in the mill were members. The only place of worship in the village was a neat little Wesleyan Methodist chapel, supplied by local preachers every Sunday and by itinerants every Tuesday evening. After the foreman had patiently and kindly listened to her sorrowful tale, and heard her desires, he said very tenderly, "Surely, God has directed you here. But now," said he, "what can you do?" He doubted whether she could earn enough to pay for her board for many weeks to come, as they gave small wages at best; and experienced hands could barely live. One of the girls divided her dinner with her; others offered her a share with them; and the first generously said she could lodge with her without charge, until she could earn enough to pay for her board.

The foreman then conducted her to one of the work-rooms, and gave her a high stool to sit on. He then placed before her a number of reams of writing-paper, and gave her a pointed knife with which to pick off little specks of foreign matter that adhered to the paper, informing her of the price paid for the work; but if she made a hole in the paper, the sheet thus damaged would be deducted from her wages. This operation required much caution and a steady and firm hand; but her former training of diligence and subordination had always led her to do her best in whatever labor she was engaged. She worked very diligently and carefully that afternoon, and was credited ten cents for her labor. She was soon after enabled to earn from twenty-five to forty cents per day, which for a girl in her circumstances, and in that country, was a wonder to many.

The next day was Sunday; and the young woman who took the poor fugitive to her father's house worked on Saturday night until near midnight, to get up one of her dresses for her *protege* to wear to chapel on the following morning. Oh, what a delightful day was that beautiful, sunny Sabbath

morning. The peacefulness of heaven seemed to pervade the quiet streets of that little country village; and all who ushered from their humble homes were attired in their Sunday best, ready and eager to engage in the worship of God. Such a pleasing and delightful scene this poor and hitherto abject child had never witnessed before. Pent up in the smoky atmosphere and foggy streets of London since her birth, she had seen little but the dark side of the arts of civilization, and was totally unacquainted with the beautiful works of nature. Every person she met appeared to be friendly; and all seemed desirous to do some little act of kindness in their humble way, and appeared to be happy that she had found a refuge among them. Can any one doubt but that God heard and answered her simple and ardent prayer, and directed her steps to a place and people which she certainly would have chosen had she known all the circumstances in the case? Let no skeptic laugh at her simplicity, or try to deprive the poor dependent child of God of this confidence and faith. He hears the young ravens when they cry; and he has said to those of far more value, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." This day was indeed a day of great promise; a day of jubilee in more than one sense. It was the first Sabbath she could call her own since the death of her mother, and the first that she could enjoy at a religious meeting for some weeks past. The sermon was founded on "What shall I do to be saved." Her whole soul was engaged in the blessed theme, and she eagerly drank in every word. It seemed as though every sentence was designed for her, especially the description of the poor wandering sinner seeking a refuge, but still straying from the only way that leads to salvation. But when the preacher spoke of Jesus as "the life and the truth and the way," standing ready to receive, forgive, and save, it seemed to be good news indeed; yet a deep sense of unworthiness for the time,—but only for a short time,—prevented her from enjoying the blessing of

justifying grace. But the way of deliverance was at hand. She had to the best of her ability, and according to the light within, tried to be a *servant* of God since a mere child, and would not knowingly perform a wrong act; but she appeared to be entirely ignorant of the privileges of adoption, or saving faith in Jesus Christ. And her case is perhaps the case of thousands in the present enlightened day; they take conviction for conversion, and mistake a soft heart for a warm heart and a heart to grieve for a heart renewed.

In the afternoon her young friend accompanied her to a female class-meeting, which was conducted by a lady of good ability and deep and solid experience. When the leader spoke to her she inquired, "Do you know that God for Christ's sake has forgiven you your sins?" She replied promptly, "No, ma'am," and burst into tears. The leader talked to her very tenderly about her state and condition, and they called upon some of the sisters to pray; and she also engaged in prayer. During this exercise the Lord was graciously pleased to remove the burden of her guilt and set her soul at liberty, and she felt the blessed and indubitable witness that her sins were all forgiven. Her heart was filled with the Holy Ghost, and joy unspeakable. Such was the termination of her long night of sorrow. She had mourned and wept and prayed for many months, and like myself, when under conviction and seeking to serve God, had none to comfort her or direct her steps to the Friend of sinners. But divine light and love had now taken possession of her heart, and without the least hesitation she made a full consecration of all her powers to the service of the Lord. The remembrance of that happy and precious day was always in her recollection, for more than fifty years, and she often delighted to refer to it, and its result in her case, when pleading with sinners, or striving to give encouragement to mourners. She never, but for a very brief period, lost this blessed evidence of her acceptance with God. In a pre-eminent sense, it may be said her way was "as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GUTTERIDGE AND LADY—THEIR KINDNESS AND LIBERALITY
—THE PAPER-MILL BECOMES BANKRUPT—MISS MORRIS WENT
TO WORK AT A LADIES' SEMINARY—LEAVES THE SCHOOL
TO LEARN A TRADE AT BEDFORD.

There was a gentlemen who lived in London, and was of the Independent Church, of which the celebrated Mr. Irons was pastor. He owned an estate in the vicinity of Harpenden, where the paper-mill was located. His farm was rented out to a farmer; but a suite of rooms was reserved for his use, and always kept in order for his occupancy when needed. Mr. Gutteridge and lady were accustomed to spend several of the summer months on their estate. This gentleman and lady were not only wealthy, but deeply pious and benevolent, especially to the poor who lived in Harpenden, which was built on their estate. They always came in their own coach, a distance of about fifty miles from town, accompanied with their servants, and were always loaded with presents of dry goods and groceries, and toys for the children and papers and books for the Sunday-school. Their arrival was always hailed with delight by all, and the time of their sojourn among the villagers was a pleasing epoch in their humble history. In the distribution of their gifts none were forgotten, but a liberal hand was stretched out to all; and on such occasions Mrs. Humphry was always consulted as to the distribution, and who were most needy and worthy. They had the utmost confidence in the piety and judgment of that lady, and felt sure it was safe to follow her advice. But now there was another and most singular case in this village, and one that, as Mrs. Humphry, the class-leader, said, certainly came among them by the kind providence of God. Mrs. Humphry did not fail to set forth the condition and

wants of this new claimant upon her benevolence. She came among them pennyless and friendless, and the poor in the place had befriended her. She had deserted her situation in London, where she was most inhumanly treated, and fled to them as a place of refuge. She had been with them more than six months, and had conducted herself with the utmost propriety and decorum, and was, moreover, industrious and pious. Mrs. Gutteridge very kindly expressed a desire for an interview with the late fugitive, whereupon a messenger was dispatched to the mill to request her to wait on Lady Gutteridge. The poor girl now stood in the presence of this lady of rank and wealth with some trepidation and awe, but with an inward consciousness of innocence. Of course she had to relate anew to her ladyship the outlines of her sad history, as well as to tell the pleasing story of her conversion to God, and the kind treatment she had received since she came to the place. Her simple and artless relation greatly affected her ladyship, and she could not refrain from tears; but she endeavored to cover her emotion by asking, judiciously, if she thought it was right to abscond from the people to whom she was legally bound. She promptly replied, "Yes, ma'am. I am convinced that I did no wrong in refusing to remain any longer in the place where my soul's salvation was jeopardized, in addition to being almost in a state of starvation." Mrs. G. replied with much earnestness, "Well, we shall see," and then gave her a small sum of money to remunerate her for the time she had lost in the mill by this interview.

How exceedingly thoughtful and kind. How few there are among the wealthy who think the time of the poor is of any value! She then gave her a liberal supply of clothing, and also gave direction to Mrs. Humphry not to let her want for anything.

In about four months after this, or when she had been working at the mill about ten months, and had become one of the first-rate hands, and began to earn a little more than she needed for her support, the mill company became

bankrupt, and all the hands were discharged. Many of them went to other places to seek employment; but Lady Gutteridge and Mrs. Humphry were so much interested in their new *protege* that they would not consent to her leaving the place, and began to devise means to obtain employment for her somewhere in the vicinity.

It was about this time, when her wages at the mill more than covered her expenses, that she formed the pious resolution of devoting one tenth of her gross earnings to benevolent purposes. By this systematic course she always had something in store, with very few exceptions, for every case of need that appealed to her Christian sympathy. She had a little box for the purpose, which she called the "tithe-box," or the Lord's treasury, where she carefully deposited her tithe. If she earned but fifty cents in a week, five cents went into the box, however great her needs might be; and if she earned ten dollars in a week, which was sometimes the case, one dollar was faithfully deposited in the same place.

There was in the vicinity of Harpenden a young ladies' seminary, or boarding school, that at that time wanted an additional servant, and Lady Gutteridge used her influence to secure this place for the child that providence had cast upon her care. She was soon installed in her new place of work, at thirty-five dollars per year, to perform the duty of one of the house-maids in this large building. The wages will appear very low when compared with what girls demand for similar services in America, but in fact it was high in comparison to what was generally received in private families for girls to do house-work at that day in England. It should be remembered, too, that she was only fourteen years of age, and had not arrived at her full size or strength, and therefore could not expect as much as girls of larger growth. Her fidelity and good behavior had made her a favorite with all who knew her, and she could find employment in any place where help was needed; but her friends all thought the best place for her was the seminary. Doubtless this was provi-

dential; for although her situation was anything but a sinecure, but rather of great and constant labor, yet she enjoyed many advantages in associating occasionally with young ladies of much refinement, and in her spare time having access to their books. By this means she had frequent opportunities to improve her mind, and to acquire more lady-like manners and render herself more agreeable to those upon whom she waited. Some of the servants were mere rustics when they came to the establishment, and had no desire to avail themselves of any opportunity to improve their condition, and after a year or more in their service left the school as ignorant as when they came. She had, with the aid of two other house-maids, to do all the work for fifty young ladies—such as keeping their rooms in order, making up beds, putting their clothes away, &c., and waiting at the table.

There were many other servants on the premises, besides the three house-maids, but only one man, who lived with his family a short distance from the school, and who milked and took care of three cows for the use of the establishment, and attended to one horse, and to the garden. The horse was kept for sanitary purposes alone, to bring the physician when needed, or to furnish young ladies with the means of riding out when prescribed by the doctor. The best of order and decorum was maintained in every department, and none of the servants or other inmates were permitted to receive visits from male acquaintances except in the presence of one of the teachers, unless it was a father or brother. The servants were allowed a half day each week for recreation, but not at night or after dark. Prayers were offered in the presence of all the household, every day, and on Sundays all were required to attend church or chapel. The food and accommodations were of the best order, and every attention was paid to the health and morals of all on the premises. Elizabeth continued in the place for several years, and became quite a favorite, both with the lady teachers and scholars. Her

wages were increased from time to time, until at last they reached about twelve pounds, or sixty dollars per year. She also received presents of rich clothing, and often money, from the young ladies, for extra attention; and in vacation-time their presents were considerable.

By economy and prudent management, little of her wages were used on her person; for by altering and otherwise arranging the presents she received her general wants in the clothing line were supplied. She conscientiously paid out her tithe for religious and benevolent purposes, and the remainder was safely deposited with Mrs. Humphry, her class-leader, as there were no savings-banks in those days, where small sums could be deposited. But the work was too severe; her health began to fail; and she thought it would be best to leave, and learn a trade. She had saved quite a number of pounds in the few years she was at the school, while her fellow-servants, who had equal opportunities with herself, could scarcely live on their wages. So much for religion, economy, and system.

There lived in the town of Bedford, not many miles from the school, a Mr. Jackson, who did the upholstery for the seminary. During the spring and autumn recess, while the students were gone home, he came with his work-people and changed the carpets and curtains, and did the dying and cleaning for all the establishment. At one time he proposed to take Elizabeth in his employment, and teach her the trade. He was a local preacher in the Wesleyan connection; and observing her manner and deportment, he thought she was worthy of a better place than to do the drudgery that fell to her lot in her present condition. He therefore suggested that something better might be in store for her, than to be a house-servant all her days. Much against the wishes of her employer, and indeed all the inmates, she left the place, and repaired to Bedford and entered into the employment of Mr. Jackson.

She, by her courteous and kind behavior, quickness to

learn, and faithfulness to what was committed to her care, soon won the esteem of her new master and mistress, and in a few years became fore-woman of the shop; for besides the master, all the work-people were women or girls. Soon after her removal to this place, a general election of members of parliament was to be held, and Mr. Jackson had received an order for several thousand favors, as they were called,—or, more properly, rosettes,—made of ribbon, to denote the candidate the elector intended to support. At such times, in that country, it was customary for each candidate to select the color which he intended should represent the party whose principles he advocated, and present to each voter a rosette, to be worn on the breast until after the election. There were three candidates for the county, of three different shades of politics,—Tory, Whig, and Liberal. The color for one was red, another blue, and the other orange. As above stated, Mr. Jackson received orders for several thousand of these favors, or rosettes, to be delivered on Monday by noon, as the election would commence on Wednesday, and it would require some time for their distribution. It was Saturday when Mr. Jackson came into the shop and said, “Girls, you must drop all your work and go to making favors; and you will have to work all day to-morrow, or they will not be finished in time.” Elizabeth said, “Why, Mr. Jackson, how can *you* make such a request? To-morrow is the Lord’s day; and I can not work at any such business on that day.” Much altercation ensued, and many arguments were used on both sides, with gentle hints of dismissal if his wishes were not complied with. But she was firm, and finally said she would work until midnight on Saturday and commence on Monday morning at one o’clock, and was quite sure the work could be accomplished without infringing on the Sabbath day. Her proposal was accepted. The women worked diligently, and at the time appointed on Monday the work was ready for delivery. This little incident raised her in the esteem of her employer, and all in the shop. They

discovered that she was a person of principle, and could not be easily persuaded from a right course; and honor and respect were awarded her accordingly.

This town was the one in which the justly-celebrated John Bunyan lived and labored with so much success; but he was born in Elston, a parish near the town. The jail where he was imprisoned during the reign of Charles II. was still standing, and was then occupied as a public house, from which place Mr. Jackson always procured his beer for his family and work-people. Elizabeth was often sent there, and saw the room where he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and as she had read the book with much profit, she often gazed upon the spot with much interest. Bunyan was a Baptist, but not a strict communionist; and his quaint chapel with three roofs, built in the style of three hundred years ago, was still in good repair and occupied as an Independent church. She often attended worship there, and sometimes sat in his queer-looking chair, which is still preserved as a relic of olden times.

Bedford is a quiet inland town, known principally for its manufactory of lace and straw-work; and hundreds of women, old and young, are furnished employment there. It is a place where the strictest order is maintained; and it would be a matter of surprise to see persons lounging about the streets on Sunday in their work-clothes. Many years since Mr. Harper, a gentleman of great wealth, left his fortune to the town for educational and benevolent purposes. The trustees of this fund have so honestly and faithfully discharged their duty that with the rise in value of the land which formed a large part of the legacy the funds have much increased. Quite a large number of houses have been built for the benefit of the poor, in which they may live at a nominal rent, and in some cases rent free; and several schools have been erected, where every child born in the town is entitled to an education sufficient to fit it for common business.

Elizabeth Morris continued to work in Bedford with Mr. Jackson for several years, or until that gentleman sold his establishment and dismissed his hands. About this time her brother returned to London, from sea, and was about to be married; and as she had not seen him since they were first separated, she concluded to pay him a visit. While there she thought the way was open to commence business on her own account, as she could then have full command of her time and not be under restraint of others. She commenced by boarding in a family. But this, she soon found, placed her in rather embarrassing circumstances, which sometimes seemed to infringe upon the sanctity of the holy Sabbath, and in other ways interfered with her religious duties and enjoyment. She at once determined to rent a place for herself, where she could arrange all these matters to her own liking, without being subject to those petty annoyances, or of becoming a partaker of the sins of others. With the little funds at her command she was able to furnish her room in a plain but comfortable manner, and made additions to her comforts as she was able; for she had a natural abhorrence to contracting debts.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRoubles Ahead—FIRM I WORKED FOR BANKRUPT—SICKNESS OF WIFE—OUT OF WORK FOR MONTHS—EXTREME WANT—PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE—PREACHED AT BARKING—WANTS AGAIN SUPPLIED.

In this condition I found Miss Morris when I first formed her acquaintance. She had improved so much in financial matters as to have a neat, comfortable room, commodiously and tastefully furnished. She had a good share of business, and a fair reputation among her customers. We were both

poor; but we were yet young, and had the world before us. Both of us knew how to submit to privations and difficulties should they fall to our portion, and thought there could be no extra expense in occupying one house instead of two.

But soon after our marriage the clouds began to gather. Our domestic happiness appeared to be complete, and there seemed to be a necessity to try our patience and confidence in the goodness and faithfulness of God. Only a few days after our wedding the firm for whom I worked became bankrupt, and myself and many others were left without employment. This to me was a great trial. I had spent nearly all the money I had for clothes and other wedding expenses, and was now entirely dependent on the labor of my newly-married wife. Soon after this my wife was taken dangerously sick, and for many weeks we were thrown upon what little resources we had. Living in the city, with everything to buy to meet our wants, with weekly rent to pay, with nothing coming in but all going out, soon reduced our little store, and our only resource was the pawnbroker, to whom, before relief came, everything we could spare was carried, except a decent suit with which to appear in public. Besides, the doctor had to be paid for every visit before he left the sick-room, which amounted to seven dollars per week. We were of course considered as transient persons; and it was not considered safe to contract debts with such persons without security. True, we could have applied to the parish doctor, who is paid by the parish for attending to the poor, or we could have sought relief from the poor-fund of the church; but this was repugnant to our feelings, as we had a particular aversion to becoming paupers. Occasionally when I could be spared from attending on my afflicted wife, and dared to leave her alone for a few hours, I would start out among the shipping in search of a job. Some days I obtained a few hours' work, where an extra hand was needed, for which service I received eight cents an hour; but I often spent days without earning a penny.

For many weeks I did not earn enough to pay our rent; and sometimes it did appear that we must either starve or beg. To me it was a time of great conflict and trial. I often compared our condition with what it would have been in the rural districts of Canada, where I had formerly resided, and where kind and friendly neighbors would cheerfully have paid attention to the wants of the sick and destitute. But here every one seemed to have enough to do to take care of himself, and no help could be obtained from without, unless we would consent to become paupers. At this thought we both instinctly revolted. During all this season of darkness and deprivation my dear wife's faith never faltered. Though very sick and nervous most of the time, yet she never despaired of relief in due time, when the good Lord had sufficiently tried our faith and patience. She frequently said, "Husband, has not the Lord said that our bread should be given us? That promise has not failed yet. Oh, do not despair, nor doubt his goodness. Believe him; he will never fail us, nor forsake us." Her mind was constantly referring to the merciful displays of Divine Providence in our behalf when in far worse circumstances in past years,—which, in the case of both of us, was strictly true; and she confidently believed that deliverance would come. As to begging, or what appeared to be next akin to it, namely, to make our extreme want known to others, was something we could not endure to think about. To acquaint our friends with our exceeding straitened circumstances was too humiliating, and we concluded to wait and endure awhile longer before this last resort. Of course our friends knew that I was unemployed, and that my wife was sick; but none supposed we could possibly be so needy, as we had always made a respectable appearance when abroad. In London it is customary for persons of respectability, and who are of an independent turn of mind, to conceal rather than magnify their need or poverty.

One Saturday afternoon, when my wife was recovering

rapidly from her illness, and needed more nourishing food than I could procure,—for I had not earned fifty cents that week,—we sat, like Jacob's sons in time of famine, looking one upon the other, with nothing in the house to eat; neither could we advise what means to adopt to supply our few wants for Sunday. . All we could spare was already in the hands of the pawnbroker, and utter starvation stared us in the face. We concluded that this must certainly be the darkest hour that generally precedes the light of day; and so it proved to be. None can possibly conceive the agony of mind I labored under at that time. I was almost driven to despair and desperation, for I could not possibly imagine how help could come to meet our extremely destitute condition. My dear Elizabeth seemed to comprehend my thoughts, and exclaimed with wonderful assurance, "O my dear husband, give to the winds thy fears. Deliverance is near. My soul has been remarkably stayed on God to-day. I have a sweet resting upon his promises, and a precious assurance that he will not forsake us now. It is now a trial of faith; and when he has tried us sufficiently we shall come off like gold tried in the fire—lose nothing in value. Glory to his precious name forever!" Her assurance startled me, and I asked her if she thought a miracle would be wrought in our behalf! She replied, "My husband, do not be like the unbelieving lord in Samaria, who in time of famine, and when deliverance was promised, declared that if God should open a window in heaven this thing might be. Oh, be not faithless, but believing; for surely we shall yet see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." She spoke these words with the utmost confidence, while a sweet smile rested upon her radiant countenance—indicating an unwavering reliance on the care and benevolence of our heavenly Father. I felt much humbled at my own want of faith, and inwardly wished that a large portion of her spirit would rest on me; yet I could see no ground to rest my faith upon except the naked promise of God, and that appeared to me then as pre-

sumption to believe. At that moment my eyes caught sight of some vials, about a dozen in number, which the doctor had left with medicine. I immediately exclaimed, "There it is! Those vials will be the means of supplying us until Monday." In haste I took them to a shop where such articles were purchased, and received about seventy-five cents in money. With this sum we felt rich, and were sure it was only an earnest of what God would speedily do for us. Soon I went shopping with the money. To some it would seem a small amount, but to us it was quite sufficient for our present needs. I bought a peck of coals, a loaf of bread, a half-ounce of tea, two ounces of sugar, four ounces of butter, a slice of bacon, a penny candle, and a pennyworth of soap. With these supplies we felt grateful, and received it as a rich token that the bitterness of death was past, and that a brighter day was near. The American reader may perhaps be surprised that so small a sum as seventy-five cents could purchase so many articles, or that shop-keepers would deal out such small quantities. But in a great city, where there are so many poor who live only on their daily wages, there is a necessity for this mode of apparent economy; for many can not buy more at one time than is sufficient for the day.

On the following morning I went to the breakfast meeting for a twofold purpose—first, to get my breakfast, and, secondly, to enjoy the company of the preachers. While there a note was sent in to inform us that Mr. Smith, one of our itinerants, was sick, and that he requested his appointment at Barking supplied. This place was a small fishing village, about seven miles from London.

Mr. Moore, our superintendent, on reading the note said, "Bro Smith is sick, and wants his appointment supplied; who will volunteer?"

One of the brethren said, "Look on the plan, sir, and see who is idle to-day."

On doing so he observed, "Bro. Pegler, you have nothing

to do to-day. I know you are a minute-man; won't you go?"

To which I promptly replied, "Yes, sir "

I started soon after. But I had to go half a mile out of my way, to inform my wife that I must go to Barking and should not return until after the evening meeting. I recollected that I had to cross a toll-bridge over the River Lea; that it would require a penny for a footman each way; and I had no money to meet this expense. We had an old umbrella of little value—scarcely nothing but the frame. I wrapped the remnants of the cover around it, and tied it with a string. I then took it, instead of a walking-stick, and started on my journey after nine o'clock, to go seven miles in one hour and a half. It was a beautiful morning in the early part of May, when Nature appears in her most gorgeous and delightful form; and had my mind been in its ordinary mood, and not surfeited with anxious care, I should have enjoyed my walk with much pleasure. But my perplexities were great; and my mind was much exercised about my circumstances, and how I should manage to cross the bridge. In due time I arrived at that important point. The old lady who kept the toll-house held out her hand for the penny. I gave her the umbrella and said, "Keep this until evening, for I expect to return to-day; and I have no change at present." After crossing the bridge my mind became more perplexed than before, especially as to how I should return. It was suggested: "You are professedly a Christian, and claim to be a preacher of righteousness; you teach the people to be honest, and pay their just debts; you have cheated that woman out of the toll, for the umbrella is worthless; and how can you get back to-night?" None can realize my state of mind, or uneasiness and distress, while this little circumstance brought to view my abjectness and poverty. I remembered that in former years I had been destitute and without a penny to help myself, with no friend near at hand of whom I could hope for any assistance. Then my extreme destitu-

tion was produced by my folly and recklessness; now my circumstances and condition were materially different—I was trying to labor in the cause of God, and preached the gospel of benevolence and love to some who were worth thousands of pounds, while I was not sufficiently supplied with bread. I had heard Dr. Clarke say, "Give the man of God bread and the comforts his family requires, and he will cheerfully spend and be spent for your spiritual comfort;" and I began to doubt whether it was my duty to do and suffer, as I often had done, as a local preacher, without any compensation, while others were reaping a rich pecuniary reward for no more services rendered.

The agony of my mind was intense, and the temptation to abandon the work altogether appeared to be almost unendurable. I knew that in former days I had loved the work, and had not received the least temporal reward, though I had been trying to preach for more than ten years; and it had been at least a part of my glorying to preach the gospel without charge. My heart was raised to God in humble supplication for direction and support; and with electrical swiftness the sufferings of our divine Master while on earth, the destitution of the chief apostle to the gentiles, and the endurance of the noble army of the martyrs were presented to my view, accompanied with the precious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Before I entered the village the bells had ceased to toll, and when I reached the chapel I was fifteen minutes behind time. The congregation were anxiously watching the clock in the gallery, and wondering at the delay of the preacher. I entered the pulpit and immediately commenced the service. While singing the first hymn Bro. Croxton, a local preacher of more than ordinary talent, came into the chapel. I beckoned him to the pulpit, but he refused to come. It was a great cross to me to attempt to preach in the presence of a man of such theological ability, and for a little while my mind was perplexed. But I remembered the promise made

so very recently, "My grace is sufficient for *thee*," and my mind became calm. Duty was mine, and I could trust in the Lord to fulfill this opportune and gracious promise. And most wonderfully did the blessed Jesus stand by me, while in the fullness of my heart and with a deep sense of the goodness of God to me I read for my text, "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." After the service a gentleman met me at the pulpit stairs and said, "You will dine with me to-day, sir." I thanked him, and remarked that Mr. Croxton was in the congregation. "I know it," he said; "and I am going to invite him also." A sumptuous dinner was provided, such as I had not partaken of for many days. After dinner we retired to the parlor to spend the afternoon,—as I had to preach again in the evening, at the same place,—and the conversation turned on the subject of reform.

The Methodist societies at that day (1829) were much agitated on the subject of reform in church polity, in relation to the arbitrary course of the annual conference and the harsh manner in which some of the itinerants administered the discipline. Mr. Croxton, though a man of wealth and ability, and consequently having much influence with the traveling ministers, took the popular side, and identified himself with the local preachers and laity. In the course of our conversation reference was made to this all-absorbing subject; for the entire connection was in a greater or less degree interested in the settlement of this question. Reference was made to some of the local preachers who were known to be very poor men, with large families. Especial mention was made of one who had nine children, and did not earn more than three dollars per week, and who, when his black coat became a little seedy and his white neck-tie did not come up to the standard of immaculate purity, was told by an itinerant that it was not his duty to preach if he could not appear in public in a more respectable dress; that his first duty was to his family, and after their wants were supplied,

if he had not the means to appear with a little ministerial dignity he ought to retire from the work and give place to others who were better prepared to do honor to the respectable body of local preachers.

Mr. Croxton said: "We have to preach on this circuit upward of seventy sermons every Sabbath, and there are only four itinerants; consequently most of the work is performed by the local brethren. We raise a thousand pounds per annum for these four traveling preachers, which gives to each about twelve hundred dollars,—and yet they demand more,—while our local preachers, who do most of the work, get nothing." Said he, "Here is Bro. Pegler. I do not, perhaps, know his circumstances correctly; but I know he is a poor man with a sick wife; and he has walked seven miles to-day to fill an appointment for a traveling preacher, for which he expects no reward in this life. In fact," he continued, "the local brethren do most of the work on the circuit. We beat the bushes and the itinerants bag the game; and there is a general dissatisfaction on this account." All this was true; and shortly after, many thousands withdrew from the society and organized the "Methodist Association," or went to other churches. My wife and self were members of the official board, and knew what was behind the scenes. We were also acquainted with some of the wire-pulling, and often felt displeased and chagrined at the duplicity of some leading men, and the unfair treatment of the local preachers. But we concluded we would not secede, as we were going to America as soon as we could shape our affairs to our own satisfaction.

I now appealed to Mr. Croxton, and inquired if he would preach in my stead in the evening, so as to allow me time to reach home before dark, as my wife was still feeble, and no one to bear her company during my absence. He very readily consented to do so. The gentleman with whom we dined, as is the custom in that country, went a short distance with me on the way; and on shaking hands, at parting, he left a *half crown* in my hand. After I had proceeded on my way

a little farther I looked back over my shoulder and said, "Now, Mr. Devil, what do you think of that? You told me this morning that I had cheated the woman out of her toll, and could not possibly recross to-night. How is it now? How mean you were to take advantage of my poverty and disconsolate state of mind, and put the worst construction on my acts. I knew you was a liar, and your suggestions of little worth; but I had not just then sufficient courage to tell you so." In the opinion of many this may be a trifling circumstance, but to me it was of significant moment. It not only relieved my immediate wants, but it had a powerful tendency to increase my confidence and reliance in the watchful providence of my heavenly Father. Thus, in a way entirely unsuspected by me, my necessities were provided for.

Barking was not the usual place for Mr. Croxton to worship; he was as much a stranger there as myself; but he had heard that Mr Smith was sick, and fearful that due notice might not reach us in the city, he came over to prevent a disappointment. These circumstances might not have happened in a dozen other instances. They were providential. As such I received them, and such I still acknowledge them to be. On relating the circumstance to my beloved wife, she again reminded me of the unbelieving lord in the gate of Samaria. I felt humbled, and we both rejoiced together. We received this as a divine interference, and an indication that our dark days were about to terminate.

CHAPTER XV.

SHIPPED ON BOARD THE "BRITISH TAR"—COARSE AND BLASPHEMOUS LANGUAGE OF THE CAPTAIN—LEFT THE SHIP—SHIPPED ON BOARD THE "HINDOSTAN," BOUND TO RUSSIA—FATE OF THE "BRITISH TAR"—PREACHED IN SAINT PETERSBURG.

My wife was now convalescent, and fast regaining her strength. On Monday morning I again sallied out in quest of work, and in hopes of being more successful. I soon met the captain of a brig, who had seen me before. He knew that I was unemployed, and inquired if I wished to go to sea.

Some of my friends who were anxious to find employment for me had related to him my destitute circumstances. I told him that perhaps it would be necessary for me to go a voyage, as I could find nothing to do on shore. He said that he sailed the "British Tar," a brig of about three hundred tons; that he was bound for Norfolk for a cargo of tobacco; that he wanted a second mate, and from what he knew and heard of me he would not hesitate to give me that office. He offered me five pounds (\$25.00) per month, and the privilege to mess with him in the cabin. I inquired of him if he would advance me a month's pay, and allow my wife to draw half pay while the voyage continued. He readily consented, and we stepped into the office of a notary public and drew up the necessary papers. In a few minutes I stood before my wife with twenty-five dollars in my hand, when we considered ourselves comparatively rich. With grateful hearts we returned our thanks to Him who has the hearts of all in his hand, believing that he had heard our prayers and turned our captivity. The next day I went on board the brig and took command, the captain not yet having engaged the chief mate.

The vessel lay at anchor in the stream at Blackwall, about

five miles down the river. The captain lived on shore, and visited the ship once or twice a week, to see what progress was being made to get ready for sea, and to renew his orders. My duty was to reave the running rigging, bend the sails, get the water and stores on board, and paint the ship on the outside. This, with the few hands I had, occupied four weeks—he continually urging me to push things as rapidly as possible, as he was in a hurry to sail. He came on board one Friday afternoon, and I reported the vessel ready for sea. I presented my bills and vouchers, etc., with which he seemed much pleased. He said he would not sail to-morrow, because Saturday was an unlucky day, but would defer sailing until Sunday. I very respectfully remonstrated with him for postponing the day of sailing over one day, and thus commence the voyage in a deliberate breach of the commands of God. I reminded him that going out of port and going in were the two busiest days of the whole voyage; that Sunday being a lucky day to sail was nothing more than a vulgar prejudice, and a relic of heathenism. He replied that he commanded this ship, and wished to know if I thought it was wicked to work on board ship on Sunday. I said, “No sir; not necessary work.” He said there was no Sunday in five fathoms water; that he wanted none of my Methodist cant; that he would not permit me to teach the crew insubordination, and concluded our interview by saying that he would sail next Sunday if “*hell and damnation stood in the way.*” My mind was deeply exercised, and for a few moments I stood dumbfounded at his daring profanity. I was truly horrified with his reckless and heaven-defying intentions. I left the quarter-deck where this conversation was held and retired to my state-room, where I fell on my knees before that God whose commands were so soon to be trifled with and their observance to be ignored, and sought counsel at the mercy-seat as my only safe retreat in my present trying circumstances. In a moment my true condition was fully portrayed to my greatly agitated mind. I was penniless, and

much in debt; my wife was still feeble; I had been for several months out of regular employment, until this present situation had been obtained; my friends had exerted themselves to find me a place of work; my present position had been obtained by the kind efforts of others; they might think me too superstitious, or fanatical; it was customary for ships to sail on Sunday, and why should there be an exception to meet my scruples? It might be weeks, nay, months, before I could procure another situation which promised so well; and would it not be presumption to throw away this opportunity of bettering my condition, with no prospect of employment from any other quarter whatever?

All this, and much more, was presented to my greatly perplexed mind in a much shorter time than it takes me now to record them, and for awhile I found it difficult to decide as to duty. The question appeared not only one of morals, but of profound principle. With the light I then had, in addition to the teachings of my childhood, I plainly saw that either the commands of God must be observed or I must settle down under the goadings of a guilty conscience. In other words, which is to be paramount, the claims of God, or my personal interests? While thus struggling in the greatest intensity to know the will of God, and with a sincere desire to do that will when made known, at once, as the lightning flash, my mind was impressed with these words, which seemed irresistible: "In all thy ways acknowledge God, and he shall direct thy paths." My almost distracted and broken heart responded immediately, "Lord, I will acknowledge thee." The struggle was over, and my mind became as calm as an unruffled sea. Duty, at all hazards, became plain, and to my deeply-humbled mind easy; and it appeared that no privation or suffering would be too great to be endured, with the consciousness of God's approval and his promised care and protection.

I immediately went on deck, and sought an interview with the captain. I expressed my fears as to the success of our

intended voyage, and asked him if he would release me from my obligations to sail with him. He inquired if I desired my discharge.

I replied, "Yes, sir; I dare not go to sea with you if I can in any way avoid it. I am fearful the voyage will be attended with peril."

He replied, "You can have your discharge, if it is your wish."

I then said, "I have been on board one month, and have received one month's pay; so I suppose we are square in that particular."

He looked at his hand-book and said, "That is all right."

I said, "Can I remain on board to-night?"

He replied, "Yes, you can if you choose; but for a man in your circumstances you are by far too religious, and too scrupulous, and stand in our own light."

I made no reply, but went down below and began to pack my things. Next morning the captain went on shore to look for a man to fill my place, and I went with him. I put my chest and bed in a store-house, and walked up to my almost desolate home.

I had taken farewell of my wife and friends, and expected to be absent about five months. Of course my wife was much surprised to see me, as I had told her we expected to sail that day. My story was soon told, and her first exclamation was, "Glory to God! O my dear husband, I am so glad you were firm. We can afford to starve,—which I am sure we shall not,—but we can not afford to fly in the face of God's commands, or resist convictions of duty. Be of good cheer; I am still confident deliverance is near."

On Sunday the "British Tar" sailed, as the captain intended, and on Monday morning I started out, as before, in search of work. I had proceeded but a short distance from our house when I met Captain Lamb, of the ship *Hindustan*, bound to St. Petersburg, in Russia. He was an attendant, when in port, at the same chapel where I sometimes preach-

ed. He appeared surprised to see me on shore, as he thought I had sailed yesterday. I briefly stated why I had left my ship. He inquired if I still wanted to go to sea, and offered to hire me as second mate, at the same wages, with the privilege of leaving half pay with my wife. He said he intended to sail on Wednesday, and that the voyage would probably not be more than three months. I signed the articles, and he gave me an order on the "ship's husband" for half pay for my wife during my absence. On Tuesday I repaired on board, and on Wednesday I again left the shores of my dear native land.

A few weeks after I sailed a Mr. Gardiner, who kept a large iron-monger store, called on my wife and said he had been informed that her husband wanted a situation; that he had received a favorable account of my honesty and integrity, as well as good business habits, and wished to employ me as a confidential clerk in his establishment, but was fearful he could not keep the place open as long as three months. He often called, and seemed anxious for my return. On arriving at Cronstadt, the sea-port of St. Petersburg, I found a letter from my wife, in which she stated the above facts, and also expressed a hope that I might have a speedy and prosperous voyage, and on my return obtain a permanent situation. She also stated that she was able to attend to her business and had a good run of custom, and felt fully assured that the "Lord had turned our captivity," as in the case of Job when he prayed for his friends.

As before stated, the "British Tar" commenced her voyage on Sunday—not of necessity, but of choice, in order "*to be lucky.*" In due time she reached the latitude of Newfoundland, and struck an iceberg and foundered. After ten days the wreck was discovered. When found, all on board had perished except the youngest boy, about ten years of age, and he was so badly frozen that both legs and some of his fingers had to be amputated. I afterward often saw this boy in the streets, which continually reminded me of my narrow escape.

Thus, by following the conviction of duty and having regard to the commands of God, I was in all probability saved from a premature death. It does not become me, however, to sit in judgment on others, or attempt to unravel the mysteries of Divine Providence. I do not claim that because of any virtue in me, or any superior piety to be placed to my account, my gracious Lord spared my life from this terrible calamity and suffering. He had in former days, when I knew him not and was perfectly indifferent to his claims, watched over me and preserved me when in imminent danger; though I did not then recognize his gracious hand in my deliverance. It always appeared to me that God had a work to which he had called me, and by his wisdom and goodness was preparing me by trials and some tribulations for future usefulness. God in this instance of his terrible wrath and judgment visited the guilty sinner—who had set his law at defiance and dared him with his profanity—with his vengeance; and, as in many other cases, the innocent suffered with the wrong-doer. Unoffending children suffered in Noah's flood, and doubtless many innocent persons suffer in times of war and famine; and the accusers of Daniel were destroyed, and their wives and children with them. We can not say why it is so; but the God of all the earth will do right. He has said, "Vengeance is mine: I will repay;" and, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.

Cronstadt is at the head of the Gulf of Finland, on the Baltic Sea, and at the mouth of the river "Neva," which passes through St. Petersburg. The harbor is an artificial one, made of piles driven into the mud, and forms a break-water composed of a number of acres. It furnishes a safe port for a multitude of ships to load or unload in perfect security. On top of the piles a platform is laid, which forms a commodious walk as well as carriage-way around the "mole," as it is called; and every ship within the inclosure can be readily boarded.

Here is the principal naval establishment of the empire of Russia, and a school to train boys for the navy, with full-rigged ship on which to practice. The ships-of-war do not enter the mole, but they lay at anchor in the stream; and when I was there, in 1829, a large fleet of line-of-battle ships and frigates rendezvoused at that port, taking in their stores and amunition of war, and practicing their men. We were often amused at the awkward manner in which they performed their exercises—in loosing and furling sails, sending up and down top-gallant yards, and other maneuvers. These movements were accompanied with much noise and confusion, and appeared extremely uncoûth to those of us who had been in the English navy. Such clumsy operations in the British navy would subject the offender to a stoppage of grog, or other punishment; for in that service all the manual exercises are conducted with the utmost precision and quietness. While we remained at Cronstadt the Russian fleet sailed for the Mediterranean Sea, and the Dardanelles, or Constantinople, as the Russians were then at war with Turkey.

Captain Lamb often went to St. Petersburg, twenty-eight miles up the river Neva, on a steamboat, which made her trips daily and sailed under the English colors (for Russia had no steam-vessels of her own at that time). The captain at one time inquired of the British consul if there would be religious services at the consul's chapel next Sabbath, and was informed that the clergyman had gone to England for the benefit of his wife's health. Our captain said, "My second mate is a Wesleyan preacher, and a tolerably good sermonizer." The consul replied that the Wesleyans were a branch of the Church of England, and he would like to have me officiate next Sabbath in the chapel if I would consent to read the common prayers. To this request I of course could make no objection, but readily assented, as we were accustomed to read those prayers in all our large chapels in England. This was probably the first Wesleyan sermon preached in the great city of St. Petersburg, the capital of all the

Russias; and while I stood in awe, in view of my intelligent congregation,—consisting of the consul and his family, some American and English merchants, and some captains then in port,—yet I felt a firm reliance on help from above. As I entered the chapel and saw the beautiful decorations and splendid equipments about the altar and pulpit I was filled with amazement, and feared I should make a perfect failure; for I had actually forgotten the text I intended to select. But my heart was raised to God, and again, blessed be his name, he came to my relief. As I entered the desk where prayers are always read (not the pulpit), it was powerfully suggested, “It shall be given you in that hour what you shall say;” as also, “Lo, I am with you alway.” I need hardly say that these promises were opportune, and greatly assisted me. I felt them powerfully fulfilled in my case, for the blessed Lord gave me liberty, and great boldness of speech. The consul made me a handsome present for my humble services.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL ON A VOYAGE TO CRONSTADT IN RUSSIA.

Monday, June 1, 1829. On board the ship Hindostan from the port of London, bound to the Baltic Sea. This is the first leisure time I have had to write a few lines in my log-book since we left London, which was the twenty-fourth of last month. Since we left the river we have been working tides work until yesterday, when we got under way and made Lowestive Light, and then stood to sea. We are now out of sight of land, about midway of the North Sea, or half-way between England and Holland. But alas! where am I? Not only am I literally tossed on the sea, by the winds and

the waves, but feel I am buffeted by the waves of temptation while crossing the tempestous sea of life. What a need of constant prayer and watchfulness.

Tuesday, June 2. A thought occurred to me last night, while pacing the quarter-deck alone, that I was under an awful responsibility to those who had reposed confidence in me to manage and take care of the ship half of every twenty-four hours. Our crew consists of twenty persons who naturally, under God, look to the officers for the safety of the ship, and in a great degree of their persons. How careful, then, ought I to be that I should not betray my trust; that no damage should accrue to the ship or hands by my negligence or unfaithfulness. But then these twenty hands have all confidence in the officers, and in the soundness of the ship, and have a belief in a safe if not a speedy voyage. When on my watch on deck I am careful to see that every man is at his post, and that all are doing their duty. One must mind the helm and steer the right course, another must look out ahead and give due notice of approaching danger, while the remainder must be ready for every call. I think in these things I am sufficiently careful; but spiritually, alas! no man cares for their souls. It matters little to them how they steer, or to what port they are heading. They are driven by the tide of their own passions, and are urged forward by the wind of every temptation. They steer no steady course, but trim their sails to suit the breeze. They have always, as they suppose, a fair wind, with no look-out for rocks or breakers, but, heedless and indifferent, rush upon danger, whether seen or unseen. Oh, may I be faithful to these souls!

Monday, June 8. This has been a week of great trial. A severe cold arrested me in the midst of duty, and I was returned to the sick-list. The cold settled into my limbs, and I was unable to walk, while the pain through my body was extreme. My limbs are greatly swelled; and we have no kind of medicine on board, not even spirits of any kind. Our

captain or steward left our medicine-chest in London. This would seem almost incredible; but it is even so. I am at a loss to know how we obtained our clearance at the custom-house under such circumstances. There is deception or equivocation somewhere. The Lord be my helper in this my time of distress.

Wednesday, June 10. To-day I am a little better. It was so light at midnight that we read fine print without the aid of sun, moon, or stars. Last week we passed Elsenore in the Categat, on the coast of Denmark, where we obtained some fresh vegetables and a little medicine. May the good Lord supply our spiritual wants, and give to me a more earnest desire for the salvation of those who sail with me.

Thursday, June 11. To-day I have a relapse, and feel quite ill. Doubtless I was too anxious to return to duty. I have such violent pains in my head and jaws that I can neither eat nor sleep. But I bless the Lord that the consolations of his grace are not small with me. I feel that he is a present help in this my time of need. Oh, how I long to enjoy again the precious means of grace. Every Sunday since we left port we have been busily employed, or in a gale of wind, except last Sunday, when I intended, with leave of the captain, to have preached to the crew, but was obliged to remain in my berth most of the day. And I fear I shall not be able to accomplish anything in that direction next Sunday. But I am in the hands of the great Bishop of souls; and if it is his will to use me as a feeble instrument in his cause, my soul says, "Lord, here am I;" but if he chooses to lay me aside as a useless thing, or a dry stick, I feel resigned, and can say, "Thy will be done." Before leaving London I furnished myself with a supply of books and tracts. I gave away, lent, and exchanged many of them; and the people received them with gladness and read them with eagerness. May God bless these silent messengers to their good.

Saturday, June 13. To-day I am yet quite poorly in body, but strong in faith in the promises of God. I am able, how-

ever, to be on deck and on my watch, and sometimes my soul is exceeding happy. I have been much exercised in my mind in regard to my wife, whose health was not confirmed when I left home. I am not concerned about her food and temporal wants, because I know with her usual economy the half of my wages, which she can draw at pleasure every month, will be more than sufficient to meet her ordinary wants; provided she is restored to health. We are now only sixty miles from our place of destination, and expect to enter the port to-morrow (Sunday). The weather has been, ever since we left London, as it usually is in March, in England; and to-day we steered close by an iceberg of several miles in extent.

Wednesday, June 17. Last Sunday we arrived at Cronstadt; and while I saw the bethel flag flying from the mast-head of some ship where divine worship was celebrated, yet we were compelled to work until nine or ten o'clock in the afternoon to secure a place in the "mole." But I was glad to see the dear flag, and hope to enjoy the privilege of public worship next Sunday. To-day I obtained a leisure moment to go to the English maritime letter-delivery, and to my great joy found a letter from my wife. I am rejoiced to know she is well and at work, and that there is a prospect of permanent employment for myself on my return. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Thursday, June 18. I went on board the ship where I saw the bethel flag last Sunday, to make inquiries as to future meetings; and to my great but agreeable surprise I found it to be the "Benjamin," Captain Leggit, who owns the vessel and is accompanied in his voyage by his excellent lady. Both of them are members of the Wesleyan Society in London, and rent slips in the same chapel with ourselves when at home. It was refreshing indeed to meet them under such circumstances. I found that Captain Leggit was to sail to-morrow, so I hastily penned a letter for home.

Sunday, June 21. To-day I was invited to preach on board

the Ocean, Captain Hamline. The services were held under the awning on the quarter-deck, and the congregation consisted of upward of one hundred persons from different English and American ships in the mole. My text was, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." There were more Christian sailors present than I had ever seen together at any one time; and we had a shout in the camp. Many appeared to be hungry for the bread of life, and were willing to make it known. When sailors are in earnest they can generally shout to some purpose. All appeared pleased, and I hope many were edified. May God bless that people.

Tuesday, June 23. Yesterday I assisted in saving fifteen Russians from a watery grave. They were in a small sail-boat, outside the mole. By a sudden squall the boat was capsized; and I was the first to discover their perilous condition. Myself and two of our hands rowed to their rescue, and by the help of God all were saved. Nothing could exceed the expression of their gratitude for safe deliverance. Several of them actually kissed me, while others fell down at our feet, and in their own language implored, doubtless, the blessing of God upon us. They were all serfs, or a kind of slaves. We knew this not by the color of their skin, for master and serf are the same color; but the absence of the beard, or whiskers, denoted servitude. Freemen in Russia suffer the hair to grow as it may please on the face, but serfs are obliged to shave clean. To-day one of our boys fell overboard and came near being drowned. But these casualties and exposures to death have no softening influence on our crew, as far as I can perceive. Sailors are too familiar with danger and death to be easily wrought upon by seeing the exposure of others.

Sunday, June 28. No bethel flag floating in the breeze to-day from any mast-head in our harbor. In the afternoon I took a stroll through the town and saw a number of persons enter one of the many Greek churches in the place. I made

an attempt to enter, to observe their mode of worship, but was met in the vestibule by the janitor, or some other important officer, and rudely pushed down the stone steps; and I was compelled, though reluctantly, to retrace my steps from their church. They would not admit an English sailor into their sanctuary for fear of pollution. What degradation is this, that even those careless and profane worshipers would be afraid of having their temple polluted by the presence of an English sailor! I would willingly have preached to them Jesus and his salvation could I have made them understand; though transportation to Siberia would probably have been the consequence.

Tuesday, June 30. I feel to-day greatly humbled under a sense of my unworthiness, considering the great advantage that I have been indulged with in comparison to the natives with which I am surrounded. I am witness daily to their observance of all the rites and ceremonies of their church with the strictest punctuality and promptitude. Always before and after eating they cross themselves. If they pass a church they do the same. Should they pass a religious picture or an ecclesiastic the same devotion is observed. If they enter a public house to get a glass of *watkee*, the common beverage of the poor, they invariably cross themselves before drinking. To-day I saw a number go into the water to bathe, and before they jumped in every one performed the same act of devotion. I observed that those who worked on board our ship were always punctual to their morning devotions, and continued a long time at prayer, always bowing their head toward the sun. This practice is never neglected, let the consequences be what they may. Those, too, are all serfs, or the lowest order among them. But I have superior knowledge, and enjoy the light and grace of salvation; have been led by the spirit of truth, and taught in the school of Christ; have received the witness of the Spirit; and yet how careless and negligent I live. Lord, save, and stir me up to greater diligence lest I be beaten with many stripes.

Thursday, July 2, 1829. To-day I was informed by the captain that the British consul at St. Petersburg has sent me a polite and urgent request to preach in his chapel next Sabbath. Such a request was of course wholly unexpected by me, and how it could be sent to me under my present circumstances is more than I can comprehend. I am aware that I am somewhat of a favorite with Captain Lamb, and he has more than once expressed his approbation of my humble efforts as a preacher. But then, he is acquainted with the economy of the Wesleyan Methodist connection, and knows that I am only an untutored local preacher, and is prepared to make allowances for the disadvantages under which I am placed. But not so with the consul. He has been accustomed to educated ministers, and knows nothing of the embarrassments that our local preachers labor under. I took the liberty to remonstrate with our captain on the impropriety, if not the impracticability, of such a course; how utterly unprepared I was to stand before such an intelligent audience with any prospect of doing credit to the cause of Christ, and perhaps do much harm to the interest of nonconformity. He assured me that the consul was a plain and devout gentleman, and that all who were expected to be present would understand my circumstances. He concluded by saying that the arrangement was made, and I must submit with the best possible grace; that he would excuse me from duty the remainder of the week to give me some time for preparation, and that on Saturday I must accompany him in the steamboat to the city, and put up at his lodgings.

Monday, July 6. To-day I returned to Cronstadt from St. Petersburg, where I attempted to preach yesterday in the consul's chapel before a select company of about forty persons. I read the beautiful and interesting service of the Church of England from the reading-desk, and then ascended the pulpit and declared, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." (I. Tim. i. 15.)

At the first I felt considerably embarrassed; but the good Lord graciously stood by me. My own heart was greatly warmed and cheered; and I humbly trust no harm was done to the blessed cause of Jesus.

Sunday, July 12. To-day one of the men sent a boy to borrow a sail-hook,—I suppose, to try me. I sent word that I did not lend my tools to be used on Sunday, but that I would lend him a book, which he accepted with a smile. The first that caught my eye on opening my chest was a tract on the general judgment, founded on the words, “prepare to meet thy God.” This, I hoped, might prove a favorable omen, as it would open the way to further conversation. He read the tract and acknowledged its truth, but I could not perceive that it made any serious impression upon his mind. While conversing with the crew to-day, and exchanging books and tracts, I found among them a backslider. He acknowledged that he had belonged to the Methodists, and was a tract distributor in Hastings, but on going to sea and mingling with wicked companions he had wandered from God and become worse than ever. I endeavored to set before him his truly deplorable condition, and urged him to return to his abused and slighted Savior.

Sunday, July 19. Off Hoagland, Gulf of Finland. This is the first time I have had to write for several days. All has been bustle and confusion for many weeks, in taking in a cargo and getting ready for the homeward trip. Necessity now compels exertion and promptitude, and in our situation it is all right. Every nerve is strained, every faculty is engaged, every power is employed, and imagination is put to the rack for lucrative and worldly purposes. At sea all this is perhaps necessary; but alas! who cares to make suitable exertion to obtain the divine favor? This is in fact the one thing needful, but is considered by the majority of mankind as of secondary importance. For the last few weeks we have had to work hard, but my mind has been in perfect peace. Though I have good treatment and fair wages,—and

the higher the wages the better for me pecuniarily,—yet I am anxious to reach home and listen to the church-bells. Last Friday we left Cronstadt and shaped our course down the Gulf of Finland toward home, sweet home! We are now only sixty miles on our way, having had head-winds most of the time. I expect a five weeks' passage. Lord, give us a favorable run, and bring us to our native land in peace and safety.

Monday, July 27. Yesterday we had a gale of wind, and were employed all day in securing the sails and rigging and taking care of the ship. I am at present quite unwell, but still able to keep my watch on deck. Bad provisions and want of rest are, I believe, the cause of my indisposition. We have had adverse winds all the way down the Gulf of Finland. We are now past the Dageroet Light-house, and entered the Baltic Sea with a fine, fair wind; and there is every appearance of its continuance. Oh, that I had the evidence that I am making as rapid progress toward the mark of the prize of my high calling as our ship does toward old England.

Thursday, July 30. I feel much disgusted to-day, both in body and mind. God has done much, very much for me; but how little have I done for him, or his blessed cause! How feeble are my efforts, and how weak is my faith. The perverseness of some of the men, the stupidity of others, and the laziness of a third sort, together with my accountability to my superiors, tend to try me much. No doubt the men, knowing my profession, try to irritate and confuse my mind; but I have thus far been kept from giving them an occasion to reproach religion on my account, though I oftentimes feel the risings of anger when some grumble without cause. Lord, give me the victory.

We are now on the coast of Goatland, in Sweden, with a fine, fair wind; and as we are near the shore we can see the villages, with their neat churches, only a few miles apart. Everything looks pleasant and peaceful, and calls to mind the

endearments of home. But Satan, with his temptations and snares, is there also. We expect to reach Elsinore by Sunday next; and when we get through the sound and Categat we shall imagine ourselves almost home.

Friday, July 31. Yesterday, just after I had written the above and turned in for the afternoon, I heard the doleful cry, "A man overboard." We were then sailing under a full head of canvas, with a fair wind blowing half a gale. I instantly rushed on deck and called to the man at the wheel to put the helm down. The ship was soon brought into the wind's eye, and her way stopped. Immediately, myself with two of the hands jumped into the quarter-boat. We were speedily lowered into the water, and, directed by the floating hat, went in search of the drowning man. But he did not rise to the surface while we were in the vicinity where he fell. After rowing about for a considerable time we had to leave him to his fate, and with much sorrow we returned to the ship. How awful to be thus launched into eternity; and more especially so in his case, for just before he fell from the main rigging he was in a frightful passion, and swore most profanely. But in his case I did my duty, for which I am thankful. I had often advised him for his good; had lent him books and tracts; and only a few days before his fatal accident I told him it would not be a matter of surprise if God should make him a public example of his anger on account of his extreme wickedness. "He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Oh that this awful judgment may make a lasting impression on the minds of all who witnessed the terrible scene. I intend to preach on the subject at the earliest time possible. Lord, prepare me for the solemn duty.

Wednesday, August 5. Last Sunday we arrived at Elsinore, in Denmark. Of course it was a busy day, like most of our Sabbath days, and no time could be spared for social worship. The man we lost overboard was named William Collings, aged only twenty-one years. He was from Hastings, in Kent

County, where his parents still reside. They were very much attached to him as their only son. I understand by one of his shipmates who came from the same town, that they are both pious and belong to the Methodists. Doubtless they have often prayed for their poor erring boy; and their hearts will be made sad indeed when the news is brought to them. The recollection of his impiety and recklessness will be the most bitter ingredient in their cup of sorrow. It was so with David at the death of his reckless son Absalom. It was the knowledge of his sinful state when he died which made David wish that he had died in his stead. How far the mercy of God may extend to such persons we can not tell. We have one instance in the Holy Scriptures of a sinner who only a short time before his death reviled Christ, yet in his last agony found mercy. This fact is recorded that none should despair. But this single fact stands *alone*, that none should dare *presume*.

Saturday, August 8. At present great dissatisfaction exists among the crew,—at times amounting to almost mutiny,—owing to bad provisions. The beef we put down in Cronstadt is tainted; and our ship leaks badly, and much labor is required at the pumps. I imagine there is no danger from either of these causes. I have seen the time when our present fare would have been a luxury, and our labor at the pumps nothing but wholesome recreation. But sailors are noted grumblers, and generally hard to please. In fact, the Baltic trade is generally carried on in ships unfit for long voyages. Ships that are not suitable for the East or West Indies, or other long voyages, can be employed in this trade, because the voyage is a short one, and the vessel mostly in sight of land and often in port.

Sunday, August 9. Another Sabbath day has ushered in another day of enjoyment and rest to the way-worn Christian traveler; but little rest or enjoyment is found here. We have now a perfect gale of wind, and every effort has to be made for our own safety and that of the ship. I fancy I can see my wife on this blessed Sabbath morning pleading in my

behalf at a throne of grace; and I am confident that God hears prayers. My soul is stayed on God. I have a sweet assurance that all is well at home; and, bless God, I am happy! I must cease writing and close my journal, for the ship rolls so much I can not write. We are now in the North Sea, and hope to reach port in two weeks.

Friday, August 14. Off the Skaw. Eight days ago we were in the North Sea. We were then taken with a foul wind, and for three days there was the heaviest gale I ever experienced. We had to heave to under a close-reefed main-top sail, until we lost it by the chain-sheet giving way, which happened in my watch, between 10:00 and 12:00 P. M. We then weathered the rest of the gale under a closed try-sail and fore stay-sail. When the gale abated we found ourselves up the Categat as far as Hanhault. We have now a fine wind from the south-east, on our beam, and are nearing home. I never saw sailors as much alarmed as ours were during this gale. The labor of the ship, perhaps, caused her to leak more, which tended to increase their fears. But when the gale was at its height, I for a few moments went below and opened my Bible on these words, "Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them." On reading this my mind was directed to our Savior, who stilled the tempest on the lake. I was greatly comforted, and felt assured that God would hear prayer and deliver us from impending danger. I went on deck and assisted the men at the pumps. I tried to rally them with the hope that the gale was about to break and the danger was past.

Sunday, August 16. North Sea; one hundred and four miles from shore. To-day has been a day of great toil for all hands. The fair wind we got in the Categat has increased to a gale, so that we have been scudding a double-reefed fore and main top-sail, and fore-sail. To-day the wind fell, and we have been employed shaking out reefs and setting out studding-sails; and now, by four o'clock we are under double-reefed top-sails again.

Tuesday, August 18. Off Horwich, England, at anchor. Last Sunday just after writing the above the good Lord interfered for us in a remarkable manner. We bore down toward a fishing-smack to inquire the distance from a certain sand-bar, to which we knew we were rapidly approaching by the force of the tide. We were going at the rate of eight knots; and the man at the wheel brought us too close, so that she fell on board us just abaft the main chains. Her gaff and boom caught our mizen top-mast backstay, the top-sail hal-yards carrying away our mizen top-mast, and then she cleared us. Bless the Lord, none were hurt. Had the collision took place at our bows, perhaps both vessels might have foundered.

Monday, August 24. Last night we made Lowestive Light, and have since been making tide-work. We are rapidly approaching the "wash," or mouth of the Thames, and hope soon to be in the river.

Tuesday, August 25. Last night about ten o'clock we missed stays and struck upon the Gunfleet, a sand-bar on the coast of England. We were then under double-reefed top-sails and fore-sail, with a stiff breeze from west south-west. But our deliverance was near. We gave eight or ten thumps on the sand and were off. We are now riding out a gale of wind between the sand-bars, with eighty fathoms of cable ahead.

Thursday, August 29. The wind changed in our favor and we weighed anchor; and on Saturday at twelve, noon, we were safely moored in St. Catherine's Dock, London.

CHAPTER XVII.

COMMENCED WORK AT MR. GARDINER'S—WIFE AND SELF PROSPERED—PREPARE TO IMMIGRATE TO AMERICA—HEARD DR. CLARKE THE DAY PREVIOUS TO SAILING—ACCOUNT OF MISS MORRIS' SOJOURN WITH DR. CLARKE.

Our passage was rather longer than we expected. We had adverse winds and many severe storms,—to which I have referred in a previous chapter,—and were delayed reaching port two weeks beyond the limited time.

Mr. Gardiner, the person who desired to employ me, called on my wife several times in order to ascertain when I should probably return, and named a given week beyond which he could wait no longer, but must employ a clerk from some other source. Providentially, I reached home the last day of the week named, and Mrs. Pegler informed me that I must repair to Mr. Gardiner immediately. I did so; and being pleased with the place, and the general appearance of things, I engaged with him for one pound sterling per week, with constant employment, and commenced the following Monday.

During my absence my wife had recovered her usual health, and had nearly constant work at her trade, which generally gave a fair remuneration. She had made no draft on my wages, consequently I had about fifteen pounds to receive, or about seventy-five dollars,—quite a contrast between the commencement and the end of my voyage. In addition to this, she had paid several debts and redeemed many things from the pawnbrokers, and also made some additions to our furniture for our mutual comfort. So much for the economy and prudent care of a faithful wife.

I continued with Mr. Gardiner upward of four years. During that time my wife had all the work she could do,

and often had to hire help; and we were able to lay by five dollars per week to prepare for immigration, or any future time of need. We lived well and comfortably; and though prudent and economical, we never pinched ourselves for what we needed. We enjoyed the presence and blessing of God continually; and many were the opportunities with which we were favored of doing good to others in our humble sphere. My labors as a local preacher were still continued, as was also my wife as class-leader. We were both visitors of the "Strangers' Friend Society;" and many were the interesting and useful visits made among the sick poor. Memory fails me to record all the instances of wretchedness and ignorance that came under our notice, and received help from us as the representatives of this noble benevolent society; yet one instance among many ought to be rescued from oblivion. There was a person by the name of Boone, who had a family consisting of a wife and four grown children. One of the children had been sick for several weeks, and required constant attendance night and day. Soon the father and mother were taken down with the same disease, the nature of which I can not at this day remember. Then the remaining children had to take their beds, and none were able to attend them, or even give them a cup of water. About this time their oldest son, a young man aged about twenty years, came home from sea, hale and strong, and as willing as he was stout, and devoted all his time by day and night for their relief. The little money he had received for his last short voyage was soon expended in supplying their actual necessities, and when my wife and myself visited them they were in the most absolute want. We procured help from the parish, and also the attendance of the district physician. We also begged some clothes and food from some of our friends, and attended to their wants for eight weeks, or as long as any patient could remain on our books. After that we usually returned their names to some other denomination which had a similar institution. About the expi-

ration of the eight weeks they were all convalescent, and many of them able to work. We soon found places for nearly all of them, and took them to attend class-meeting. In a short time gratitude for the goodness of God to them led them to the Savior, where they found redemption through his blood; and three years after this, or when I left the country, they were esteemed worthy members of their classes. It is a little remarkable that the day we left the port of London was on the day of the month that I now pen these lines. This is the 10th of April, 1874, and the note which we received from this grateful man, and which closed our earthly interviews forever, was written on this day just forty-two years ago. The gift he put into my hand I esteem more precious than gold, and no reasonable sum offered could ever induce me to part with it. It reads as follows:

“LONDON, April 10, 1832.

“MR. GEORGE PEGLER,—*My Dear Friend*: As in all probability we may never meet again in this world, and feeling greatly obliged to you and yours for your kindness, for the spritual and temporal welfare of my family, I desire to acknowledge your kind and brotherly conduct toward us. May God Almighty prosper you and your partner in life spiritually and temporally, in all your undertakings, in the country to which you are bound. I shall ever remember you, and never cease to pray for your welfare. Yours sincerely.

“SAMUEL BOONE.”

My labors while in the employ of Mr. Gardiner were quite arduous, and, as confidential clerk, very responsible; and the time spent in the store was from 6:00 A. M. to 9:00 P. M., or fifteen hours out of twenty-four, including time for meals. In the commencing of operations in this to me new enterprise I was entirely unacquainted with banking business, and yet our accounts with the bank had to pass through my agency. My efforts, on my first visit to cash a draft at the bank, were a little ludicrous, and brought a smile from the rigid countenance of my employer. I was sent to a banking-house with

a draft for upward of one hundred pounds, and when the cashier asked what I wanted, I said, "Money."

He replied, "I suppose so. But what do you want, paper or gold?"

"Why gold, to be sure," said I.

In an instant he pulled out a drawer from under the counter, and with a small shovel threw the gold coin into a scale, saying, "What will you put it in?"

Here I was brought to a stand, for my pockets, I knew, could not contain it. I then spread my handkerchief, and he tumbled the whole into it. He then turned away with the utmost unconcern, apparently, and began joking with the other clerks, while for a few moments I stood bewildered, and doubted whether I had the correct amount of my draft. I could not remain there and count the coin, as that would have the appearance of bringing into doubt his honesty or correctness, so I gathered up my spoils as speedily as possible and entered the street. I sought a dark and retired place under an archway and counted the coin, and gladly hurried to the store with all dispatch.

On entering the counting-room I put my handkerchief on the desk in front of Mr. G—, when he said, "What is that?"

I replied, "The money for that draft."

"What; gold?" said he. "What do I want with gold?"

"Why, sir," said I, "in America we always think that gold is preferable to paper, and I had no thoughts of exchanging one piece of paper for another."

"Well," said he, "I ought to have told you. When you go to the bank again always get paper, unless I tell you to the contrary. Bank of England notes are often preferable to gold, at any rate equally as good."

But my labors in this place, together with my many engagements on the Sabbath, were too exhausting, and began to interfere with my health; and we concluded that we could do better in America. We sold our furniture and many things that we did not choose to bring with us, and with what money

we had saved bought a good stock of clothes. After paying for our passage we had in our purse about \$300.00. This was to us something wonderful indeed, considering our extreme indigence four years previously; and we felt constrained to acknowledge the goodness of God, and determined to consecrate ourselves anew to his ever-blessed service. We soon found a vessel bound to Montreal, in lower Canada, and deposited our goods and luggage on board. The "Dew-Drop," Captain Wokes, was a fine, staunch little brig of about three hundred and fifty tons burden. She had a select company of passengers, about fifty in number. We all agreed to furnish our own provisions, as the vessel was not an immigrant ship; and by doing so we could live as we chose. The ship furnished us water and fuel only, and each family had the use of the caboose in turn. We laid in a good stock, such as ham, corned beef, butter, eggs, tea, coffee, sugar, rice, raisins, potatoes, biscuits, &c., and lived about as well as they did in the cabin. Our voyage with this company of passengers was very agreeable and pleasant, though somewhat stormy and cold, as our captain chose to go what is called "north about," to catch more easterly winds.

The ship was to sail on Monday, and as all our effects were safely put on board we thought we would spend our last Sabbath in hearing Dr. Adam Clarke in the morning, at the Horse Ferry Road Chapel, Westminster, near Westminster Abbey. He was to preach a sermon for the benefit of the king's life-guards, to help procure them a library. The collection amounted to three hundred dollars, which was a generous sum, but not unusual for the doctor; and he did not fail to make suitable mention of this noble liberality. After the sermon we went into the vestry to take our farewell of the good doctor, fully persuaded we should never behold his cheerful and pleasant countenance again. We briefly informed him of our objects of going abroad with intentions to settle in America, when in the most kind manner he laid one hand on my head and the other on my wife's shoulder (she

had her bonnet on), and with deep solemnity (as we both dropped on our knees before him) prayed that the blessings of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob might go with us, give us a prosperous voyage, and make us exceedingly useful in our contemplated home. He also informed us that he intended to visit that country in a year or so, as a relaxation from his arduous labors, and possibly we might meet again; but in less than four months from that time he was removed from labor to reward. He had gone a few miles from the city to preach a charity sermon; and while in the village, early on Sabbath morning he was seized with Asiatic cholera and died soon afterward. My wife, then Miss Morris, worked in his house in Escott, a little way out of town, more than six months. It was a beautiful mansion, procured for him by the liberality of his many friends, where in retirement he could finish his commentary, the great object that lay near his heart. During the many months she remained under his roof she made the upholstery of about twenty rooms. She was always treated as one of the family, and at the table she always had a chair on the doctor's left, while Mrs. Clarke sat on his right. Two of his daughters, both married ladies, and several of their children, resided with him—one the widow of an African merchant, and the other the wife of a Baltic merchant, whose business often called him from the city. Both were accomplished ladies, and deeply pious. My wife always esteemed her abode there as near heaven as any place to be found on earth. A holy atmosphere seemed to pervade the whole premises. The kindness and love of Dr. Clarke to his family and domestics could not be surpassed. His liberal soul was always devising liberal things. Even his animals had his oversight and constant care. When he needed a little relaxation from his severe and arduous studies he would often take a stroll in the street, and call upon some of the poor in the neighborhood and ascertain their necessities; and then from his wardrobe and larder he would send a bountiful supply. He built

a neat chapel on his premises at his own expense, for the benefit of his family and neighbors. He had it put on the plan of the London west circuit, and supplied with a preacher every Sabbath.

When my wife first engaged in his service he gave her a ten-pound note and sent her to town in a hackney coach to make purchase of some articles she needed before she could commence work. He followed her to the door of the coach with a sandwich in his hand, and said, "Miss Morris, you may want a luncheon before you return, and probably you will not like to go into a public house to get refreshment." This little incident was truly characteristic of his great and kind heart. It was his invariable delight to make all around him happy and comfortable; and multitudes shared his kindness and munificence.

On her return from her shopping excursion Miss Morris at the first opportunity inquired of Mrs. Hook, one of the doctor's daughters, how it happened that her father could trust a stranger with so much money. "Oh," she replied, "my father is a physiognomist. He saw that you had an honest and reliable countenance, and was not afraid to trust you. He is not often deceived in forming an opinion of the character of those with whom he comes in contact."

When fitting up his library she saw his cabinet of minerals still unpacked, and inquired if he had specimens of the foundation of the new Jerusalem. He said he had, and when they were arranged he would show them to her.

Some time after this was the anniversary of his thirty-seventh wedding-day, and, as is customary, he was making presents to friends and domestics. He said to Miss Morris, "I know you are somewhat of an antiquarian. Here is a bit of rock broke off from Mount Sinai, brought from the holy land by my nephew when he traveled in that country. You may consider yourself a favorite, for I have not another piece that I could give any friend in the kingdom." She had the presence of mind to ask the good doctor to give her a

line or two descriptive of the present, and how obtained, which he readily did, written with the stub of the quill with which he had just finished his notes on the Prophet Ezekiel. That bit of rock is still in my possession, and as highly prized as ever,—not only as being a relic from Palestine, but especially in memory of the donor, and her to whom it was originally given.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SAILED FROM LONDON—INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE—REACHED THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE—TOOK OUR PILOT ON BOARD—HEARD THAT THE CHOLERA WAS RAGING IN THE COUNTRY—ARRIVE AT QUARANTINE STATION—LOST ALL OUR ANCHORS IN A GALE—DRIVEN ON SHORE—AT LENGTH REACH OUR DESTINATION.

On Monday we bid adieu to our dear native land, where we had endured much privation, enjoyed many precious and happy seasons, and formed a host of acquaintances from whose company it was hard to part. Many of our friends came down to the ship as we were about to leave, to take a last farewell; and some went down the river with us a few miles, and seemed loath to part. Next day we reached the mouth of the river, and soon entered the rough and turbulent Atlantic. All our passengers were soon suffering with that aggravating disease common to those who “go down in ships” for the first time. I could endure the ordeal, as I had had my portion many years previously. The captain very kindly suggested that he and myself should try our skill at nursing. We accordingly made the ship’s coppers full of gruel, containing fifteen or twenty gallons, and made it as palatable as possible. We received the thanks and blessings of all concerned. My wife was the first to recover; and on the second

day she was on deck most of the time, much delighted with the motion of the ship and the grandeur of the ocean. As stated in a former chapter, we steered north several degrees of latitude to avoid westerly winds; and for three or four days we were among icebergs, and sometimes in imminent danger. We had to keep a constant lookout by day and by night, and sailed slowly and carefully. Some of the islands of ice were of immense size, extending in length more than one hundred and fifty miles, how wide we could not ascertain; but they were of great altitude, some of the hills or peaks being several hundred feet above the level of the sea. I believe it is estimated that three fourths or four fifths of floating ice is below water, which I think is a correct estimate. In that case, what an immense body is contained in one hundred square miles of ice! Of course it was exceedingly cold while in this region, though in the month of May; and we were glad to leave the company of those visitors from the North Pole. We had as cabin passengers two Wesleyan missionaries designing to join the Canada Conference; but they were more or less indisposed the entire voyage and could not often preach, consequently much of that service devolved on me. One of them was a young man about twenty-five years of age, who had received a liberal education at the Wesleyan Missionary College and deemed himself especially called to do missionary work. But he never preached a sermon after he left England, for the day after he arrived at Quebec he was taken with the cholera and died.

We were seven weeks from land to land—rather a long and tedious passage. Nevertheless, we did not repine at this, for the captain and crew, as well as the passengers, were agreeable. We had many ways to procure recreation and remove the monotony; and the whole time would have been delightful but for the extreme cold weather for the time of year. A few days before we made land we had an excellent time fishing on the banks of Newfoundland. I had provided myself with the necessary hooks and lines before sailing,

which my shipmates had neglected to do, so that the captain and mate and myself had all the sport to ourselves. We caught nearly one hundred large cod-fish, and one halibut, which was more than sufficient to supply the wants of all.

On reaching the Gulf of St. Lawrence we shipped our pilot, who informed us that the Asiatic cholera prevailed in Canada to an alarming extent, and that thousands were dying daily. This, of course, filled us with consternation and alarm, for we had passed through a season of the same disease the previous winter, though of a very mild type. He also informed us that we should have to wait in quarantine at Grasse Island for three days, and receive a clean bill of health before we could proceed farther up the river. We arrived at the quarantine station on Friday, June 4th, and had to wait until Monday for inspection and examination by the health officer; and though all on board were in good health, yet we could not get our clearance until the fourth day. But that night it blew a perfect gale from the east, directly up the river, and the island afforded us a very poor shelter. On Saturday we parted with both our bow-anchors. We then let down our sheet-anchors, and very soon the cables snapped in twain as readily as pipe-stems, and we had to take ungranted leave without our bill of health. Our pilot was skillful, and understood his business well. He was well acquainted with all the little bays and small rivers on the coast, and determined to run the vessel into a small bay where we should be land-locked, and after the gale subsided we could go back with boats and fish up our anchors. Of course when we parted from all our anchors and had none to secure our ship with, and were driven at the mercy of the gale, there was much confusion and alarm among the passengers; and to increase their terror some of the sailors told the passengers that if they had any valuables they had better take care of them, for perhaps we should go to pieces before morning. In the midst of their alarm they requested my wife to inquire of me if there was danger; for I was busy with the

men helping to get in the remnants of our cables, and otherwise taking care of the ship. I assured her there was no ground to fear, as we could run before the wind under bare poles up the river until we reached a wharf. The sun was now down, and the pilot was standing on the bowsprit giving the man at the wheel directions how to steer. But with the wind howling through the rigging, and the confusion of those on deck, the steersman often made mistakes. At this crisis the captain asked me to take the wheel. I did so, and requested the pilot to motion with his hand the way he wished me to steer. He accordingly directed the course into a small bay, between two rocks, with scarcely more than room for our ship to pass.

The next day at low-water we put a ladder over the side and walked on shore, glad to tread *terra firma* again. We were now about thirty-five miles from Quebec. The passengers were afraid to remain in the ship any longer, and hired teams to take them to the city. Captain Wokes came to me and inquired if I was afraid to remain with him. I promptly told him I was not afraid. He then said if I would remain with him and take charge of the ship while he and part of the crew went to fish up the lost anchors he would give me a dollar a day and board me and my wife until we reached the port. We were both favorites with the captain and crew,—she because of her urbanity and kindness, and I because I had made myself useful while on board, as I often assisted the men when help was needed. I had likewise frequently kept watch for the captain, as he had no second mate; and he always expressed himself satisfied with my management. It was the fourth of June when we entered that little bay. The snow of the previous winter was still lying under the fences, and spring work on the farms had not yet commenced. This was a sad sight to us who had been accustomed to see radishes and young onions on our tables in the month of March, and greens and spinach in April; and many wished that they had never left their homes. I informed them that

this was not a fair specimen of the country, and requested them not to be hasty in forming conclusions until they had seen more of it.

We lay in that bay four weeks, during which time the face of the country seemed to be changed as by magic. The weather became excessively warm; the fruit-trees were in full bloom; the fields were plowed, and the young blades appeared above the ground and were growing luxurantly. The little streams were no longer locked with ice, and we had fine amusement in catching speckled trout. In the latter part of June we found abundance of strawberries in the fields. The town was called Berthier; and it was the most rural and primitive place I had ever seen in a civilized country. The people appeared to be honest and hospitable, and were very religious and devout, according to the requirements of the Roman Catholic Church. The men spent the summer months in the fisheries, and the women and children attended to all matters at home until the men returned in the fall. Their homesteads were all small, ranging from one to twenty acres, and few I believe, if any, could boast the possession of a forty-acre lot. This division of land was made to them as fishermen or peasants, by the French government, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, before the British government conquered the country; and with this allotment they appear to be contented and happy. They know but little about other parts of the world. They think their country is about as good as any, and have no wish to rove or change their condition. They keep sheep and raise flax, and manufacture their own apparel at home; and as to changing fashion, they know no more about that than the inhabitants of Timbuctoo. The men and women dress to-day as the peasantry of France did in the sixteenth century, and their wants are few and simple. We could find neither tea or coffee in all their settlement. They were accustomed to go to church every day to count their beads, and we sometimes accompanied them; and when we visited at their houses in

order to be social and regale ourselves with their fresh butter and new-laid eggs, we invariably took our tea with us, and a pot to make it in, while we sipped it out of tin-cups.

When we ran on shore the wind was blowing a perfect gale from the east. The moon was at the full, consequently at full spring tide. It was at the top of high water, and when the wind fell the next tide did not rise high enough by four feet to float our ship. Thus we had to remain until the new moon, or two weeks, for the next spring tide, and then the water was not sufficient to float us. We then procured barges and took out part of the cargo, and at the next full moon we got afloat. As soon as we reached the open river our cabin-boy was taken sick very suddenly. It was pronounced a desperate case of cholera, and all on board became greatly alarmed. After about two hours' faithful labor and attention the boy recovered, and was soon again on duty.

We arrived at Montreal in thirty days after we ran on shore at Berthier, or on the fourth of July, and during that time I had earned thirty dollars. We immediately went on shore in search of lodgings. But the people were afraid of us, and would not speak English. As we were immigrants, they supposed we must have the cholera,—though that disease broke out in the country before the opening of navigation,—and none were willing to answer our questions in English or even admit us into their houses. On returning to the ship at night our good captain told us kindly that we could lodge on board as long as we pleased while the vessel remained in port, or until we could find suitable lodgings. We were in town ten days before we could procure shelter. Ships were continually arriving with immigrants, and none departing. All public conveyances had ceased to run on account of the epidemic, and the immigrant barracks were crowded. Many had made tents on the commons or open spaces in the city, some slept under stairways leading up to public halls, and not a few found refuge in hogsheads and merchants' boxes. It certainly was a fearful and critical

time, and we began to despair of finding any place where to lay our heads at night.

The second Sabbath after our arrival I said, "There is a Wesleyan chapel in the suburbs, about a mile from the chapel in the city, where I once preached when in the country before, about five years ago. Let us go there; we shall certainly find some one who will talk English." On reaching the place the congregation were gathered; and soon one arose and announced a prayer-meeting, as the preacher whom they expected, Brother Cook, had died that day, and none could be procured to fill his appointment. I did not feel it proper to make myself known or attempt to interfere with the arrangement, and remained near the door until the close of the meeting. We then repaired to the ship to lodge for the night.

On Monday morning we again started on our hitherto unsuccessful and discouraging trip, to try and find a temporary home. We concluded to go into the neighborhood where we had attended worship the previous day, in hopes of finding a Methodist family, or at least some one who could or would speak English. On reaching the place we saw a little girl on the common opposite the chapel, and my wife inquired if she attended Sunday-school there. She said she did. She then asked her if she knew of any Methodists about that place. She replied, "Yes ma'am, there is Mr. Dunn, living in that house [pointing with her finger in that direction]; and he is a great Methodist." On reaching the door a lady invited us in and remarked, "You were at our chapel yesterday. My husband directed my attention to you, and said, 'There are some English Methodists, just come over; see how neat and tidy they are. How delighted I should be if you would dress as plain and becoming as that sister, for I am sure *she is one.*' He immediately added, 'I wish I had invited them to tea; they appear to be strangers.' But you had gone too far to be recalled." The house was respectable and roomy, and just such a location as we would desire. I

told the lady we had been in search of a couple of rooms in a quiet part of the city where we could remain a few weeks or months, or until the panic subsided and we could go in a public conveyance to Upper Canada. She informed us that she could let two rooms to a decent and respectable family, who had no children. She ventured to let us have two nice, airy rooms in the second story, at the moderate rent of two dollars per month, and we soon hired a cart and had our effects removed from the ship. I have mentioned these apparently trifling circumstances because of their effect on our future. They were all connected, and appear as so many links in a chain that led directly to our future though humble prosperity, and opened a wide door for usefulness. We soon procured a few necessary articles for our convenience and comfort, and again settled down into domestic life. Our next object was to find something to do, as we did not wish to be idle or draw too heavily on the small fund which we brought with us, for we had reserved that to expend on a more permanent home.

My wife soon found employment at an upholstery, the business which she had followed for some years with a fair remunerating compensation; and, as might be expected, coming from London would attract not only the attention of her employer but also many of his customers. She was soon afterward appointed fore-woman of the shop, with an advance in wages and constant employment. But I could find nothing to do, and was in much distress of mind on account of being compelled to live on my wife's earnings.

We had in the city an acquaintance, a fellow-passenger, who was a bricklayer by trade, and was at work on a new penitentiary, the only building in progress in the city—for all business of that character had been suspended in consequence of the Asiatic cholera. One day I met this person in the street, and informed him that I could find no work. He remarked that Mr. Drake, his boss, could give me employment, as he usually employed all who came along. "You

will know him," said he, "whenever you meet him. He dresses like a bricklayer; has on a fustian coat and pants, wears a leghorn hat, and uses green spectacles." A few days afterward I met a person as above described, whom I at once supposed to be the man spoken of. I politely accosted him as Mr. Drake, found I was correct, and inquired if he wanted to hire a hand. I was respectably dressed, and had no appearance of one in want. He inquired if I was a good bricklayer. I told him I was not.

Said he, "Are you from England?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"What do you suppose you can do for me?"

"Anything, sir, that I can accomplish."

"Would you carry the *hod*, and work in company with the paddies?"

"Anything, sir, that is not dishonest."

"My God," said he, "have my countrymen come to this! Is it possible that you will submit to this? Yes," he added, "come along as soon as you please; if that is your principle you shall have employment as long as I have work to do."

On arriving at the building the next day he put a hod in my hand and told me to take my turn with the other laborers, and on Saturday night come to the office for my pay. This was the most arduous and disagreeable labor I had ever performed. But it was honest; and bread earned even in this laborious manner was sweet and nutritious. My fellow-laborers appeared to be raw Irishmen, lately arrived, who were accustomed to such work, and perhaps could do little else. They could not or would not converse in English, but were continually gabbling in their own Celtic tongue; and for all I knew they were conspiring to treat me as they supposed heretics richly deserved. All the time I worked in this place we never exchanged words; but I received from them many frowns and sneering looks. No doubt they considered me an intruder, and thought that I was doing work which belonged exclusively to them. When I commenced

the building had reached the second story, and we had to carry the brick and mortar up long ladders for the third story. The pain in my shoulder was the most excruciating, and it appeared I must soon drop down from the ladder. I was so tired at night that sleep in a great measure departed from me, and I could do little else than groan. My wife became alarmed, and begged me to desist from that kind of work; but I told her I would try and finish the week, any way. Occasionally Mr. Drake would come along and kindly say, "Well, Pegler, how is the shoulder?" and I would reply, "O sir, it is very sore." "Well," he would say, "if you can get anything better to do drop the hod without a minute's notice; but as long as you are willing to work I will employ you." When we received our wages he paid me sixty cents per day, at the same time saying that he paid only fifty cents to the other men, but wished to encourage me. I may perhaps expose myself to the sneers of some who have not been accustomed to hard labor to obtain a livelihood, and who affect to despise honest toil; and perhaps some of my ministerial brethren may think it rather too degrading for a preacher to carry a hod and be a servant to bricklayers; but I can assure those who think so that I consider even such labor honest, and far less degrading than depending on others, and those others perhaps less able to work than ourselves. I bless God that I had to toil in my youthful days. And work has never been disagreeable to me, though I am in the ministry of God's word. If I err in this respect I am in honorable company. Some of the apostles were fishermen; Paul was a tent-maker; and in more modern times the man whom most Christians delighted to honor, and by whose literary labors they seek to profit, was John Bunyan, who was an honest tinker. And in still later and more refined times we have the condition and circumstances of William Huntinton, who wrote the "Bank of Faith," a book that so many justly prize. He was a coal-heaver, and was doubtless despised by those who are fastidious and affect to look with contempt on those who toil.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHANGE OF LABOR—WIFE AND SELF BROUGHT DOWN WITH ASIATIC CHOLERA SAME DAY—RECOVERY — DREADFUL VISITATION IN THE CITY FOR THREE MONTHS—REFERENCE TO THE PLAGUE IN LONDON—SOME SUPPOSED TO BE BURIED ALIVE.

The person with whom we lived, Mr. Dunn, was a ship-builder, and worked in a ship-yard near home. One day he informed me that a ship was loading with timber, near his yard, and wanted hands. This was a kind of labor to which I had been accustomed. The work, though toilsome and hazardous, was not as hard as carrying a hod up a three-story building. I went down to the ship and agreed to work for one dollar and fifty cents per day, and board. I told Mr. Drake of my chance and success, and he said, "Drop your hod. Here are your wages; and if you want work again don't be afraid to call on me."

I worked on board this ship a little more than two weeks, and should doubtless have found employment the entire season had I not been taken sick. One Saturday, as we started from work for breakfast, I was seized with cholera. I was driven from the ship as though I were a mad dog; and those who passed me, on discovering my condition, placed their hands to their nose and mouth, in hopes, I suppose, to escape infection. I hailed some teams, hoping to obtain help, but the drivers put whip to their horses and drove away as though the constable or old scratch was after them. In this condition, sometimes crawling on my hands and knees, with the rain pelting on my defenseless head, in an almost exhaustless state, I reached home, and was met in the doorway with the sad and terrible intelligence that my wife was dying with the cholera. They would not, of course, suffer

me to enter her room, as it might prove too exciting to both, although they had sent in different directions and to several ships to find me. I could occasionally hear her say, "Where is my husband? Must I die alone, in a foreign country, and my husband near and yet not be permitted to see him?" I was informed that everything was being done by those in the house, and some sisters who lived near by, who were not afraid to risk their own health in hopes of benefiting others. There were no physicians to be had; but everybody had been instructed in the usual remedies. At length, by hints dropped, she imagined I was in the house or near by, and exclaimed, "Then why does he not come and see me?" They then made known the much-dreaded truth,—that I had the same disease, cholera, and could not possibly be allowed to enter her room, as it would not be safe for either of us. Effectual remedies were applied in my case, and in less than half an hour I was at her bedside. The same remedy was administered to my wife, but without visible good effect; nothing would remain on her stomach. Despair was depicted in every countenance, and we thought she would certainly die. Mr. Dunn left his work in the ship-yard at noon, and returned home to find the house in confusion and alarm; for that day two hundred persons had died out of a population of fifty thousand. He at once recommended an Indian remedy which had cured nearly all in a neighboring Indian village. His advice was followed, and the effects were visible and salutary. The first dose remained on her stomach and in a measure relieved the cramp, and the third application gave her rest. This appeared to us all as nearly miraculous, and we could not but praise the Lord for his goodness to us in our great extremity.

Being in robust health when taken down, it did not require much time for me to recuperate. The next day after my attack being Sunday, I started to walk a mile to attend a love-feast in the afternoon, at our large chapel in the city. As I turned a corner, a short distance from the house, I met

four or five of our brethren, who said they were in search of me, and wanted me to go to Languiel to preach that afternoon; that the preacher on the plan for that place had died in the morning, and that I must fill his appointment. I informed them that I had an attack of that terrible disease myself, and was only partially recovered; that I had barely ventured out in hopes the fresh air and a little exercise might be beneficial. "Never mind," they said; "you must go. It is only a few steps to the ferry; and you will find a team in waiting on the other side of the river. We will go with you; and if you can not speak more than ten minutes, you must go." I went with them, and thus had an opportunity to publicly offer thanks to my heavenly Father for his goodness to me and mine.

Perhaps some may be disposed to question the propriety of venturing so soon from home after my recent attack of such a dangerous disease. But myself and many others, whom I loved and desired to imitate, considered it most appropriate and Christian-like that I should visit the house of God first after sickness, in preference to casual calls or visits elsewhere. Call it superstition if you please, or, if you choose, ridicule the to us conscientious practice; but we have a more appropriate term; we think it is obeying the command of God. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

The cholera in Montreal was a terrible scourge to the inhabitants, and the number of orphans was immense. In many instances whole families became extinct. Sometimes persons from the country would be taken down so suddenly that by no possible means could their relatives or friends hear of their calamity until after they were hurried to the grave. Strangers in the city would fall in the streets, while others at their places of business, when in apparent health, would fall victims to the epidemic; and their associates would be so alarmed and confused as to neglect to give notice to their friends until they were conveyed to their last resting-

place, which could not always be certainly ascertained by their mourning relatives. There were four cemeteries connected with the city, two of which were Catholic and the others Protestant; and the streets leading to these cemeteries were constantly thronged throughout the day, for nearly three months, with funeral processions. The street on which we lived was directly on the way to one of the Protestant grave-yards; and during breakfast one morning eight funerals passed under our window.

I had in former years witnessed terrible scenes of mortality, both in war and in peace, but I had never known any afflictive providence to exceed what my eyes saw and my heart felt in Montreal in 1832. A few years previously I was in Russia, where in St. Petersburg five hundred died in one day by this fell disease, out of a population of five hundred thousand. But this was a small mortality in proportion to the number of victims that died in the comparatively healthy and well-regulated city of Montreal.

The winter previous to the time of which I am now writing the cholera visited London, and the largest number that died in that city in one day was only forty; so that the death rate at this time in the city where we now resided was truly appalling. It reminded me of the awful plague in London, when the grass grew between the paving-stones in the most populous part of the city, and the driver of the "dead-cart" would continually cry aloud, "Bring out your dead."

In Stepney, then a village in the suburbs of London, I saw the space of several acres belonging to St. Dustins Church, where trenches were dug, many feet deep, to receive the dead, who were thrown in promiscuously, without regard to age, sex, or condition. But while I had read of these alarming scenes of extreme mortality, I never witnessed such horrible sights as I saw in Montreal in 1832.

When we reached Quebec my wife and I went to the upper town to visit an acquaintance who was living in that part of the city, and while looking out of the window we saw a

funeral procession returning from the cemetery, with a woman sitting in her coffin, on a cart, supported by her husband. This, we were informed, was the second instance of the kind that had occurred within the last two weeks. As a precautionary measure it was thought needful to remove the patient as soon as life became extinct; and the law was stringent, requiring the dead to be interred within two hours after death. It was generally believed that many were buried before they were really dead; and the few instances of rescue from such a fate seem to confirm the dreadful suspicion. The thought of immolating our friends while life remains is awfully appalling. I have often observed the apparent haste with which the dead are removed to the grave in this country. Thirty-six or forty-eight hours in many instances is all the time usually allotted for a corpse to remain above ground, while suspended animation has been known to continue for a much longer period. In cases where no doubt can possibly exist, where evidences of decay or putrefaction are visible, fears of premature interment would be groundless; but in the absence of these unmistakable signs we can not, in my opinion, be too cautious in hurrying our friends to the tomb. In England and other civilized countries a much longer time is allowed for those who die to remain in the care and custody of their friends, and none can be buried until the proper officers have inspected the dead and granted a permit for interment; and even with this precautionary measure mistakes have sometimes been made. The case of Rev. William Jen-
nant, of New Jersey, is in point. He had studied for the ministry, and his health was much impaired. About the time he was to be ordained to the ministry he became worse, and soon after died, apparently; but it proved, ultimately, to be a state of suspended animation. He was pronounced by all about him, except a young physician, as dead, and preparations were made for his burial. The second day after his supposed death the congregation gathered to attend his funeral, and to carry his body to the grave; but his young

friend pleaded for a suspension of the funeral rites for another day, and thereby incurred the odium and sarcasm of many present. But he persevered in his efforts to save him, and put a little water to his parched lips. The act was looked upon as ridiculous, and he was scornfully reproached with attempting to feed a dead man. But faithful to his friend and his duty, he endured their reproach and ridicule. The next day when the people met for the funeral he pleaded for only one hour more, and in less than that time he reaped a rich reward in the restoration of his patient to animation. Mr. Jennant lived many years after that, and became an eminent minister and a great revivalist. He died in Freehold, New Jersey, aged upward of seventy years,

CHAPTER XX.

WORKED AT LA CHINE, BUILDING STEAMBOATS — PREACHED TO THE HANDS EVERY WEEK—A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE —PREACHED ON BOARD THE “LORD BROUGHAM,” A NEW STEAM-SHIP—INVITED TO PREACH IN CHAUTAUQUA.

While the cholera was the most virulent Mr. Dunn and two other brethren who were shipwrights took a contract to finish two steamboats on the stocks at La Chine, a little village on the St. Lawrence River, about nine miles above Montreal. They offered to hire me at one dollar per day, with constant employment until winter set, which proposition I readily accepted. Our custom was to leave home on Monday at 3:00 A. M., and walk the nine miles by six o'clock, in order to be ready for our day's work; and on Saturday at 6:00 P. M. we hired a ride home for twenty cents and spent the Sabbath with our families. To be so long separated from our families during such perilous times was something of a trial to all

concerned. When we left our families on Monday mornings it was often with fearful misgivings that possibly we might never behold them all again. But we believed we were in the path of duty, and could commit all to the care of our heavenly Father. Though we were compelled to be absent from our loved ones most of the time for three months, yet a gracious Providence kindly watched over us and them; so that while Death held high carnival over all the region around, the fell destroyer was not permitted to enter our domiciles. During the time we worked on board these vessels the men who were employed in the ship-yard at the different branches of ship-building—such as carpenters, joiners, calkers, blacksmiths, and painters,—more than eighty in number who spoke the English language,—invited me to preach to them occasionally. To do so I was not only willing, but anxious, provided they could procure a hall for the purpose. This was soon accomplished. A hall in the village hotel was hired for sixty cents per night, and meetings were established for every Wednesday evening. Fifty or sixty of the workmen attended; and a few of the villagers who were Protestants also met with us, making a congregation of eighty to ninety persons. The inhabitants of La Chine were principally French Catholics, and of course none of them attended; but the good Lord was often with us in power, and filled many hearts with his love and our mouths with his praise. It might be thought by some kid-glove preachers to be a scandal to see me stand on the fiddler's bench with my tarry hands and clothes and proclaim the love of God to perishing sinners, with only the New Testament, without note or brief, in my hand, while many were heard to say, "Whence has this plain man all this." God be praised, he has stood by me and helped me for many years, even when I knew him not, but especially since I gave myself to his service; and can I be so ungrateful as to doubt his goodness for time to come?

Many through these simple means became thoughtful, and were induced to attend church on Sundays; and I have

learned that some were influenced to give their hearts to Christ and joined a class in the city after our job was completed. On one occasion, while sitting on our tool-chest at noon reading a New Testament, a workman came in and remarked, "That Testament you hold is just like one I bought in London." He continued, "On the day we sailed an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society came on board to furnish the passengers and crew with the Scriptures, offering to supply the destitute at a reduced price. He held in his hands six New Testaments, which he offered at sixpence each, and I, not having any, concluded to purchase a copy. I put my hand in my pocket for the change and brought out three shillings, just sufficient to pay for the lot. Immediately the impression was made upon my mind, 'Buy all of them.' But the thought occurred, 'What need have I of six Testaments? One is enough. I am a single man, and have no acquaintances to whom I could sell or present them.' But still the impulse returned, 'Buy all of them;' and without further reflection I passed my money into the hands of the agent and received the six books. I then put them in my chest, reserving one for use on the voyage, and began to reflect on my prodigality and folly in parting with my money so lavishly. The ship sailed, and nothing remarkable occurred—at least in reference to my purchase—until we arrived at the Gulf of St Lawrence. We then had to encounter adverse winds and stormy weather, which drove us into an unfrequented part of the Bay of Gaspé, where we had to lay for some time. The place was inhabited by sixteen or eighteen families, who lived principally by fishing, and among whom was not a single perfect copy of the Holy Scriptures. Their remoteness from the older settlements was the reason of their destitution, and the books they brought with them were either worn out or much impaired by use. The day the ship arrived several persons came on board with chickens, butter, eggs, etc., and wanted to barter or trade for books, especially the Scriptures, and appeared extremely anxious to avail them-

selves of this first visit of a ship to their settlement to supply their wants in that direction. I rejoiced that I so soon found a market for my books, and was glad to dispose of them for something more needful to me under the circumstances."

All this my new-found friend told with the utmost coolness, in a business-like manner, and evidently saw nothing like an interposition of Divine Providence. But to my mind such a special act of divine goodness should be recorded, and not be allowed to pass entirely into oblivion, especially as connected with its extraordinary results.

The next Sabbath after the above interview I preached in the Wesleyan chapel in St. Marys, in a suburb of Montreal. My text was Psalms cxlvii. 15,—“His word runneth very swiftly.” In my remarks I referred to the above circumstance as a remarkable illustration of God’s method in supplying the destitute with his word. There happened to be in the congregation an agent of the Bible society, who after the services were over desired an interview with me in order to make further inquiries about the place and people. I gave him what information I had at my command. He sought an interview with the rector of the parish and stated the circumstance, and he informed the bishop of Montreal, who soon after chartered a small vessel and sent to those destitute persons a missionary with a good supply of Bibles and other good books; and in a short time a place of worship was erected and a mission established among them. Surely this was a grand result from the small outlay of three shillings.

In the latter part of August one of our boats was finished and launched, and she was ready to make her trial trip on the next day. It was Wednesday, our regular meeting night; but when we reached our hall we found it occupied by travelers, principally Canadian raftsmen, who had been prevented from crossing the river by a high wind that had continued all day, and of course we could not have the room for our intended use. The agent of the company being one

of our number, said, "Here, boys, you need not be disappointed of a meeting. Go down on board the Lord Brougham; I would be much pleased to have her dedicated with a sermon." Some one went to the store and bought a pound of candles, and we assembled in her cabin. I stood upon her stern locker, with Testament in hand, and inquired, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" Next day the Lord Brougham made her trial trip on the river, and all proved satisfactory. The agent very kindly inquired into my history and present circumstances, and intimated in a friendly way that I ought to be otherwise employed than boiling a pitch-pot or turning a grindstone. He gave me a very pressing invitation to go to Chautauqua Basin, where he resided, and preach on the next Sabbath, and said I should be compensated if I would do so. He further stated that fifty or more Protestant families were scattered among the French inhabitants, and had not heard a gospel sermon for years; that within a radius of three or four miles a congregation of one hundred or more might be gathered, and doubtless good be accomplished; and he candidly expressed his belief that the people would appreciate my labor. I told him that I had not the command of my own time on the Sabbath; that my name was on the plan of the Montreal Circuit; that I usually preached every Sunday somewhere on the circuit, and could not possibly comply with his kind request at present. I informed him that I intended to go to town on Saturday night, and would acquaint our superintendent with his request, and state facts, and if he approved the measure and would get my appointment supplied I would let him know next week. On relating the circumstance to our superintendent he requested me to comply with the request of the agent, and he would procure a supply for me the following Lord's day, at the same time saying he long desired an opening for the gospel in Chautauqua.

On the following Saturday, instead of going to the city, my wife came to me and brought my Sunday clothes, and at

6:00 P. M. we took the boat. When we landed at Chautauqua Basin we found a carriage waiting to carry us to our lodging and place of meeting. Word had been circulated among the English-speaking inhabitants for several miles around, and at eleven o'clock we had a congregation of eighty or ninety persons, who seemed to devour the word with eagerness. At the close of the meeting a number of persons gathered around me, while the remainder seemed riveted to their seats and appeared loath to depart, and in a very pathetic manner asked if I could not leave another appointment. I told them we were willing to put their place on the plan, and give them preaching once in two weeks, provided they would bear the expense. I informed them that local preachers gave their services gratuitously, but expected to have their expenses borne by the people. They inquired what would be the probable expense each time. I informed them that cab and steamboat fare would be about one dollar, and if the preacher had his wife in company, which was often the case, it would amount to double that sum.

"Oh," they said, "that is nothing; we can do more than that if we can have a preacher every fortnight."

I told them that they might expect a preacher to be with them in two weeks, but could not say who until I made my report to our superintendent.

When on the boat on our return, on Monday morning, the clerk while collecting the fare said to me, "I am indebted to you fifty cents."

"How so?" said I.

"Why," said he, "ministers are allowed a free passage on this boat. I heard you preach yesterday. You and your family are always welcome to cross with us when you come to preach."

I informed Mr. Squires, our superintendent, of the result of my mission, and he requested me to fill the appointment again and make it a permanent place for preaching once in two weeks, and said he would insert the name on the plan.

On my visiting them the second time they appeared exceedingly glad to see us,—for my wife accompanied me,—and made proposals to have me settle among them. Of course, by this time they had become acquainted with our circumstances, so far at least as to know that we were in a kind of transient state and would soon be out of employment. One man offered me a comfortable house as a residence, and forty acres of land to work, and furnish teams, tools, and seed on very easy terms, with a promise of aid from others, if I would accept of the offer.

On consulting with friends it was believed to be a providential opening; and we were urged by all means to accept, and not let such a favorable opportunity pass unimproved. Of course we gratefully acquiesced, and promised to remove into their midst as soon as my engagement in the ship-yard was fulfilled. Some time in October our work on the steam-boats at La Chine was finished, and we commenced preparations to remove to our new home in Chautauqua, where I had been so providentially provided for. The Sabbath before we intended to remove I was on the plan for St. Mary's chapel, and preached a kind of farewell sermon. At the closing of the services I sang a hymn usually sung at the close of camp-meetings. (I could sing in those days.) The hymn commenced as follows:

"Farewell, my friends, I must be gone;
I have no home to stay with you.
I will take my staff and travel on
Till I a better land do view."

After the service had closed a gentleman met me near the pulpit and said, "What does this mean?"

I answered, "I am going to remove from the city, to a home in the country."

"But why?" said he

"Because," I replied, "we can not live in the city during our long winter."

Again he briefly asked, "Why?"

I then told him the wages were too low for an Englishman to live on here; that we could not subsist on the same fare with the Canadians.

He then said, "Why, are you a common laborer? Do you perform manual labor for a livelihood?"

I showed him my hard, bony hands and said, "These hands administer to my necessities, and to those that are with me."

Said he, "You are just the kind of preacher we want in our small chapels in the city and around us; you don't shoot over the heads of the people. What are you going to do in the country?"

"Work on the farm," said I.

"Why don't you go into some business," said he. "Your wife could help you, and you would have more leisure and better opportunities to study and fit you to preach."

"But I have no capital," said I.

"But I have," said he; "and I will let you have five hundred or one thousand dollars in groceries. This will be a good beginning in a country place; and if you are prudent and careful it will give you a good start."

What could I say or do in regard to this unexpected and apparently generous offer? We could only receive it as another remarkable interference of our heavenly Father.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUDDEN ELEVATION—PROVIDENTIAL INTERFERENCE—COMMENCED KEEPING STORE—PROSPERED IN BUSINESS—TRACT DISTRIBUTION—FOUND OTHER PLACES TO PREACH—FORMED A CIRCUIT—MY WIFE MANAGED THE BUSINESS—SABBATH-BREAKING.

We carried the matter to God, for the idea of contracting a debt of five hundred dollars, with our inexperience, ap-

peared to be assuming a tremendous responsibility; and we dare not undertake to bear such a weight without being assured of our heavenly Father's approbation. After much deliberation it was agreed that I should call on this gentleman, Mr. Mathewson, and seek for further information in reference to his intentions. I found him to be a wholesale and retail merchant, and doing business on a large scale; and he very kindly and frankly gave me considerable insight into the intricacies and profits of a properly conducted mercantile business. He also gave me useful hints on the probable loss from fraudulent dealers and unreliable customers.

How indeed could we view this but as a new and precious proof of the ever-loving kindness of our ever-blessed God who had so mercifully sustained us in the past, and especially me; who in the midst of my folly and forgetfulness of him and his claims upon me, and through various dangers and exposures to death and destruction, had interposed his benevolent and loving hand to rescue me from poverty and want and bring my feet into a wide place. After consulting a few friends, especially the man whose place I had engaged to work, we decided to accept this kind and apparently opportune offer, and immediately commenced operations in the fear of the Lord, and him alone. The house we had engaged to reside in was sufficiently near the village of Chautauqua for our business, and quite large enough to spare the front part for a store and yet retain comfortable apartments for ourselves; and this we had without any rent to pay. With the small means at our command we soon put up our fixtures, and otherwise made our little store commodious and tasty. We soon became located in our new habitation, and were satisfied and delighted with our new and profitable employment. We obtained a good run of custom, as we sold at low rates for ready pay, and on Saturday nights we always knew the entire business of the week. The profits from our sales usually ranged from ten to fifteen dollars per week. What a change! Our business increased rapidly, and within the

first year we had to replenish our stock several times. We also added some dry goods and crockery, etc., to our variety, and removed to a larger building in a more business part of the village. But in the midst of our humble prosperity we endeavored to act conscientiously; for we remembered that the principal object which prompted us to undertake this hazardous and responsible business, was to secure a little leisure time to obtain a better preparation to preach the gospel and to do good to the souls of men.

We procured an assortment of French and English religious tracts, and placed them on the counter. These we loaned to all who would receive them, with the understanding that on their return they could exchange them for others. In this way we hoped to accomplish a little good among our neighbors and customers, with whom we could not converse for want of a knowledge of their language.

For a while our tracts went off quite rapidly, and the Canadian children and young people read them with much satisfaction and delight. One day a little French boy took his tract to the village school, and the priest, who happened to visit the school that day, saw it. He took it home to read; and the next Sunday, at church, he warned the people against reading Protestant books, and ordered them returned. There was nothing in the series that could be peculiarly obnoxious to Catholicism. They were chiefly narratives of the lives of religious persons, most of them in full communion with the Catholic Church, such as the Marquis De Renty, Thomas a Kempis, Madame Guyon, and extracts from the works of Marsellon, and other noted French writers. But they represented Jesus Christ as the only mediator between God and man; did not recognize the Virgin Mary as the mother of God with power to command her Son to hear our prayers; hence could not be tolerated in the hands of his flock, who above all things were taught to receive their theology from his teaching. In his opinion they savored of heresy, and hence were not safe to remain in their hands. On the fol-

lowing Monday the tracts were all returned (this certainly was a little better than burning them, as they often do,) and none could be distributed thereafter.

In the mean time we kept our meetings in a private house near the Catholic church, and usually had large congregations and eager and attentive hearers. Our superintendent in Montreal gave me permission to act as assistant missionary, with authority to form classes, enforce discipline, and receive any voluntary offering as a reward for services rendered. This was taking a great advance step toward the reform we had contended for in England; for among the British Wesleyans no local preacher can form a class nor receive a fee for labor as a preacher. But he considered my standing as somewhat different from others on the plan. No local preacher was required to employ any time except Sunday without a compensation; but my field of labor could not be cultivated without occupying the larger part of my time, and hence he was willing to recognize me as an assistant.

While the local preachers are kept in close subjection to the powers that be, and under many irksome restraints, yet probably three fourths of all the pulpit labor on the Sabbath is performed by them. Taken as a whole they are a noble band of disinterested men, who frequently travel on foot many miles on Sunday and preach Christ to perishing multitudes, and on Monday morning repair to their respective places of labor, for the support of themselves and families. To be a local preacher among the English Wesleyans is not a sinecure, or a mere nominal position, but one of labor, hardship, and sacrifice; and were it not for their labors and zeal the Wesleyan connection would not long retain their high position among other denominations for members, wealth, and influence.

We soon formed, in our neighborhood, a class of twenty members, to whom, and others, I tried to break the bread of life; and the number of converts to the religion of Jesus was multiplied nearly every week. At the same time I was anx-

ious to extend my labors to regions beyond; and I was soon enabled to form quite an extensive circuit, while my good little wife remained at home to attend the store. On one occasion a peddler called upon me at the store. He was a member of the Wesleyan Church, and brother to the Bible agent who reported my sermon to the bishop, or rather that part of it which referred to the man who bought the six Testaments in England and found a market for them in a spiritually destitute place on the Bay of Gaspe. He informed me of an English settlement about fifteen miles distant, and referred me to Major Dunn, father to my landlord in Montreal. He knew the people of the settlement were destitute of the ordinances of the gospel, and believed they would be glad to have me visit them. Accordingly one Saturday, with a borrowed horse, I left home in search of the aforesaid place. On arriving at Major Dunn's I found he had gone to the city, but was told he would return in the evening. His wife did not at first receive me very cordially, and seemed anxious to know my business. When I told her I was a Methodist preacher, and had come to hold a meeting if desired, she made quite a stir, and bustled around in considerable style. She called a man to put up my horse, told Susan to put on the tea-kettle, gave me an easy chair, and otherwise made me very welcome to their hospitality. When Mr. Dunn returned and was informed of my visit, and its object, he was much pleased. He said that, while on his way home, he had thought of the heathenish condition of himself and neighbors; they had been without the gospel for several years; and questioned in his mind what could be done to secure the means of grace. Next morning he sent two of his men through the settlement to notify the people, and by eleven o'clock we had a large audience, to whom I opened the gospel minister's commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." We had a precious and profitable time in waiting upon God. Many wept and some rejoiced and said, "Bless the Lord; this seems like old times." I

was forcibly reminded of the dedication of the second temple, when the aged wept at the grandeur and beauty of the former, which far surpassed the latter; and the young rejoiced that they had a temple, though of smaller dimensions and less imposing. I was urged to repeat my visit, and promised to do so in two weeks. At the time appointed a much larger number were gathered, including many from a Scotch settlement a few miles distant, who were quite clamorous with the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." Arrangements were made to hold a meeting in their neighborhood at 2:00 P. M. on my return in two weeks. Those two appointments were now regularly and permanently made, to which I soon added a third in the evening of the same day; and great joy was manifested by the people generally at the favorable events in religious matters.

About the fourth time I visited my first place of preaching in that section, they proposed a collection for my benefit. I told the people I did not require it, as these hands and those of my wife administered to our necessities, but that I often had to hire a horse, as I had done on the present occasion, and would be willing to receive enough to meet my expenses. Thereupon it was decided to buy a horse and present him to me; and in less than two weeks I was presented with a good, substantial Canadian pony, which bore me around in my Master's work for more than ten years, and then, in company with another preacher's horse, was returned to the superannuated list, where they were both placed under the care of a kind overseer and permitted to end their days with rest and quietness. I now had quite an extensive mission-field,—six appointments on the Sabbath, and four classes, with upward of sixty members in the aggregate,—and my receipts for the first year, in addition to my horse, were forty dollars.

One of my appointments, and where we had a class, was held in a private house, owned by a man named Richard Boyes. He had a large farm, and kept several hired hands; and his affairs were conducted much in the English style of

farming. He did not work at manual labor much himself, except in harvest, but was in the saddle nearly all day when at home, and overseeing his work. He was kind and generous, and not overexact with his domestics; and his hired help took delight in trying to please him. He had nearly a thousand acres under the plow, and in meadow, besides pasture land, and used to furnish more than a hundred head of large, fat cattle, besides a vast number of fat sheep, every year for the Montreal market. He did not enter the marriage state until late in life. When I first became acquainted with him he was a man of fifty, and all his children were young. His house and grounds, and indeed all his premises, were kept in perfect order and neatness; and none could remain long in his employ who would not conform to his rules. Though, as I said, he was not overexact, — I mean in the amount of labor for any given time, — yet what was to be done must be done well, whatever time it might require. He paid good wages for good hands, and could always find a sufficient number to meet his demand. He had several women at work in the house, among whom was a young girl from the State of Vermont, of rather prepossessing appearance, whose principal employment seemed to be to take care of the children and do plain sewing. One Sunday I went there to preach, and after public service, as usual, we held our class-meeting. At the close a young man entered, who appeared to be intimate with all in the house, and was evidently no stranger. When the people retired he remained. He seemed to be familiar with the girl referred to above, and I imagined he had an affectionate attachment for her. While preparations were being made for the evening meal I had an opportunity of conversing with this young man; and among other things I asked him why he did not come a little earlier, so that he could be present at meeting. He replied that he had to carry a pair of shoes to one of his customers, and consequently could not reach here before. I said, "Do you work on the Sabbath?"

"Oh no," said he; "I finished the shoes on Saturday, but too late to deliver them."

"Then why not deliver them on Monday?" said I.

"Why, the young lady is to be married to-morrow, and she could not have sufficient patience to wait until then; she wanted to try her shoes."

"So, then, you would rather break the command of God than have that young lady's patience put to the test."

"Oh," said he, "taking those shoes home is not work; I did not work on Sunday."

Said I, "What do you suppose is the full amount of profit you have derived from making those shoes? After paying for the leather, thread, wax, and rent of shop and use of tools, what is the amount of your clear profit?"

"Well," he said, "something less than one dollar."

"Well, now," said I, "you keep close watch of your business this week, and see if you do not lose that amount, or more, before the week closes. Some one may leave who is in debt to you, or you may break tools to that amount, or you may be sick, or you may in some way lose more than that amount of time."

He agreed to the proposal, and said he would observe how matters went with him during the week and let me know the result. On my return, in two weeks, I learned that the young man had been there the previous Sunday and said he wished Mr. Pegler would come and take the curse off of him, for he had not done a day's work in the past week; had been sick most of the time. And such would be the result with most if not all who think they are gaining time by violating the fourth commandment.

CHAPTER XXII.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH
—INTERVIEW WITH MY SUPERINTENDENT IN REFERENCE TO
MY UNITING WITH THAT CHURCH — LONG ABSENCE FROM
HOME TENDED TO EMBARRASS MY BUSINESS — URGED TO
UNITE WITH THE CONFERENCE—GIVE UP MY BUSINESS AND
WAS ORDAINED ELDER.

We still continued our business in the store, and had to increase the variety to accommodate our customers; and while we only commenced with a few groceries, we now had an assortment of dry goods and crockery and some hardware. I had hitherto been prompt in meeting my payments, which I considered the very life of business. My credit was good in the city, and I could obtain any reasonable amount of goods; but still I always thought it best to move with the utmost prudence and care, and was ever fearful of being too deeply involved in debt.

One day while away from home I happened to see a little book in a house where I was visiting, and on opening it at the title-page I read, "Doctrine and Discipline of the Methodist Protestant Church." It was the first of the kind I had ever seen, and knew not until then that there was such a denomination in the country. I borrowed the book and took it home for perusal and examination. After much prayer and some close thinking by my wife and myself, we concluded that the usages and polity of that denomination coincided with our views, as we understood them; and should I ever offer myself as an itinerant to an annual conference it would be among that people, if I could find them. A short time after this I heard of one of their ministers having an appointment about twenty miles distant. I made arrangements for an interview, and agreed to attend their next quarterly

meeting. Here, after some deliberation, and acquaintance formed with them, I consented to unite with their quarterly conference as soon as I could do so in an orderly and proper manner. I went to the city in order to inform our superintendent of my intentions, and to request him to supply my place on the mission.

We entered very freely and candidly into the merits of the case. He appeared quite loath to have me leave the work, and frankly said he knew of no one he could find to fill my place. He said the mission was not self-supporting, and was too far from any circuit to be supplied on the plan, and that the local brethren on the circuit were all men in business and could not devote the time the mission would require. I told him that our people were entirely unorganized, that is, in the Wesleyan view of order we were simply a class or classes, but no church and no ordinances. I was not ordained; neither could I be while in my present situation. I was in business and was married, and such could not be admitted into the conference; and none but members of conference could administer the ordinances. And besides this, there was no annual conference in Lower Canada. At that time the ministers were all missionaries, and received their ordination, as well as their appointments, from England, and were amenable to the conference in that country. Something should be done for the people that God had given me. I had labored long and hard on a soil hitherto unbroken with the gospel plow, and gathered seventy or more into classes; and we had waited long to be recognized as a Christian church. We were Methodists, and did not wish to unite with any other denomination, but at present we were at sea without sails or helm. True, many of our people were poor, but that was not true of all; and if we had a regular minister with ordinary talent,—in both of which I was deficient,—I had no doubt that more influential persons would give us countenance, and the mission would soon become self-supporting.* I further informed him

*At the present time there are three circuits and more than twenty Wesleyan chapels on the mission where I labored alone forty years ago.

that many of our people had frequently urged me to perform the ordinance of baptism, and some would willingly receive the Lord's-supper from my hands, but I invariably assured them that I would be no party to such disorder. I told him I should use no improper, unchristian influence to induce any member to follow my example, but in view of future labor and usefulness I intended, if the way opened, to place myself in a position in which I could obey the last command of the great Head of the church, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." I remarked that baptism was coupled with preaching; and I believed when God honored any of his servants who preached the gospel with the conversion of souls he would not be displeased should that servant apply water to the convert according to the command referred to. But I had used none of these things, neither would I attempt to violate any rule of the Wesleyan body while I remained a member.

He said he regretted very much that circumstances were of such a nature that I must leave the connection, and wished that I would remain until after conference met in England; perhaps that body would make an appropriation and send them a regular minister. "And then," said I, "my labors would terminate with the people whom the Lord has given me, and who still appreciate my labors, and I may turn out and break up another field for some one else to occupy. God helping me, I will not submit to such a yoke." He assured me he could do nothing for me or my mission, or, as far as he could see, render us any help, not even spend a week with us and baptize the children; also stating that if I seceded probably the classes would go with me. Such was the interview I had with our chief pastor. The interview lasted nearly half a day. I left him, rejoicing that I was a free citizen of God's commonwealth.

I informed the brethren of my interview with the preacher in Montreal, and of my future intentions, and told them not

to let my action in the premises bias their minds ; that I had received them into the Wesleyan class in good faith, and desired them still to remain there, provided it was their home, and they could maintain a good conscience toward God by a continual neglect of his ordinances. I stated that the Methodist Protestant Church was in every essential Methodist, both in doctrine and usages, but in my opinion more liberal toward the local preachers and laity, and more in accordance with rights of the commonwealth of Israel. The result of this conference with the brethren on my mission was that we all united with the Methodist Protestant Church, and were recognized by the president of the conference as a circuit. I was appointed superintendent, and at the next conference, in Parishville, State of New York, I was ordained deacon. This was in 1834, when the Methodist Protestant Church in northern New York and Lower Canada was very feeble, embracing only about five circuits,—three in the northern part of the state and two in the lower province of Canada. I was continued another year in the same relation and on the same field. My calls to other places were numerous ; and my labors were so much extended and I had to preach so often that I was detained from home several weeks at a time. In those days we had to preach nearly every day in the week in the country places. This of course threw a great and additional burden on my wife, whose health had for years been delicate.

We lived only thirty miles from the city where we procured our goods, and much of the way was passed on a steamboat. We could go to the city and return with a wagon load of goods the same day, and consequently did not need to keep a large stock on hand. This made our visits to the city frequent, but at the same time as frequently required my presence at home, to keep up our stock. Often for many days we would be out of some leading articles, which proved very perplexing and annoying to our customers, and of course detrimental to our business. At such times my wife had no means of supplying those deficiencies until my return. The

consequence was, many were not a little discommoded, and our business was put in jeopardy. In those days we had not the mode of communication as now. We had nothing but the common highway, and that generally in the most primitive style.

As my labors increased in the Lord's vineyard, in the same proportion were our business transactions multiplying at home, so that the burden became too heavy for my little wife to bear. At length she said I must do one of two things,—give up the itinerancy and attend to my business, or close the store and devote my time entirely to the work of the ministry. This certainly was reasonable, as she was often alone for three or more weeks at a time, with much money in the house, and no protection against the burglar but a pane of glass. But this did not disturb her in the least, for she was a stranger to slavish fear while in the path of duty. But the question was, did duty require her to immolate herself on the altar of mammon. As said before, our business had materially increased, and her close confinement to the store was impairing her health. Something must be done; and just here the question lay, "What is duty?" We knew of no better course than to carry the question to a throne of grace. This was our old resort in former difficulties, and we had proof in many instances that God was a present help in every time of need. We had no doubt he was able to make our way plain. He had done so in former days, and we had the utmost confidence that he would direct our course in the present emergency. We agreed to go into different rooms and lay the case before our heavenly Father and plead with him for direction, and with simple, child-like faith cast all our care upon him who had promised to direct our paths. I do not wish to convey to the reader, nor would I desire to have him imagine, that we were enthusiastic, or fanatical. We did not expect to obtain an end without the proper use of legitimate means; neither did we expect to hear an audible voice directing us into the way we should take to lead us out of our present embarrassing

condition; and much less did we believe that every impression made upon the mind is of divine origin; but we did most religiously believe that we conscientiously desired to know the will of God, and to do whatever we did to his glory; and seeing now that worldly interest seemed to stand in contact with what previously appeared to be duty, we most assuredly believed that the God whom we loved and served, and whose cause had our warmest affections, would enlighten our simple and unbiased minds and make our path of duty plain. After waiting upon our heavenly Father in secret, in separate rooms, as above stated, we expected to have him reward us openly; and praise to his name forever, he did not disappoint us. We met and compared notes, and my beloved wife received as an answer, "Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end shall greatly increase; and whatsoever is set upon thy table shall be full of fatness." To my earnest entreaties at a throne of grace my heavenly Father assured me that he would be "my munition of rocks; my bread should be given me, and my water should be sure;" and, "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

These sweet and precious promises were powerfully applied to our truly anxious minds, waiting as they were to know, and then to do or suffer, the will of God. In addition to this, there was a loud call from without. The people among whom I labored, as well as the conference to which I had lately attached myself, were continually urging me to give myself up to the work of the ministry, and abandon my worldly employment and depend on the naked promises of God and the generosity of his people. With such a combination of circumstances we honestly thought we could not be mistaken, and concluded, though with many fears as to our fitness for the great responsibility we were about to assume, to do what evidently appeared to be our duty and in the fear and love of God go forward. We dare not do otherwise; for though we were perfectly solvent and our prospects in our business

encouraging, even flattering, yet to act the part of Jonah might speedily prove disastrous, and not only involve us in pecuniary difficulties but also jeopardize our happiness on earth and our hopes of heaven. Some, perhaps, may be disposed to question our interpretation of the indications of Divine Providence in the present case with the conclusion we formed in similar indications three years previously, when we thought the way was open to commence mercantile business. It should be remembered that then we were strangers in the country, and out of employment, and nothing better, or even as good, presented itself; and the generous kindness of friends forbade us to take any other course. And besides, at that time I was in a special manner wholly unfit for the work to which it would now seem I was providentially called. In my opinion it was the method that God appointed to fit and prepare me for the important position into which I was about to enter. I had been permitted a relaxation from hard and laborious toil, in which I had little time for study or improvement of mind. But my three years of missionary labor had been a good school to me; I had learned something, and in the opinion of others had materially improved.

In looking back over the past forty years I am convinced that in neither case did we miss our providential way, but in both cases followed in the track in which our heavenly Father would have us go,—the one to prepare and the other to accomplish some little good in the world.

With these views fully settled in our minds we called an auction and sold most of our remnants, except what we thought would be useful to ourselves. We repaired to the annual conference with light hearts and cheerful minds, willing to do or endure, as the Lord saw best. We did not take this step in hopes of bettering our condition pecuniarily, or expect more ease or self-indulgence. We were accustomed to labor, and knew something about privations; and the last three years had taught us that the itinerancy would not al-

ways lead through a path strewed with roses, neither should we always find a bed of down to rest our weary limbs upon. We knew something of the rugged way others had trod, and by the grace of God we nerved ourselves for the conflict.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ATTENDED ANNUAL CONFERENCE—ORDAINED ELDER—APPOINTED TO TURIN CIRCUIT—SOME FEARS IN REGARD TO MY FITNESS FOR THE FIELD ASSIGNED ME—ARDUOUS LABOR—LUTHER LEE WITH HIS COLLEAGUE ATTENDED OUR FIRST QUARTERLY MEETING—ATTENDED A METHODIST EPISCOPAL CAMP-MEETING AT REQUEST OF LUTHER LEE—KIND RECEPTION—LUDICROUS INTERVIEW WITH BROTHER GREEN.

As stated in a former chapter, we (wife and self) repaired to Parishville, St. Lawrence County, New York, to attend the annual conference. Our delegate from Lower Canada was instructed to request my return for another year, but an aged preacher whom I had never seen before laid his plans to have me stationed on the circuit where he resided. He told the president that he came from Lewis County, Black River country; that they had organized a circuit, and he had come more than a hundred miles to get a preacher to go back with him, and would not be satisfied without one. He said he would like that brother who had a face similar to a full moon—pointing to me; for I was still ruddy and fresh, with an unusual glow of health, and as yet retained my rubicund English countenance.

The president of the conference asked him about the circuit he represented. He informed the president that it embraced the county of Lewis, and contained five members, including

himself, but I would have to travel through six towns to find them. "But," said he, "the country is wealthy and intelligent, and there is plenty of material to make more members." Inquiry was made as to a preacher's support. He replied that God had given him a little property, and he would pay \$100.00 and do all the begging necessary to obtain the remainder. "If the brother," said he, "will faithfully labor and preach as well as he did last night,—do the work of an evangelist and visit the brethren,—I will attend to his wants, and pledge myself that his family shall not suffer." The president said, "What do you say, Bro. Pegler; will you go?" I replied, "Yes, sir; I will go to Africa, or anywhere else the conference will send me. If they will bear my expenses to the field, I am not afraid of support. But first of all, I must be released by my delegate; the Canada brethren will require a good reason for my removal." It was finally arranged that they would lend me for one year to serve in the United States, but I must return at the next conference. Before that time arrived a division of the conference was effected,—Lower Canada became a new conference,—and I never returned to labor or live among them. I soon reached my new and united field, with many sad misgivings about my adequate abilities or fitness to preach to the enlightened people of the State of New York. My acquaintance with the citizens was very limited. All those with whom I had conversed represented the state as being far in advance of Canada in point of intelligence and civilization; much was said about their liberty and free schools; and I had serious doubts about my competence to meet their expectations. True, we had grave suspicions about their honesty and integrity; and the name Yankee—as all from the states were usually called—was synonymous with trickery and smart practice. The many Yankee tricks played upon the Canadians by the sharpers who lived on and beyond our southern borders gave us no favorable view of their character. Many who came to Canada to settle were persons of no great reputation. Some had come to find an asylum from

the pursuit of civil officers, others to sell wooden nutmegs or something else of equal value. Others had left a wife and children, and palmed themselves upon the public as single men, and wooed and wedded the gullible girls who thought it romantic to win an imported husband. I own these were vulgar prejudices; but they existed nevertheless, and nothing short of an actual residence among them could disabuse our minds and dissipate our fears. Of course no intelligent person would judge a whole people by a few rough specimens; but prejudice will deceive both the eye and the mind. But aside from this, we felt sure that the people of the Union were more refined and popular than our present neighbors, and were fearful that my comparatively uncultivated manners and lack of ministerial ability, which indeed might be enduring in some sort among rustics where I had of late principally ministered, might not be accepted among persons of more refined tastes, and who were accustomed to sit under an accomplished and educated ministry. In due time we reached our circuit, and, not without fear, commenced our routine of labor. We hired apartments in a house in Lowville, owned by a widow lady of the Society of Friends; and she proved to us strangers a friend indeed.

We had as yet but one appointment on the circuit, and that was in the district where we lived; but I commenced a series of visiting and preaching through the country. I was invariably treated as a minister of the gospel, though a foreigner, and found a kind reception from many warm hearts.

I soon had a chain of fifteen appointments for every fourteen days, preaching three times each Sabbath and four or five times during the week; and before the year closed I had five classes on the circuit—just the number of members I had to commence with. It should be remembered that forty years ago it was not as difficult to gather a congregation for worship on a week evening as it is now. People had not so much to occupy their minds as now. Lectures, and sight-seeing, and balls, and parties were not as numerous then as now, and people

were more free to talk on religious matters. Sociables, as they are called, and dime and mite and neck-tie parties were not known in the church in those days; and perhaps it might be as profitable for the spirituality of the church if they never had existed.

The year, in the main, was profitable, especially in spiritual matters. I attended three camp-meetings and held a number of four days' meetings, some in the grove as well as in other places; and more than one hundred persons professed to find salvation at my several appointments, most of whom united with the church. My first quarterly meeting was held in Lowville, on the same circuit where Rev. Luther Lee was preaching, having for his colleague Bro. Green, a young man recently from an institution of learning. To my great surprise they both attended our meeting on Saturday; and while we had a large congregation of hearers for a week day, yet we had but three male members on the entire circuit, one of whom was sick and not in attendance. Our president, who ought to have been with us, was also absent, and all the labor as well as management devolved on me, who had but little experience in ecclesiastical matters. I had only a few weeks previously been elected elder, and consequently it was the first time I ever had charge of a quarterly meeting or officiated at the Lord's table. On Saturday, in view of those ministers being present, I entered the desk with much diffidence, if not fear, and tried to deliver my message with as much confidence and authority as I could command. And while trusting to the blessed Jesus to give me aid in doing the work of an under-shepherd, I found him near and very precious. He gave me favor in the sight of the people, and our meeting was deemed a success. After the public exercises, it was announced that we would attend to the business of our quarterly conference. To my great chagrin, and some confusion, Mr. Lee and his colleague both remained, as I thought, "to spy out the nakedness of the land." We had, as I stated, but two male members present, besides myself. One was elected

chairman and one secretary, and the other composed the body of the conference.

I apologized as well as I could for the paucity of our number for Bro. Lee's sake,—who I perceived was somewhat amazed at our movements,—and said, “Unfortunately one third of the members of our quarterly conference are sick and could not attend, and this must account, at least in part, for the meager attendance to-day.” Whether he saw through this little pleasantry I know not, neither did I inquire, but I thought by his appearance he looked upon us as not a very formidable body. We then proceeded with the form of discipline, which required not less than three stewards,—and we had just that number,—but how to appoint the advisory committee, which the discipline required should consist of five members, we were at a loss to determine. All we could do was to appoint the two who were present, and the sick brother who was absent, and promised to fill up the vacancy at a future day.

Brother Lee (now Dr. Luther Lee) and myself often exchanged civilities during the year; and he always treated me with Christian courtesy, which is more than can be truthfully said of his colleague or others of his fraternity on my new circuit with whom I frequently came in contact. In the village of Martinsburgh, the county seat, the Methodist Episcopal Church had a good meeting-house, but the society, from some cause, had run down, and, I believe, disbanded. This place was within the bounds of Bro. Lee's charge, but the house for some time had been closed. We had formed a class in that neighborhood, and desired a place in which to hold our quarterly meeting. Through the influence of Bro. Lee the request was granted by the board of trustees. He then gave me a cordial invitation to assist him at a camp-meeting he was about to hold in the town of Watson. I remarked that if he merely asked me out of courtesy I must refuse, as I had enough to do on my own charge, but if he was really in need of ministerial help I would go. He assured me it was only a kind of neighborhood concern;

that only two circuits were interested in it, and only four preachers, besides a few local brethren, and my help would be appreciated. Accordingly I went; and I was treated with kindness and cordiality, and mingled with the preachers in their tent.

After I had preached the first time on the ground I was invited by Bro. Lee to take tea. At the table he inquired of me how the preachers in the English Wesleyan Conference were stationed. I told him by a committee of one from each district, who met a little before the sitting of conference and made a rough draft of the circuits and put down the names of the preachers, subject to approval or amendment by the whole body.

He replied, "That might do in England, but the conferences in this country could not know the wants of the various charges as our bishops do."

"Why," Bro. Lee," said I, "do you not think that a similar committee—your presiding elders, for instance, who visit every charge four times in each year,—know more about the requirements of the circuits within their bounds than the bishop, who perhaps never saw the locality or people?"

He said something about the bishop's cabinet; but that, I reminded him, was extrajudicial. Bro. Lee had something to do in bringing the American Wesleyan discipline into its present shape, in reference to the appointing power of the conference—so vastly different to that of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but what his views are now in the premises I do not know.

After tea Mr. Green, the colleague of Bro. Lee, invited me to take a walk outside the camp-ground. He remarked that he had a good opinion of our English brethren; but many of the Wesleyan clergymen when they came to this country were deceived in reference to some things because they were called by different names. "For instance," said he, "the word 'Protestant' in the old country means opposition to

popery, but among Methodists in this country it means a decided hostility to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some of our English brethren are occupying as good stations as our church affords, and I regret that any should employ their talent in an obscure place. The length and breadth of the land is ours. We are the most numerous church in the United States. Our temples of worship and colleges are found in every direction, and our large book establishment furnishes annually out of its profits a large dividend toward superannuated preachers. The American people are very excitable; they are apt to run after new things; but in a short time they sober down. It is useless to oppose our church; we are strong and stable; and the excitement caused in Baltimore by a few disaffected men will die out, and the people will inquire for the old paths."

He did not ask me to unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church; but I was wonderfully amused at the glowing description he gave of the church of his choice, and could not help thinking about the loaves and fishes, and whether there was any bread and butter connected with the question. I was enlightened, too, at the term he used in speaking of the English preachers. He called them "clergymen," a term we never thought to aspire after, but were quite willing to have it monopolized by those in orders in the established church. When Bro. Green had finished his eulogy of his church, and his timely and friendly cautions to me, we turned in our ramble toward the camp-ground, and pulling aside my shirt collar I asked him if he saw any scar on my neck.

He looked and said, "No."

"Well," said I, "Bro. Green, you have entertained me well, and given me considerable information which may be of use in the future; will you allow me to make the application?" I said, "I will relate a fable as appropriate to the occasion. Once upon a time a fine-looking dog of the mastiff breed was passing over a common near the edge of the woods, when a lean, lank wolf came suddenly upon him. Observing his fat and sleek condition, the wolf said:

“‘Why, Tray, how fat you are; where do you live?’

“‘Oh,’ said Tray, ‘at that large house beside the common.’

“‘What do you live on?’ said the wolf.

“‘Oh,’ said Tray, ‘broken victuals from the table, or anything my master chooses to give me.’

“‘Is your master fond of dogs; and do you think he would employ me?’ said the wolf.

“‘I think he would,’ said Tray.

“‘Well,’ said the wolf, ‘hurry on, for I am dreadful hungry.’

“Tray, at the suggestion, quickened his pace. The wolf observed something unusual on his neck, and inquired what it was.

“‘Oh,’ said Tray, ‘it is nothing but a scar.’

“‘A scar,’ said the wolf; ‘what is that?’

“‘Why,’ said Tray, ‘the mark of a collar which my master puts around my neck at night.’

“‘Oh, you don’t have your liberty then?’ said the wolf.

“‘Why no,’ said Tray, ‘I have got to mind my master and do as he commands or he would flog and perhaps starve me.’

“‘Oh, is that it?’ said the wolf. ‘Good-by, Tray; you may have your fat living and slavery, but give me liberty if I have to endure hunger,’ and the wolf again sought his lair.”

Bro. Green made no reply.

Bro. Lee had just published his work on Universalism, which in my judgment did great credit to his theological acumen and rendered an essential service to the cause of evangelical piety; and it richly merits the approval of all who love sound divinity. He at that time stood quite high in public estimation; and the cause of human freedom, both in church and state, owes him a debt of gratitude. He was a master workman, and few would dare to oppose him with any hope of success while enforcing truth and duty. I have often thanked God that he gave to his cause a Luther Lee. The infant and much-abused cause of Wesleyanism needed his clear head and powerful pen; and most nobly he did the

work. He fought many a hard battle in freedom's cause; and while, like myself, he is enjoying a green old age (we are nearly equal in years), I pray his fruit may yet abound. And whichever of us shall first depart, may he be permitted to welcome the other to the shining shore.

CHAPTER XXIV.

REMOVED TO PIERREPONT AND NORFOLK CIRCUIT—MASONIC RULE
IN PARISHVILLE—PROGRESS IN THE ANTISLAVERY CAUSE—
CONFERENCE IN PIERREPONT.

Such was the success of the work and the increase of membership on this new circuit the first year, that it was deemed best to hold our annual conference within its bounds; and one of our most talented preachers was appointed as my successor. From the Turin Circuit we were removed to Pierrepont and Norfolk Circuit, in St. Lawrence County, in 1836,—quite a laborious charge. I had appointments in the several towns of Pierrepont, Parishville, Norfolk, Canton, Madrid, Merrinna, and Potsdam. Many of them, however, were week-evening appointments. The circuit contained a noble class of men and women, chiefly from the Green Mountain State, and our four years' labor among them was both agreeable and profitable. At the time I was in St. Lawrence County the Masonic question was before the people for discussion. Antimasonry, however, was in the ascendancy in most localities, but in other places it was the reverse; and party lines were drawn pretty closely.

About that time the subject of antislavery was introduced, which together with the question of temperance, and mutual rights of ministers and laymen, made tolerably warm times for those who were engaged on the side of reform.

The Congregational and Baptist churches throughout the county were well tinctured with Antimasonic sentiments, and few, if any, would employ an adhering Mason for their pastor, while it was well known that the circuits of the Methodist Episcopal Church were in quite a different condition, owing to the fact that those circuits had no voice, directly or indirectly, in the choice of their ministers.

It was freely admitted and seldom denied that most of the circuits and stations in the county were supplied with pastors who belonged to the mystic tie. This state of things caused much dissatisfaction among many worthy members of the church who had labored hard and expended much of their means to build up the cause of Methodism, as they believed it to be identical with the cause of God. But Masonry they looked upon as being an innovation, an exotic that required much time and attention from its admirers—time and labor which they thought, according to contract, belonged to the cause of God. Besides, they were told that it was a moral and religious institution. But many of its members who were in good standing were men of the vilest and most profane character; and on their gala days, or on grand review, many of these vile persons occupied posts of honor and authority.

This was a revival in religious matters that caused great affliction in many deeply-pious hearts, and they longed and labored and prayed for deliverance. They saw the increasing power for usefulness of those churches around them which had thrown off this dreadful and impious fraud on religion, and began to inquire, "What shall we do?" In the Parishville charge the members of the quarterly conference, after much prayer and deliberation, concluded that as American citizens they had at least one right left, namely, the right of petition; and they prudently thought they would exercise that right before taking any further decisive course. Accordingly a petition was drawn up, couched in the most respectful terms, and addressed to the bishop, or whoever might preside at their next annual

conference. The petition set forth the facts that the Baptists and Congregationalists, and perhaps some other orders of Christians, had taken an Antimasonic position, and in consequence had drawn many of their (the petitioners') members away; that our congregations had very much decreased of late in many places, and some of the points had to be abandoned because it was notorious that many of our preachers belonged to the secret fraternity. They therefore humbly prayed the bishop and the conference to take into their wise and prudent consideration the peculiar and delicate circumstances in which they were placed, and send them as their future pastor a man of known Antimasonic sentiments. This petition was signed by seventeen names, embracing the entire quarterly conference except the preacher in charge, and was duly forwarded to its destination.

In due time the annual conference met and finished its business, and adjourned; and soon the new preacher arrived on the circuit.

The first person called upon was Bro. Goodale, one of the stewards, and whose name headed the aforesaid petition. After introducing himself, and Bro. Goodale had taken care of his horse, he said, "Bro. Goodale, I believe you sent a petition to conference requesting an Antimasonic preacher."

To which Bro. Goodale replied, "I did sign a petition of that sort, and I suppose that you are one of the kind we desire."

With apparent warmth and much emphasis he replied, "No, sir; I am an adhering Mason, and intend to remain so."

Said Mr. Goodale, "Well, I think the bishop paid but little regard to our humble and reasonable request."

Said he, "The bishop desired to let you know, sir, that it is none of your concern, and of the highest impertinence for you to interfere with his prerogative. You have no right to give him instructions in making out the appoint-

ments; he is not amenable to you for the discharge of his duty."

"Good," said Bro. Goodale. "Then I suppose if the good and humble bishop sends us preachers to suit himself he will support them, won't he?"

Said Mr. B., the preacher, "Won't you support me?"

The reply was, "No."

Said the preacher, "Will you not attend my meetings and hear me preach?"

"No, not if you are a Freemason."

The preacher then said, "Will you let me remain over night with you?"

"Yes. As *a man* you are welcome to what the house affords, but not as a minister of the gospel. I will do nothing that can be construed into an acknowledgment of you as a Christian minister while you retain your standing in a Freemason's lodge."

He then addressed Sister Goodale, one of the meekest of women, and asked her if she would hear him preach.

She replied, "How can I sit under the ministry of a man who believes it right to cut another's throat from ear to ear because he reveals a secret?"

He then requested his horse, and went through the class and neighborhood and met with a similar reception. At his first appointment only a few persons were present except those who belonged to the mystic order. He then from a list in his hand read the names of the absent members, and declared them all excluded from the church for unchristian conduct. The brethren thus summarily excommunicated called a meeting of the expelled members, and organized into an independent Methodist Church and appointed their officers. They chose one of the local preachers as their pastor, and held their meetings for worship regularly.

A few weeks after this the presiding elder visited the circuit and informed Mr. B., the preacher in charge, that he had exceeded his authority; that he had no right to expel

members in full connection without a trial. At his next visit to Parishville he read in again all those persons who he had read out a few weeks ago, and declared them members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and he cited them all for trial on a given day for "unchristian and disorderly conduct, and rejecting the ordinances of the gospel." Of course the expelled brethren paid no attention to this zigzag and ridiculous action. Having received the thundering bull of excommunication, they were willing to remain under its ban and abide its consequences. The preacher went to Stockholm, many miles away, and selected three persons whom he could depend upon as a committee to sit on the trial.

On the appointed day, all being in readiness, Mr. B. himself appeared as prosecutor. He acted as sheriff, by appointing the jury; was judge, by explaining the law; was attorney, to examine witnesses and plead for a verdict; and, finally, was executioner, to carry out the sentence he himself had dictated. In the case of Sister Brown: she was expelled for her looks. It was given in testimony by the preacher that he called Bro. Brown to ascertain if he would obey the order of the church and receive and support the minister duly appointed to the circuit, and he replied that he would not support an adhering Mason.

"I then," said he, "turned and asked Sister Brown if she had anything against me. She made no reply, but *looked* as though she was in league with her husband." And for this she was expelled from the church. Tell it not in Gath that we have in free and enlightened America an evangelical church whose ministers are clothed with such tremendous powers over the laity. I do not think it generous or courteous to charge a whole body of Christians with the delinquencies and absurd conduct of one man; but I fail to see wherein Mr. B. violated the discipline in a single instance, excepting the expulsion of members in full connection without trial. The preacher had the undoubted right

to select the committee from any part of the circuit he might choose. He had the right to present the charge, and a right to preside at the trial; had the right to explain and enforce law, to give his testimony, and to carry out the verdict of the committee. And should that verdict be contrary to his wishes, he had the power, according to the provisions of the discipline, to set it aside and carry the case to a higher tribunal, composed chiefly of men of his own appointment, and give the case a rehearing. The brethren who were accused and cited to trial sent a delegate to protest against his proceedings, stating a denial of his jurisdiction; that they accepted of his first sentence of exclusion from his church, and were now members of a different denomination and should pay no attention to his present mode of procedure. But this availed nothing. The farce was proceeded with, and the seventeen signers of the petition, and their wives, were in due Methodist form expelled. Soon after this they heard of the Methodist Protestant Church, and employed one of their preachers; and they thus became an integral part of that denomination. Soon after this I was appointed to labor among this people; and I found them to be in general a holy and God-fearing community; as much inclined to order and as deeply engaged for the conversion of sinners and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom as any people I ever served. In 1837 our conference was held in Pierrepont, within the bounds of the circuit where I had lived and labored the previous year.

During the year my humble services were in considerable demand, not only in preaching to our organized churches but in regions beyond, breaking up new ground and forming classes, and also, with the aid of others, endeavoring to disseminate antislavery truth. We formed antislavery societies in many parts of the county; and the whole county of St. Lawrence was considerably waked up to the cause of human rights. Our efforts were arduous, and so well directed that in a very few years the county stood in the front rank of all

the counties in the State of New York in the cause of emancipation. Our principal labor then was to circulate antislavery literature and documents, procure signers to petitions to congress to abolish slavery in the territories and the federal district, and to suppress the internal slave-trade. We did not act in reference to slavery as it existed in the several states at that time, but we desired to secure to the panting and outraged fugitive a trial by jury, if claimed as owing service or labor in another state. As matters then stood the people of the North were compelled to act as watch-dogs or blood-hounds for the South, and arrest and confine the stray human chattles of the lordly dealer in the bodies and souls of men. On one occasion we held a meeting about ten miles from Ogdensburgh, a considerable town on the banks of the St. Lawrence River; and at this place was a ferry to Upper Canada, where many fugitives had found refuge. Near the place of the lecture was a country post-office. The post-master was known as being pro-slavery, and wanted nothing to do with the niggers. The day after our meeting a black man called on this post-master to inquire for work, stating that he was out of money and would like to work a few days for a little, if he only could get half wages. The post-master employed him, and told him to work on his wood-pile; and while doing so the stage drove up and threw off the mail-bag. The mail was soon exchanged and the stage started on the way. A few minutes after, the post-master discovered a letter lying on the floor, which in exchanging the mail he had dropped. The stage had gone too far to be recalled, and the letter must remain until the next day. It was directed to the post-master at Ogdensburgh, and in the end was crowded a slip from a newspaper. Curiosity prompted him to see what it contained. To his surprise it described the negro who was at work on his wood pile, and offered one hundred dollars for his apprehension. He called the man into the house and read the paper to him, and inquired if that meant him. (I ought to have said that in those

times letters were not put in envelopes, so it was easy to put a small slip of paper in the end of a letter.) To the inquiry made the negro said, "Yes; that is my master's name."

"Well," said he, "what shall I do? I have an opportunity to make one hundred dollars."

"Do," said the negro; "why, massa, do as you would have me do if you was in my place and I in yours."

"Well said," replied the post-master; "I will do that very thing." He called upon his wife for a loaf of bread and some meat, and bid the negro harness up his horse. He then drove down the river some miles below Ogdensburg, where was another ferry, gave the poor fellow a little change, and saw him safe into the queen's dominion, where he would be secure from Democratic slavery.

I can not say what influence our meetings of the previous evening had upon the mind of this Democratic post-master; but certain it is, he performed a deed that no humane heart will condemn.

Forty years ago little was known at the extreme North of the horrors of American slavery, and we were often astonished at the apparent ignorance in regard to the nature of the slave system. There were but few that seemed to understand the power of northern influence employed for its support, nor the guilt of the non-slave-holding states for its existence and atrocities. Both Whigs and Democrats were bidding high for southern votes, and each party was trying to outvie the other in bowing to the behests of the southern masters.

The churches, too, were in close alliance with their southern brethren, and ready to ostracize all who would call in question the validity of slave-holding religion. There were in the South, we were told, as good and pious men as those in the North, and much better than their declaimers, who knew nothing of the institution of slavery, nor the circumstances in which slave-holders were placed. These Christians told us that they held their slaves for the slaves' good, and

assured us that the institution was purely patriarchal; that slavery had always existed since the days of Noah; that God had not only sanctioned, but enjoined slavery; that American slavery was of the mildest type that ever existed; that masters held their slaves not for their own benefit or profit, but because the poor creatures could not take care of themselves; that they would be glad to free them if they could, but a responsibility rested upon them to take care of them, and they were better provided for and fared better than many poor at the North.

It was confidently affirmed by the apologist at the North that these good brethren would not lie, nor misrepresent facts, and they were confident that slavery, as we represented it, was a myth, the product of a wild and fiery imagination, and had no existence save in the muddled brain of a frenzied, meddling Abolitionist. We were esteemed as disorganizers, fanatics, false accusers, disunionists, and traitors. In fact no epithet was considered too base or too vulgar to apply to any person who would advocate the equal rights of all persons, and who sought to carry out the fundamental law of the United States. We were told that the most learned men in the country, both in church and state, were either apologists for slavery or openly approved of it, or at any rate were silent about what we called its enormities, which certainly would not be the case if slavery was the vile thing as set forth in our writings and letters.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

February, 1836. Our annual conference was held in the Baptist church in Lowville, and has just finished its labors and adjourned. We are to be removed to Pierrepont and

Norfolk, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. We had less harmony than was desired. Many love to have pre-eminence, and wish to be called rabbi. But God can make the wrath of man to praise him. There is much human nature in man; and old Adam still peeps out from the heart, even among preachers. Lord, save me from improper ambition.

"Let me into nothing fall,
And Christ be all in all."

February, 15. After a long and cold journey we reach Pierrepont, where a house is prepared for us; and the brethren appear to be very kind. I find the good Lord better than my fears. Congregations large and attentive; but this is all new. "Let not him that putteth on the armor boast like him that putteth it off."

March 12. Prospects are brightening. "But it is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." I have had to engage a young preacher, Bro. Henry Miles, to assist me in the work; and we have reason to bless God that the work is still progressing. Last Sunday I formed a new class of seven members, in a place where no class or church ever existed before. "O Jesus, ride on until all are subdued."

March 20. Last Monday night, after preaching, five persons presented themselves for prayers, and seemed to be much in earnest. Many more appear to be on the way. Lord, the work is thine; "let the time to favor Zion come." Visited a poor Universalist woman apparently lying at the point of death. She finds that her former views and reliance afford her no support or comfort in this trying hour. She seems to be earnestly engaged for salvation. Her husband, also, is an inquirer after truth; has renounced his former long-cherished doctrine of the unconditional salvation of all men, and appears anxious to secure a hope in Christ. God grant that they may obtain mercy.

April 2. Visited the sick woman referred to above and found her enjoying a measure of the love of God; but her evidence is not as bright as could be desired, or that is her privilege. It appears that some Calvinists and Universalists have been troubling her with their notions and strange doctrines. So true it is "that extremes meet." What a noble fraternity! Calvinists and Universalists unite to unsettle the feeble mind of a sick woman! But then "many love darkness rather than light;" and "misery loves company." May God defeat them. I believe both her and her husband will soon find deliverance from the guilt of sin. Last evening I preached on the new birth from John iii. 7. Hope it was not a lost opportunity. Many wept, and some rejoiced.

April 3. To-day I received by mail a challenge to meet the Rev. Wm. C. Mason in a public debate, on the veracity or truthfulness of a certain pamphlet I published last year while on Turin Circuit, entitled, "A Concise View of the Principal Differences that Exist in the Government and Usages of the Wesleyan Methodist, Methodist Episcopal, and Methodist Protestant Churches: from Authentic Documents." I intend, by the help of God, to accept the challenge, and hope to be able to sustain the position I have taken in said pamphlet. I am waiting upon the Lord to prepare me for this conflict, and hope that nothing will be done or said by either party to wound the cause of Christ.

May 4. The debate above referred to came off on the 2d instant. My opponent agreed with me to leave the merits of the case to a committee of five disinterested men. He chose two and myself two, and they chose the fifth. The place of meeting was Deer River, near Fort Covington, the Rev. Mr. Foster, Presbyterian minister, as moderator. It was agreed that the discussion should be confined to a single paragraph of the pamphlet at a time, and each party allowed fifteen minutes for the several and each paragraph. Each time a paragraph was discussed the committee were to vote

by ballot, "sustained," or "not sustained," as they might decide. The debate continued the whole day, before a large and apparently deeply interested audience, with only a brief recess at noon. The most perfect order and decorum were maintained from 10:00 A. M., until 7:00 P. M., and every question voted upon was decided in my favor. My opponent injured his cause much in the commencement of the discussion, by dwelling on technicalities and typographical blunders; but the committee saw through the guise. He also gained nothing by promptly denying items that were palpably plain—such as the preacher in charge having the right to appoint the class-leaders, and change them at will; the bishops stationing the preachers, and consequently having the right of occupancy of the pulpit.

The legislative, judicial, and executive authority of the church vested in the itinerant ministers, and other topics equally plain, were denied by him; but his subterfuge was seen, and in the end availed him nothing. The Lord stood by me; and while my opponent had four of his itinerant brethren present to act as prompters, and who would occasionally pass a slip of paper to jog his memory, I was alone. At last I humorously asked the moderator if he would have the kindness to appoint a prompter to aid me, as my opponent had several. This had the desired effect. The meddling parties gave me a black look and retired to another part of the building.

At the commencement, I said to the committee and audience that I was in search of truth; that error would do me no good; and that as soon as I was convinced of wrong statements I stood ready to retreat. And further, in publishing my pamphlet I was not so vain as to think that my efforts would materially interfere with the prosperity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, no more than a sermon against transubstantiation would materially block the wheels of popery. My object was in my feeble way to inform those who would condescend to read my unpretentious production that other

reasons than backsliding and a love of change prompted us to adopt our present form of government.

May 24. I have been to Fort Covington since the debate, and preached to a large congregation. I received the hearty congratulation of many for my success in the late discussion, and trust the cause of reform has not been injured in this place. I am thankful for the result, but not elated.

June 14. I have under my charge what were three circuits last year; but I have a good young brother to help. My labor is severe; but, praise God, my health is good, and I have been able hitherto to attend all my appointments. I have held two quarterly meetings this month, one at Norfolk and the other at Deer River. Brother Wilkinson, our president, was with us, and the good Lord gave us a refreshing time.

During the last quarter twenty-six persons have united with the church at the different appointments, and we believe the circuit is in a healthy state.

July. This month Mrs. Pegler and myself made a visit to our friends in Lower Canada; and upon the whole we think our visit to the province was delightful and profitable. We found most of our friends in good health and spirits, and our welcome was most cordial. But some were gone. Death has been executing his mission, and a number with whom we were intimately acquainted are now in eternity. Eternity! How few consider its importance. They live here as though this is their everlasting abode.

During our visit we held a two days' meeting in company with Bro. Kelly (who is laboring on part of the work where I preached two years ago), and Bro. Sterricker, from Plattsburgh, and their excellent wives. We rejoiced to enjoy their company; but what was still better, we had the presence of the Master of assemblies in our midst, and before the meeting closed nine persons gave evidence of true conversion to God. Bless God for fruit. May God have them in his holy keeping.

Our good friends expressed a strong anxiety for our return

to them after next conference. I am in the hands of God and my brethren. We have become acclimated, and begin to enjoy ourselves better in the United States than we at first expected; and we have formed many acquaintances and feel quite at home with the people. My times are in thy hands, O Lord.

September. This month we held a camp-meeting in Norfolk. The weather was somewhat unfavorable; still we have reason to believe much good was accomplished. As far as we could ascertain about twelve persons were converted, mostly young persons. Some of them are soon to remove to the new State of Michigan. I hope they will, like Samson's foxes, scatter fire as they go. I have no doubt that the influence of this meeting will tend mightily to remove prejudice, which has long reigned in this section. Oh, when will that monster be driven to his native place. My confidence is still in the Lord of hosts, and the rectitude of our position.

October, 1836. This has been an uncommon cold season. We have had a frost in this county every month. Corn is entirely cut off in many places, potatoes are frozen in the ground, and not more than half the usual quantity will be raised. The same is true of all other crops. Fears are entertained of great scarcity and much suffering; but we hope for the best.

November. Our minds of late have been much exercised in reference to missionary enterprise. I read an account of a missionary meeting in our church in Baltimore. Twenty families of emancipated slaves, together with some other free colored people,—two of them colored preachers,—are about to remove to Liberia, on the western coast of Africa. Many of them are members of our church, and our missionary board are anxious to send a white minister with them to take charge of the mission. Bro. Collins, of Maryland, has offered to raise the funds that may be needed, if the man can be found to engage in the mission.

My soul longs to go with that sable church, from an ardent

desire to be more useful. We owe Africa an awful debt. We have spoiled her, and robbed her of her children; and the God of justice has a controversy with us for our terrible crimes. How he will demand the payment of that debt I do not know; but, as Jefferson said, "His justice will not slumber forever." I am anxious to pay my portion of the debt, by enduring for her sake the odium that is attached to an active Abolitionist, and, if need be, lay my life upon her altar and my bones in her sand.

December. My wife and myself have for some time past been prayerfully considering the question whether under our circumstances we ought to offer ourselves to the African mission. We have talked the matter over and looked at it in its various phases, and would not knowingly depart from his providential course. We know the climate is unhealthy for any but the natives; but traders and speculators venture there for the sake of gain. Shall the "children of this world be always wiser than the children of light!" Is it more noble and praiseworthy to venture health and life for gold than for stars for the Redeemer's crown!

Some one ought to go when an opening like this presents itself; and if some one does not go it is because there is no missionary life in the church. But why should *we* go? We have only been two years in the country; we are just beginning to be known by the brethren; and I have more calls to labor than I can possibly answer. There are but few in the conference who dare face the corrupt majority. I believe I am doing a noble work for the poor colored man now; and according to my abilities I am trying to avenge the wrongs of Africa. But yet the voice within says, "Go." Is it the will of God? If I were certain of this my heart would at once say, "Here am I; send me." There are some things in favor of our devoting ourselves to this work. I have been in all climates from the torrid to the frigid zone, and always enjoyed good health. I have slept on the damp earth or dewy grass for three nights in succession under an African

sky, with no clothes but shirt and trousers, and my health continued as usual. I am as likely to survive an African acclimation as any man; and possibly I may fall as quick as any man. My wife is anxious to go. She has always cultivated a missionary spirit. Though not in robust health, yet she can endure heat better than cold. Moreover, she has had much experience with children and young women,—having had charge of the juvenile class in London for more than twelve years,—and consequently might be useful on the mission. After weighing the matter thus we propose, in the fear of God, and with an ardent desire to promote the cause of the dear Redeemer, to offer ourselves to the missionary board.

December 25. To-day we wrote to the mission board at Baltimore and tendered our services for the Cape Palmas Mission, in western Africa, and sent with the letter a number of names as references. We shall of course wait with some anxiety until we receive a response. It seemed fitting to date this to us important letter on the day kept in commemoration of our Savior's birth; when our heavenly Father manifested such great love to our race; when the angels sung, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

January 1, 1837. Another year has gone into the great sea of eternity, carrying with it a sad state of neglect of duty, want of faith, indulgence of self, and criminal lukewarmness. And am I still on probation? After all my repeated provocations of my Lord's anger, does mercy still prevail? Am I now where it is possible to amend my life, quicken my steps, and glorify God? Then why not begin in good earnest? The past year has been a season marked with much mercy. We have generally had favor with the people among whom we labored, and, we hope, some success. My wife's health has been better than usual. She traveled with me much of the time, and has rendered essential service to the cause of God. Our wants, also, have been supplied, and we have

lacked no good thing. The brethren have been generous.

But I see that my short-comings have been many during the year. How much of self and self-gratulation, and sectarian feeling, vainglory, and desire for esteem and love of ease, have been mixed with my best performances! May God forgive, and make me more faithful and diligent in the future. My help is in Jesus. Good-by, old year.

February, 1837. The conference met in Pierrepont this year, nearly all the members being present. How much human nature is found in man!—even among those who preach, “Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth.” What a pity it is that those who profess to be the servants of all should, notwithstanding, desire to be called “rabbi,” and attempt to lord it over God’s heritage. So inconsistent a creature is man. We condemn in others what, when opportunity offers, we will do ourselves. I am pained to see those who are continually declaiming against the power of the clergy in the old church (and on account of which they left it) now holding a secret conclave for party purposes—using every endeavor to enact a gag law, and also trying to domineer over those who differ with them on disciplinary matters. Slavery, and a wicked ambition to lead or dictate, or else destroy, lies at the bottom; and if this state of things continue we shall soon be a by-word and reproach to all who ever wished us Godspeed. I hope the storm has spent its force. It has at present apparently subsided, but may gather again at our next session. Whatever occurs, it will be found difficult to silence the claims of humanity and liberty of speech. I was sorry to see so much vacillating. Many seem to have no power to control their own mind, but move or are stationary at the beck of others. My heart sickens at the remembrance of our folly.

My station this year is Parishville Circuit, including the towns of Potsdam, Pierrepont, Canton, and Matilda.

April 10. We have lately removed from Pierrepont to

the west part of Potsdam, as more central in my work, and where I am engaged to preach half my time on the Sabbath. This arrangement was made at the request of a number of Presbyterian brethren, who applied to our annual conference for my service and promised to furnish half my support. The conference gave its sanction, and we are here. The people are very kind and generous, and the congregation is large and intelligent. Our prospects at present are very encouraging,—and our faith is lively and active. We expect a good year. May it prove the best of our life.

We have had several communications from the Board of Foreign Missions during the past winter, all favorable to our being employed in the Cape Palmas Mission. They have written, or had interviews with our referees, and appear satisfied with the recommendations given. They desire us to hold ourselves in readiness to repair to Baltimore on short notice, when the next packet sails for Liberia. We feel grateful for these favors, and the good opinion of our brethren. Perhaps we are too anxious about this matter, but are willing to leave it with the Lord. We realize our unfitness for this vast undertaking, but hope we are only following the indications of Divine Providence.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

May, 1837. We have just received another letter from the missionary board, stating that they had just been informed by Dr. Breckinridge, the colonization agent for Maryland, that it will require one thousand dollars per annum to support a minister and his family in Africa. They had hoped that not more than five hundred dollars would be required.

This intelligence makes them pause in their missionary operations, as the church is young and feeble; and they say they wish to move cautiously, and not incur too great responsibilities.

About this time Texas rebelled against Mexico, and, under the "lone star," set up an independent government. Many of her so-called citizens were emigrants from the United States; and some, possibly, were members of our church, who of all others are great admirers of liberty. Doubtless they are anxious to have the sanction of the church and religion to their nefarious and heaven-defying cause and constitution, and so a requisition is made to this country for ministerial and missionary aid. The board writes, "A missionary cry is heard from some of our brethren in Texas. 'Come over and help us,' they say; and a majority of the board prefer Texas to Africa as missionary ground." They further say that this field is nearer home, and would be less expensive, and wish to know if we would not rather go there than to Africa. In my reply I stated that if I should consult my own ease or comfort I would remain where I am; or having this in view, should I choose missionary labor I certainly would prefer Texas as the field rather than Africa,—not only to meet the wishes of the board, but for other obvious reasons, such as climate, language, race of people, moral culture, personal associations, etc. But this was not my desire. I have for many years laid all on the altar; and my principal object has been to devote myself to the work of God, and to that part where I am most needed, and that too without consulting my own ease or emolument. A deep sense of the wrongs inflicted upon Africa by civilized nations of white men, and an ardent wish to do what I could toward repairing those wrongs, alone prompted me to offer myself to do and endure for her sake. It would be a delight to preach the everlasting gospel to her benighted sons, and emancipated slaves at Cape Palmas. This, and this alone, induced me and my wife to offer ourselves for this

service. I also stated to the board that I understood slavery was once abolished in Mexico, and throughout its entire confederacy; and that a revolution had been projected and accomplished in Texas, one object of which was to restore slavery in that state and furnish an additional market for the human chattel in our southern states.

The design doubtless was to help, as far as they could, to perpetuate this most horrid of all sins, which our founder, the man whom all Methodists delight to honor, called "the sum of all villainies," and "American slavery the worst the sun ever shone upon."

I inquired whether my appointment as a missionary in that country would imply my approval of the system of slavery; if I could have access to the black population equally with the white; if I might preach to the slaves without being obliged first to obtain their master's consent; and would I be allowed in Texas to put a Bible into the hands of any person I chose, without referring to the color of his skin or his condition in life? Again: would professing Christians deem it safe and prudent and sustain me and guaranty my life and liberty while preaching from such texts as these? "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them;" "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal;" "Ye are bought with a price; be not ye therefore the servants of men." If our honorable and venerable fathers, who doubtless love the cause of the dear Redeemer most intensely, can answer these questions in the affirmative we stand ready to go to Texas, or any other open field where our humble services may be desired, or where there is a prospect of usefulness. If the missionary board should give us light on this subject we will, by the grace of God, act accordingly.

June, 1837. We hear nothing from the missionary board. I suppose, now that they know my mind on slavery they will not employ me. How astonishing it is that men can make so many sacrifices for liberty and yet deny it to others

for no other reason than the color of their skin, or because their fathers and mothers were the victims of the most cruel outrage ever perpetrated on inoffensive and defenseless men! The people of this land are continually boasting of equal rights, and claiming the largest liberty of any nation on earth, and yet one in every six is enduring the most bitter bondage that ever fell to the lot of man. Every Fourth of July the most eloquent orators are employed to eulogize the genius of the government, and proclaim with trumpet tongue the sublime truth that "God has created all men free and equal, and endowed them with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Children at school read and become acquainted with the same theory, and ministers in their pulpits give long dissertations in declaiming against other nations because some of their subjects are deprived of the elective franchise.

We are often told that this is the freest country under heaven—and in some respects this is true; yet the great majority seem to be engaged in devising ways and means to discover the mote in their neighbor's eye, and to conceal the beam in their own. Let any man attempt practically to carry out what we so much boast of, namely, the Constitution and Declaration of Independence, and he is at once regarded as a traitor to his country and an enemy of mankind. The press and the pulpit will denounce him; his character will be traduced; and his rights will be invaded and his life endangered. I find the people are jealous of their rights and love their own liberty, but pay little regard to the moral intended to be conveyed by the Savior in the parable of the man that fell among thieves. I have counted the cost, and mean, by the help of God, to open my mouth for the dumb and plead the cause of the poor, and remember those that are in bonds as bound with them.

July. We had an excellent quarterly meeting at Pierrepont. Father Byington preached with great acceptance and much power, and the Spirit of the Lord was poured upon

the people. A number of backsliders were reclaimed, and five or six persons converted to God. To his name be the praise. An aged sister present said it was a shame to have Father Byington preach when so many preachers younger than he were present; but on the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the people she shouted, and said she was glad to find fruit to abound in old age.

My soul is stayed on the Lord, and I have a sweet assurance of his favor while recommending the Savior of sinners to dying men. I am equally happy while advocating the cause of the poor slave. Most of my brethren in this circuit are with me in sentiment; and they labor, and we ardently hope for a rich harvest.

August. We lately held a meeting in Columbia village in this county, for the purpose of organizing an antislavery society. "The floods lifted up their voices," and the ungodly strove with united strength to defeat the object; but it was all in vain, for the Lord reigns. A lawyer and a doctor were pleased to propose a coat of tar and feathers for my benefit. One offered to procure the feathers if the other would furnish the tar. But after a little consultation they concluded I was either unworthy such distinguished honor, or else it would hardly pay the cost. I happened to overhear them, and said, "I admit my unworthiness; but as to the cost, I will give you a draft on my Master, who will be sure to honor all bills drawn on him for such praiseworthy work; and you need give yourselves no uneasiness about pay, for it will certainly be rendered in due time." On hearing this they made no reply, but appeared to be somewhat ashamed, and soon left the place.

September. We had an interesting camp-meeting this month at Stockholm, and I hope the good done will not be like the morning cloud. I feel very anxious for a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord. Our brethren also appear to be earnestly laboring for the same object; so we may confidently expect to realize a fulfillment of the promise,

“Whatsoever ye shall agree to ask in my name, it shall be done unto you.” Lord, increase our faith, and stir us up to pray!

We lately held a county antislavery meeting in Potsdam. Alvan Stewart, Wm. L. Chaplin, and George Storrs were present and rendered the cause very efficient service. The Black River Conference held its annual session at the same time and in the same village. Bishop Heading presided, and gave to the conference a rehash of his famous “golden rule” address. In that address he said the right to hold a slave is founded on “whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.” Before that address was delivered a few of their préachers would drop into our convention occasionally, and speak a few soft words of encouragement, but after that they troubled us no more. I wonder if some of those preachers who are so skilled in theological questions will not at some future time blush to think that they were so easily gulled by the bishop’s sophistry.

October 15. Preached at Pierrepont, and had a large congregation. A holy, blessed influence attended the word. Several have been converted at this place lately, though it is the stronghold of Abolitionism. We found that antislavery and deep piety are very congenial; and one does not interfere with the other. On announcing my appointment for two weeks, Bro. Nathan Crary requested me to address them on antislavery that evening. I consented, and turning to his brother, Smith Crary, I asked him to compose a little poetry for the occasion.

October 22. Last night I delivered an address on American slavery at Pierrepont. After the address Wm. Case Crary, son of Nathan Crary, Jun., repeated the following poem, which had a thrilling effect upon the audience:

A VISION.

In form of a Dialogue. By O. S. Crary.

At dead of night, when others sleep,
Near hell I took my station;
And from that dungeon dark and deep
O'erheard this conversation.

Ghost.

"Hail, Prince of darkness, ever hail!
Adored be each infernal;
I came among your gang to wail,
And taste of death eternal;
To weep and howl, in endless pains,
Among your frightful legions;
To gnaw my tongue and clank my chains
In these infernal regions."

Demon.

"Where are you from," the fiend demands;
"What makes you look so frantic?
Are you from Carolina's strands,
Just west of the Atlantic?
Are you that man of blood and birth,
Devoid of human feeling;
The wretch I saw, when last on earth,
In human cattle dealing?
Whose soul, with blood and rapine stained,
With deeds of crime to dark it;
Who drove God's image, starved and chained,
To sell like beasts in market?
Who tore the infant from the breast,
That you might sell its mother?
Whose craving mind could never rest
Till you had sold a brother?
Who gave the sacrament to those
Whose chains and handcuffs rattle;
Whose backs soon after felt thy blows
More heavy than thy cattle?"

Ghost.

"I'm from the South," the ghost replies,
"And I was there a teacher;
Saw men in chains, with laughing eyes,—
I was a southern preacher!
In tasseled pulpits, gay and fine,
I strove to please the tyrants;
To prove that slav'ry is divine,
And what the Scripture warrants.
And when I saw the horrid sight,
Of slaves by tortures dying,

And told their masters all was right—
 I knew that I was lying.
 I knew the time would soon roll round
 When hell would be their portion ;
 When they in turn, in fetters bound,
 Would plow the fiery ocean ;
 That murdered ghosts would haunt them there,—
 Their hearts in pieces sever,—
 Their conscience sting, their vitals tear,
 And curse their souls forever.
 I knew all this ; and who can doubt
 I felt a sad misgiving ?
 But still, I knew if I spoke out
 That I should lose my living.
 They made me fat, they paid me well
 To preach down Abolition ;
 I slept, I died, I woke in hell—
 How altered my condition !
 I now am in a sea of fire,
 Whose fury ever rages :
 I am a slave, and can't get free,
 Through everlasting ages.
 Yes ! when the sun and moon shall fade,
 And fires the rocks dis sever,
 I must sink down beneath the shade
 And feel God's wrath forever."

The fiend heard this, and with a yell
 That made his chains to rattle,
 Resounding through the vaults of hell,
 Like to the raging battle.

" Rejoice, my friends in chains," he cried,
 " A moment leave your wailing,
 And toss your fettered arms on high,
 Our kingdom is prevailing
 With priests and politicians blest,
 Heroes renowned in story ;
 And bishops, too, among the rest,
 Have paved their way to glory."

Peal joined to peal, and yell to yell,
 Throughout those dismal regions,
 In notes that none could raise or swell
 But the infernal legions.

Wave dashed on wave with horrid glare
 Along the fiery ocean,
 And ghost and demon mingled there
 In tumult and commotion.

" How long," they cried, " how long must we,
 From hopes of pardon severed,

Sink down and plow the fiery sea?"
The answer was, "Forever!"

Our ghost stood trembling all the while
He saw the scene transpiring,
With soul aghast, and visage wild;
All hope was now retiring.

The demon cried, on vengeance bent,
"I say, in haste retire!
And you shall have a negro sent
To tend and punch the fire!"

Mr. Orange Smith Crary, the author of the above, laid no claim to be a worshiper of the Muses; and yet he was quite apt at versification, and would often "bring the house down" by his impromptu attempts to show up the "peculiar institution" in verse. By this means he doubtless rendered our cause essential service.

Bishop Soule once said on the floor of conference that a man came to him to seek his advice about manumitting a slave, and he advised the brother not to do so. And he added, "I never did recommend the liberation of a slave, nor will I ever do so." This instance of pro-slavery principles, and the golden rule argument so recently enunciated at the conference near the place of our meeting, by Bishop Heading, doubtless prompted the poet to say in one of his verses,

"And bishops, too, among the rest,
Have paved their way to glory."

And yet they say in their discipline, "We are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery." And we are often told by their adherents that they are doing more for the abolition of slavery than any other denomination in the land. It can not be denied that the American churches are bulwarks of American slavery.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

October, 29, 1837. I feel greatly disappointed and much grieved at the course pursued by our missionary board, by rejecting our application for labor only because we can not be slaves to slavery. In the last letter they informed us that they had received satisfactory testimonials of our character, ability, etc. They also, said they had made considerable calculations of efficient help from Mrs. Pegler, on the station. They desired us not to enter into any engagement that would prevent our leaving the country at a short notice, but to hold ourselves in readiness to depart for Africa by the next ship that left Baltimore for the coast, which would probably be in a few weeks. I said above, the *last letter*—I mean in reference to the African mission. They did indeed write another in regard to the cry for help from Texas; and my reply to that communication was a *finale* to our correspondence. Just as soon as they discovered that we would not be the tools of slavery, or engage in any enterprise that would imply our approval of the accursed system, then we were proscribed as utterly unfit or unworthy to preach the gospel to the heathen. Complaints are sometimes made against Abolitionists because they refuse to hear slave-holders and pro-slavery men preach. Such fault-finders may learn a lesson from the South. How long would the latter endure even the presence of an Abolitionist in their midst? For my own part, I know of no gospel but that which proclaims “liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound,” and sets “at liberty them that are bruised.” I am quite sure if St. Paul had preached the dogma that men might lawfully be held as property by man, and that one end of the gospel was to sanction and confirm

the bloody code of slavery, he would not have said, or dared to say, in the presence of the enemies of the cross of Christ, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." What right have we to call ourselves the church of God while we practice slavery, and apologize for its existence, and by so doing exhibit one of the marks of antichrist, namely, "dealing in slaves and the bodies and souls of men." Our churches have a laudable zeal for the poor heathen abroad, and at much expense print the Bible in their own tongue for their benefit; and we are anxious to supply them with the means of grace; but the moment we attempt similar means to convert the heathen in our own country, and employ the same agencies, we are called fanatics, and disturbers of churches, and that we are aiming to destroy the Union.

If Great Britain should prohibit preaching in any of her dominions, or forbid to give a Bible to one of her subjects in any of her colonies, we would be so filled with pious indignation, and our sensibilities would be so shocked at the tyranny and wickedness of the act, that we would be almost inclined to undertake a voyage to England for the purpose of tumbling Miss Victoria's little island into the ocean. And yet we justify and uphold an accursed system in our very midst that forbids us to exercise the benevolence which the gospel enjoins, and in some cases inflicts death on any person who shall teach a fellow-being to spell the word "*Jesus*." In twenty-five years from now (such is my confidence in the power of truth) it will scarcely be credited that men could be so cruel and ignorant as to enact and support such God-dishonoring and soul-destroying laws as those now in force in the United States.

November 1. For some time past we have been in a commotion along the Canada line,—which embraces a part of my field,—in consequence of an attempt to get up a revolution. But when the facts are publicly known it will no doubt appear that, like the revolution in Texas, the principal agents in this affair are the inhabitants of this country. The peo-

ple have soon forgotten the farewell advice of Washington, and are now as eager for foreign conquests as Alexander or Bonaparte. The war spirit rages throughout this region; and those who do not approve of our people going over to Canada to cut the throats of its peaceable inhabitants, and plunder their property, are called *Tories*. And it is not safe for any one even here, at least as far as reputation is concerned, to give his opinion about the atrocities and villainies of the so-called patriots.

We have lately heard from two of our acquaintances in Lower Canada, who were among the most orderly and quiet, and of more than ordinary peaceful disposition. Both of them, with their wives, were members of the Wesleyan Church. Their names were Walker and Boyes, and at the house of the latter I have often preached the gospel of the Prince of peace. Yet these two inoffensive farmers were cruelly butchered at midnight in their own dwelling, and for no other cause than that they refused to unite in the rebellion that was forced upon them and the province by robbers and murderers from the United States. They were non-combatants, and too old to be drafted; but they were known to be loyal to the government to which they had sworn allegiance, and this was a sufficient cause for "patriots" to execute their deeds of vengeance and murder. The women and children escaped massacre while the work of death was performed on their husbands and fathers, partly by the darkness of the night, and partly by secreting themselves in the cellar. After the bloody work was over and the villains had made good their retreat, Mrs. Walker went on foot six miles to La Prairie, with her husband's blood and brains spattered upon her garments, and was the first to give notice of the horrid deed performed by those lovers of liberty and free institutions. No wonder that one who lived in the time of the French Revolution in 1793 should exclaim, "O Liberty, what horrid deeds are done in thy name.

November 20. While these murders and arsons are being

perpetrated in the East by the Sons of Freedom, who are most vociferous in condemning the English government for exiling certain traitors who by the abuse of the public press had deceived their readers and led them on to the most violent outrages, their Democratic brethren in the far West are busily engaged in destroying printing presses that dare publish the Declaration of Independence and take a practical view of its truths.

The printing presses lately destroyed in Cincinnati, Alton, and elsewhere published only doctrines and truths that led to the birth of this nation, doctrines for the advocating of which the federal union has been held up as a model to every country under heaven; and to secure to themselves and posterity human rights they poured out their blood like water, and wasted their money like the mire in the streets. But alas, how are the mighty fallen! On the seventh of this month the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, in the city of Alton, in the *free (?) State of Illinois*, for daring in a constitutional manner to declare his sentiments, is beset by a turbulent mob of men, or rather ruffians, most clamorous for Democratic principles and equal rights. This furious mob, composed of persons claiming to be law-abiding American citizens, demand his press for the purpose of destroying it. This demand Mr. Lovejoy—as every free man ought to do, and as every man but a poltroon would do,—nobly refused to obey; and for this the building where the press is stored is set on fire, and himself shot down as though he were a pirate, or an enemy of his race.

Whence this difference between the extremes of our country? Can that be a crime in Canada which is esteemed honorable in Illinois? or are the inhabitants of Canada more entitled to our sympathy, and have they a better right to liberty of conscience than the citizens of this country, who pride themselves as the descendants of a noble race of men who would rather die freemen than live slaves?

This bloody work of the slave-holders and their minions

will never accomplish the object they have in view, nameiy, the suppression of the liberty of speech and of the press. It is sowing dragons' teeth; and as in ancient days, so now the blood of the martyrs is the seed of liberty.

I have for some weeks past been expecting this result, and was not surprised to hear of the death of the murdered Lovejoy. And I now record my full determination to wage perpetual war against slavery until it is abolished, or I myself shall fall in the contest.

The following are the views of Mr. Lovejoy,—usually called "Lovejoy's Sentiments,"—for which he suffered martyrdom at the hands of American citizens on the seventh of November, 1837:

1. "Abolitionists hold that all men are born free and equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They do not believe that these rights are abrogated or at all modified by the color of the skin, but that they extend alike to every individual of the human family.

2. "As the above-mentioned rights are in their nature inalienable, it is not possible that one man can convert another into a piece of property, thus at once annihilating all his personal rights, without the most flagrant injustice and usurpation. But American slavery does this. It declares a slave to be a thing, a chattel, an article of personal property, a piece of merchandise, and actually holds two and a half millions of our fellow-men in this precise condition.

3. "Abolitionists, therefore, hold American slavery to be a wrong, a legalized system of inconceivable injustice, and a sin; that it is a sin against God, whose prerogative as the rightful owner of all human beings is usurped, and against the slave himself, who is deprived of the power to dispose of his services as conscience may dictate or his Maker require. And as whatsoever is morally wrong can never be politically right, and as the Bible teaches, and as Abolitionists believe, that righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach

to any people, they also hold that slavery is a political evil of unspeakable magnitude, and one which if not removed will speedily work the downfall of our free institutions, both civil and religious.

4. "As the Bible inculcates upon man but one duty in respect to sin,—and that is immediate repentance,—Abolitionists believe that all who hold slaves, or who approve the practice in others, should immediately cease to do so.

5. "Lastly: Abolitionists believe that as all men are born free, so all who are now held as slaves in this land were born free; and that they are slaves now is the sin not of those who introduced the race into this country, but of those, and those alone, who now hold them and have held them in slavery from their birth. Let it be admitted for argument's sake that B has justly forfeited his title to freedom, and that he is now the rightful slave of C, bought with his money; how does this give C a claim to the posterity of B down to the latest generation? And does not the guilt of enslaving the successive generations of B belong to their respective masters, whoever they be. Nowhere are the true principles of freedom and personal rights better understood than at the South, though their practice corresponds so wretchedly with their theory. Abolitionists adopt, as their own, the following sentiments expressed by Mr. Calhoun in a speech on the tariff question, delivered in the Senate of the United States in 1833: 'He who earns the money, who digs it out of the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just right to it against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent, except the government, and it only to the extent of its legitimate wants; to take more is robbery.' Now this is precisely what slave-holders do; and Abolitionists echo back their own language when they pronounce it robbery."

These were the sentiments and this the crime for which this good man and friend of the poor suffered death. And these are the treasonable doctrines we hold, and for which a

price is put upon our heads; but with these views we are willing to bide our time, and meet them in the judgment.

January, 1838. Here I raise my Eben-ezer. Our blessed Lord has brought us safely through another varied year. We have had many trials, but multitudes of mercies; and we unitedly consecrate ourselves anew to the service of the Lord.

A few days since we were visiting Mr. Yale, at his father-in-law's, Mr. Stevens, all of Potsdam. It was on Monday night. The conversation turned on the subject of our approaching conference. Mr. Yale observed that himself, Mr. Hemingway, and another person remained in the house a little while after meeting last Sabbath evening. Mr. Yale mentioned the fact that in all probability they would be without preaching another year if I were removed at conference. Mr. H. replied that we had better engage Mr. P. for the ensuing year. To this Mr. Yale assented, and then inquired of the third person what he thought of such an arrangement. He very promptly replied that he differed with them in opinion, and thought it would be injudicious to have me remain longer than this year. The reason he assigned was, that he considered me not a revival preacher, as we had no revival the year past; and there had been some deficiency on account of my opposition to Episcopacy. I remarked that I was confident I knew who that third person was; and although it was true that his opinion and views would have little weight in the community, yet Satan took the advantage and terribly harrassed my mind for some time. I reasoned that probably I had mistaken my call after all, and was obtruding myself into a work never designed for me by the Head of the church; that I was not capable of making a correct estimate of my own talents and motives; that it was more than probable that others more disinterested than myself could have enlarged and accurate views in this matter; and I was strongly tempted to abandon the ministry at once, as being unfit for the office, and retire to some other employment where I should be more useful to myself and the world.

The next Wednesday night, December 25th, I had an appointment at the Sackets School-house, and the following evening I was to commence a protracted meeting at Brother Leets' school-house. I would have given the world, had it been at my disposal, not to have those places to supply. My mind was perfectly perplexed and entirely undecided, and I could not determine what course to pursue. I often wished during the former part of the week that something would turn up by which I might be honorably and honestly exonerated from attending those meetings. I struggled in prayer, examined my motives, and referred to past experience and past usefulness; but in no way could I find relief or shift my responsibilities. I could not go forward, and dare not recede.

I was convinced that I loved God, and above all desired the salvation of souls; was willing to endure anything that might promote the glory of God and the advancement of his kingdom; but yet I could not shake off the fear that my views of my call to preach had hitherto been incorrect, and that I was occupying a place in the Christian church that I ought immediately to vacate in deference to the opinions of others of more discerning mind. In this state of indecision I remained until Wednesday; and before I could determine what really was my duty I went to the meeting like the ox to the slaughter, reluctant and unthinking.

The night being Christmas, was very cold, but, I thought, nothing near as cheerless and dark as my heart. I tried to preach on the first advent of our Lord; but the words appeared to freeze on my lips, and I felt heartily glad when my task (for such I viewed it) was over. We repaired to Bro. Sacket's to rest for the night. But ah, what a night! Our bedroom was not finished, and there were only the clapboards between us and the weather. The wind blew from the north-west almost a gale, and the snow drifted in upon us from three sides of the room. My wife, who was in delicate health, suffered most keenly from the cold; and we

thought we could scarcely survive the night. This, together with my anxiety and mental depression, made it one of the most horrible nights I ever endured. It has ever appeared to me to be just such a night, as far as the workings of the mind are concerned, as those passed by criminals immediately before their execution. I longed for the day to break that I might escape the torment of the cold, and yet regretted the rapid movement of time, as it brought me so much nearer my dreaded appointment. At last the daylight appeared, and my bodily suffering was in some degree removed; but my mind was as dark and distressed as ever. I groaned and sighed and prayed. But the heavens appeared like brass, and my heart as hard as a rock and as cold as zero; and in this state of mind I went, in company with my wife, to the meeting in the evening. It was Thursday, and the intention was to continue the meeting until the following Sabbath evening—called in those days a four days' meeting, which was as long as we generally held them. The congregation was uncommonly large considering the inclemency of the weather, and other circumstances, and from motives of honor and a sense of duty more than loving zeal for God and yearning pity for sinners, I made an attempt to preach. My text was Acts ix. 6—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" It appeared to me that my effort was more like a school-boy reciting his lesson under the fear of punishment for blunders committed, or that he might commit, than one commissioned by the court of heaven to treat with rebels against the government of God. My sermon (such as it was) being ended, I felt I could breathe a little more freely; and I began to congratulate myself with the hope that as the weather was cold and the roads unfavorable, and the people could not but perceive my mental and spiritual unfitness for the work, they could readily be persuaded to postpone the meeting for a time at least. And thus I thought I could be honorably released from my engagement, which filled my mind with inexpressible anguish and seemed to be insurmountable. But oh, the good-

ness of my blessed Lord to his unworthy servant under this most painful trial! Surely "his ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts," for "when the enemy came in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord raised up a standard against him."

I had often heard it said that our extremity was God's opportunity, and I then proved with unspeakable joy that he was and is "a present help in our time of need." Mrs. Pegler followed my remarks with a warm exhortation; and after Deacon Barney made some remarks, and before I could decide what course to pursue, I in a manner involuntarily invited those who were present and desired salvation to rise. To my unutterable surprise nine persons promptly responded and stood up, many of them trembling with emotion, and deeply affected with a sense of their wretched and depraved condition.

This demonstration of the power of God over the efforts of the wicked one at once aroused me from my torpor. The snare of the enemy was broken, and my captive soul was set at liberty. I praised God aloud, and wondered at my credulity in giving heed for a moment to the suggestions of Satan. I immediately saw that all my past embarrassments were from the temptations of the devil, who had me in his toils and was in hope of effectually destroying my hopes and prevent the conversion of sinners. All this was the effect of listening to the evil surmising of a wicked pro-slavery man, full of sectarian pride and prejudice. So true it is that "one sinner destroyeth much good."

We commenced prayer for these anxious persons, and during the evening three out of the nine were set at liberty and went down to their house justified. We continued the meeting the two succeeding evenings, and over the Sabbath, and have abundant reason to believe that more than twenty persons found redemption in Christ, even the forgiveness of sins. To God be all the glory! The subjects of this work embraced persons of every age from the youth of sixteen to

the aged sinner of three-score. One old lady of more than sixty sprung across the floor like an arrow sent from a bow, and grasped my hand in both of hers, exclaiming, "O Bro. Pegler, the Lord blessed my soul while you were praying for me." Another was deterred from declaring what God had done for her through fear that she had not sufficient grace to sustain her in the hour of death. She was reminded that she only needed grace for the present, that is, grace to live, and if she possessed this she would have grace to die when in dying circumstances. We had scarcely finished these encouraging words before the good Lord revealed his Spirit and love in her heart and made her exceedingly happy, and she told the people she had no doubt of her acceptance with God. Our good Bro. Leet, who has stood alone for two years, being the only member we had in this place, will now have some to bear him company in the way to heaven. His daughter is among the converts. A church was organized in this place, containing fifteen members.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

January 15, 1838. Since writing the above I have held a four days' meeting in West Potsdam, the place where my late trials commenced by the unfriendly remarks of Mr. Waite, in reference to my abilities as a revival preacher; and, bless God, that man has met with a most gratifying rebuke.

At my first meeting, on Thursday afternoon, when I had finished my discourse I gave an opportunity for remarks by any present who felt disposed to speak for edification, when a young man, a son of Mr. Fobes, arose. He remained silent for some time, and every eye in the house was directed

toward him. At length he spoke, and said, "I arose for the purpose of requesting prayers for the conversion of my soul; but I found in the act of rising that God has forgiven me all my sins, and I can now praise him for his pardoning grace." This young man was at home on vacation from an institution where he was studying for the bar.* What an amazing proof of the goodness and mercy of God. Our meetings were continued with interest and profit over the Sabbath. Some fifteen entertain a hope of justifying grace, and much good was done in stirring up cold and languid professors.

Our trust is yet in the God of Israel, and we expect to see greater things than these. Duty is pleasant and delightful, and the promises of our heavenly Father are very precious. Our wants are abundantly supplied, and our determination is to live and die in the battle-field with our armor on.

February 15. Jus. returned from conference, which was held at a union church in Jefferson County. We had rather an unpleasant time—much bickering and log-rolling. Mr. G., who has been our late president, had charges preferred against him, which caused considerable excitement among the brethren. How it will end I cheerfully leave with God.

The brethren have elected me to the office of president for the ensuing year with only two dissenting votes, one of which was my own. This has given great umbrage to Mr. G., who considers himself the only man in the conference fit for the office. This, in connection with my being an Abolitionist, is proof sufficient in his estimation that our death-warrant as a conference is sealed. If some men can not rule they will try to ruin; if they can not be a *bell-wether* they will be *no sheep*. But the Lord reigns, and can make the wrath of man to praise him. I endeavored to persuade the conference to reconsider their vote, and release me from the responsibility which I feared I could not sustain, but could

* This young man has since become a minister of the gospel; and the revival then commenced resulted in the organization of two churches and the building of two meeting-houses in that place.

not succeed. I did not seek the office, or want it, neither did I expect it, but with the help of God I will do the best I can. We have eleven circuits in the district, and I have to visit and hold a quarterly meeting with each once in three months. Our income from the several circuits will not warrant us to keep house; so we have packed up our furniture and closed the door on home for one year, as my wife intends to accompany me in my travels and labors.

March 4. Held quarterly meeting in Leyden, Lewis County, among our old acquaintances, many of whom were converted when I was on the circuit three years ago. The territory is now divided into two circuits, and sustains two preachers, whereas it was difficult to sustain one when I labored among them. We had a remarkably good time. Several united with the church, among them a preacher of promising talents, and his wife also.

March 11. Quarterly meeting in Lowville. Our Presbyterian brethren kindly gave us the use of their elegant and commodious church for the occasion. Our meetings were lively and spirited throughout the session, and four persons united with the church. On Sabbath morning we had in the congregation a fugitive slave just from the southern prison-house. Bless the Lord that one more victim has escaped from that most dreadful of all oppressions. The friends of the slave are numerous in this village, and rapidly increasing. It was soon discovered, by the prayer I offered in the morning service, that I was an Abolitionist. How much is this class of our fellow-men neglected, when the bare mention of their deplorable case in prayer is deemed sufficient to raise a suspicion that he who offers that prayer is an Abolitionist! Well, this is perfectly legitimate; men ought to pray as they vote and act. What use in praying for the overthrow of slavery while we give the slave-holder the right-hand of fellowship in the church, and vote him into office to make laws for freemen? If I were a slave and one should inquire which I would rather have, his prayers or his vote, I would

reply, "I care not for your prayers if I can not get your vote."

March 15. The snow is gone out of the roads, and how I am to reach my next appointment I know not. We are here with a cutter, and our wagon is one hundred and fifty miles away. After waiting three or four days in hopes of a little snow, I borrowed a saddle to-day and started for Mexico Circuit, a distance of sixty miles. It was past noon when I left Lowville. Part of the way was deep mud, and part snow-banks. I traveled twenty-one miles and was exceedingly tired, not having been on horseback for more than a year. When I left my wife I had only one dollar and ten cents in money, and had to travel a road I had never been over before, my predecessor refusing to give me any information. I reached Whitesville and procured accommodations for myself and horse, which cost fifty cents, and we both left without breakfast. Rode ten miles to Adams Village, and called for breakfast, which, with oats for my horse, cost fifty cents more. I now had upward of thirty miles to ride, on a slow horse. The day was nearly half gone, and I had only ten cents to defray expenses; but I had to take courage and push on. After riding about five miles I met Brother Chase, who informed me of a brother who lived three miles further on. I thanked the Lord and pressed on with renewed courage; obtained some refreshment for myself and beast, and ascertained the location of the place to which I was bound. I was assured I could not reach the place that day, but I could not make myself sufficiently free to tell him I was out of funds. At night I arrived at the village of Pulaski, and put up at a tavern. I was now only fourteen miles from my destination, which I concluded I could reach before breakfast next morning. I was ready to start quite early, and informed the landlord that I was about to leave. He expressed his surprise at my leaving without breakfast. I told him my circumstances; that I had only fourteen miles to go and should return in less than a week;

and not having sufficient funds to pay my bill of eighty-seven and one half cents I would pay him on my return. I offered him my watch in security, which he seemed unwilling to take; and I was as loath to leave. I finally secured him by putting in pawn a silver pencil-case and penknife. By eight o'clock I reached Mexico Circuit, and the house of Rev. Samuel Huntington, where both horse and rider were comfortably provided for. After a little rest and friendly interview with this young brother and his excellent wife,—to whom he had lately been married, and just commenced the trials and triumphs of an itinerant life,—we started for the place where the meeting was to be held, about five miles distant, in the midst of a pine and hemlock forest. We found a large congregation, who came in sleighs, as there was abundance of snow in the woods. The meetings were well attended throughout. On Saturday night we had an old-fashioned prayer-meeting, and three found peace through believing. On Sabbath a large audience assembled,—more than could be accommodated in the house,—and during the love-feast two more persons were hopefully converted to God. Among those who came to the meeting was Deacon Leavit of the Presbyterian Church, who lived some miles distant. He very cordially and urgently invited me to visit him, and preach on Monday evening in their school-house. I told him I was at the disposal of the preacher in charge on the circuit while I remained with them, and should labor under his direction. Bro. Huntington, the pastor, advised me to go as requested, as he was anxious to introduce Methodism into the neighborhood. Arrangements were immediately made to commence, on Monday morning, a course of visiting among the people; and in company with the deacon we visited ten families, and talked and prayed in every house, and met with a kind and warm reception in every case. At night a large crowd assembled to hear the word, and I opened my mission among them by preaching from Ezekiel xxxiii. 11: "Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the

death of the wicked," &c. After preaching, the deacon congratulated the people on hearing another gospel sermon, and one so plain and clear. He urged them, in the most affectionate and earnest manner, to profit by the providential kindness of our heavenly Father, and closed his remarks by expressing a wish to have me remain and preach another evening. I replied that I could remain with them two more evenings, as to leave on Thursday would furnish me sufficient time to reach my next appointment. The two succeeding days were spent by the deacon and myself in visiting other families; and on Wednesday evening, when I preached for the last time, four persons arose for prayers and expressed a strong desire for salvation.

A very cordial invitation was given to have me visit them again. I told them I would be pleased to do so in three months, which would be on the second day of July. They inquired if I could remain over the Fourth, and give an address on "Independence Day." I readily consented, and the next morning left the place. Many wept, and expressed great anxiety for my safe return.

The place of which I am now writing is a little village called Sand Bank, on the margin of the Salmon River, in Oswego County, and the people were chiefly engaged in the lumber business. They appeared to be kind and generous but generally poor, though many were in easy circumstances. A small Presbyterian church had been organized among them, but no stated means of grace. One of the deacons occasionally read a sermon, and sometimes held a prayer-meeting, and a few times in the course of a year a minister would spend part of a Sabbath with them. The public had erected a neat and commodious church edifice in the village, upon the union plan, to be open to all Christian denominations. This did not suit the Presbyterians, who wished to have it entirely to themselves; but the builders or stockholders were unwilling to grant such a monopoly. The building was inclosed and painted, with a neat tower to distin-

guish it from a private building; but nothing was done on the inside, for want of funds or energy to finish it, and it remained unoccupied. My visit among this people was pleasing and profitable; and it appeared to me I never found more ready listeners to gospel truth. I left them with much regret, but with good hope to meet them again. During the summer, two camp-meetings were held and several new classes formed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SECOND VISIT TO SAND BANK—FOURTH OF JULY ORATION—
CONVERSIONS—THIRD VISIT TO SAND BANK—ORGANIZED
A CHURCH—QUARTERLY MEETINGS APPOINTED—FOURTH
VISIT—A GRACIOUS REVIVAL—MEETING-HOUSE FINISHED.

On the first day of July the second quarterly meeting for Mexico Circuit was held at Union Square, about thirty miles north of Syracuse, on the Syracuse and Watertown road. Our meetings were interesting and profitable. On Monday we rode to Sand Bank, to fill the appointment made three months previously. In the evening there was a large congregation. We found a number under conviction and much concerned about the state of their souls. They were very free to converse about religious matters, more so than in any place where so little labor had been performed. We spent the following day in numerous visits, and found much to encourage while engaged in the Master's work, with a fair indication of a gracious revival.

Arrangements were made for celebrating Independence day. We occupied the new church, having temporary seats, and the carpenter's bench for a pulpit. I commenced my oration by announcing from the lively oracles that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

At that time the Florida war was in full blast, and the United States army under General Taylor, backed by blood-hounds imported from Cuba for the purpose, were desperately engaged in trying to capture the noble Osceola, and drive the remnant of the Seminoles from the everglades of that territory and compel them to retire west of the Mississippi, and thus accomplish, according to General Jackson's views, "their manifest destiny." I told my audience that it was customary on this day for orators to eulogize the country, and tell the people that they were citizens of the freest nation under heaven; that every boy born in the land might aspire after the highest office and honor in the gift of the people; that common schools were the heritage of the nation, and every child in the land, no matter how poor he or his parents might be, or however degraded in the eyes of others, had equal rights to their advantages; that slavery of the worst kind existed in the mother country, and in almost every nation in Europe, while our fathers had pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to rid this fair portion of God's earth of oppression, and had succeeded in handing down to us a country free from monarchy, aristocracy, and every impediment that would hinder a man from sitting under his vine with the fear of being molested; and if perchance through shamefacedness or fear of being confronted with facts slavery was alluded to, it was in a very gingerly manner,—was called by the very mild name of a "southern institution,"—a dark cloud in the southern horizon, of not very great dimensions,—established by Great Britain before the Revolution and entailed upon us,—and the fathers of the revolution left it as they found it, merely a domestic arrangement, with which we have nothing to do and for the existence of which we are in no wise responsible. I told them that it was exceedingly unpopular to attempt to remove a single laurel from the brow of our ancestors, or even to hint that our country might be in fault in any respect; that one of our orators gave as a Fourth of July toast, "Our country:

may she always be right; but our country, right or wrong." I reminded them that at the time of the Revolution there were only five hundred thousand slaves in the country out of a population of three millions, or one sixth of the whole, and that the same proportion obtains at the present day; that according to the census we have a population of twenty-five millions, and upward of three millions of men, women, and children who are liable at any moment to be sold to the highest bidder in lots to suit purchasers, and that too for no other crime than that their ancestors were the victims of the most cruel outrage ever perpetrated on inoffensive human beings. I showed them that so far as the law of entailment was concerned slavery was a cherished institution, and that laws were made on purpose to encourage its increase and perpetuity. One of its laws is a sample of all the others,—“the child shall follow the condition of the mother.” Let this law be reversed to make it correspond with the laws of civilization, and thousands of persons whose blood and sweat now enrich the soil of the South would soon find the manacles that bind them melt from off their limbs, and they would stand erect in the freedom of their fathers. One of their own writers says that “the best blood of Virginia flows in the veins of the slaves.” And a shrewd colored man once said, “They have robbed us of our manhood and everything that makes life desirable, and now they are trying to rob us of our color.”

Talk of the law of entailment or slavery being forced upon the South! When a slave emancipates himself a large reward is offered for his apprehension, and consequently re-enslavement; and a bounty is offered for the head of any one who would have the courage to assert the wrongs and woes of slavery, or put the panting fugitive on the track to the queen’s dominions. I also spoke of the injustice of the Florida war, which was got up at the dictation of slaveholders, at the nation’s expense, because a few fugitives from oppression had taken refuge among the Indians, and to rob

Osceola of his wife, he having married a fugitive slave. The almost national sin of intemperance was brought to their attention. The license system was freely discussed, and some wholesome truths were enforced.

The meeting closed with good feeling; and a vote of thanks was tendered from the audience, for my fidelity to truth and justice. The inquiry was then made as to how we should dispose of the remainder of the day. At my suggestion it was decided to have a conference meeting, and let all speak who felt disposed to do so. This meeting was spiritual in a high degree, and quite interesting to all who were present—about thirty persons; and many appeared to be anxious in regard to salvation. One man, David Jones, when spoken to, assured us that God had blessed his soul. I inquired when; for on the previous day when we visited him he was in great distress; and when we tried to direct him to Jesus he wept bitterly. He told us that God had blessed him and removed his feeling of guilt in the morning while I was lecturing. I then observed that it was something unusual for a soul to be converted at a Fourth of July celebration; that I should receive it as an omen for good, and that there was something good in store for this people. It was much to be regretted that we had to leave them under such interesting and encouraging circumstances; but duty called us away, and we made them a promise to visit them again in three months.

My wife still bore me company around my extensive field, and sympathized with me in my trials, and shared in the triumphs of grace. She was exceedingly useful, especially among the women and children, and I could always rely on her faithful help among inquirers after salvation.

On the east end of my work, near Lake Champlain, we had considerable interest. Many additions were made to the church, and I had to employ another preacher to supply the demands of the people. Bro. Hiram McKee was for some time employed in secular business, and had retired for a while

from the itinerancy; but he recently closed up his worldly affairs, so as to be able to do conference work, and was appointed to take charge of this new work. He was a strong man, well imbued with the Spirit of God, and powerful on all truly reform questions. He rendered our cause efficient service in Clinton County and elsewhere. At our next quarterly meeting for Marion Circuit I was informed that the good work at Sand Bank was still progressing, and the probability was that a church might be organized at my next visitation; also, if they desired, I was authorized to hold the next quarterly meeting at that place.

On Monday we reached the "banks,"—the third time after three months' absence,—and found them as warm-hearted as ever, and equally as eager to hear the word of life. On Tuesday afternoon a meeting was held to take into consideration the propriety of forming a church, which resulted in organizing a church of eight members, six of whom I baptized in the Salmon River. During my stay with them I preached three times. I promised to come again in three months, and hold a quarterly meeting at that time if they desired me to do so. With this announcement they were delighted, and promised to make all needful preparations. In due time—namely, in the early part of January,—we arrived among them for the fourth time, and on this occasion to hold a quarterly meeting. I had never been with them before on the Sabbath-day.

Fortunately the weather was very mild for the season, and it was decided to hold the meeting in the new church. It has been stated before that this building was not finished on the inside; but a friend lent a stove, and two large kettles of charcoal made the house sufficiently comfortable for the occasion. On Saturday afternoon a large company attended, nearly filling the house, while from the carpenter's bench I inquired, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." In the evening I attempted to preach on the prodigal son, and after the sermon a request was made for those who

desired salvation to arise. Perhaps nearly one hundred arose, or about half the number in the house, and before the meeting closed fifteen found peace through believing. On Sunday night there was a perfect rush to the altar, and it was with extreme difficulty we could close the meeting, though at a late hour. The meetings were continued through the week, afternoons and evenings, and over the next Sabbath, and I had to send a brother to fill my appointment on another circuit. The result of these eight or ten days' labor was an addition of forty-five members, which, including the eight who united three months previously, made a membership of fifty-three. Among those who were brought under the influence of divine grace at that time was Bro. John M. Waite, now of the Syracuse Conference, Wesleyan Methodist connection. At the close of the meeting an effort was made to finish the church edifice, which was remarkably successful. Many of the converts were heads of families, and some of them far advanced in years, and all came nobly up with subscriptions for this laudable purpose. During the summer the house was finished, and the community gave me an invitation to conduct the dedicatory services without any debt on the building. That house still exists, and several sessions of the Methodist Protestant Conference have been held within its walls. It has been the scene of many extensive revivals, the birth-place of many souls, and a nucleus around which many other churches have been formed.

This last chapter, as well as some others, is taken from my journal as written at the time when the events occurred. I now return to my personal narrative.

CHAPTER XXX.

FURTHER OPPOSITION TO ANTISLAVERY EFFORTS—METHODIST EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONFERENCE MET IN CINCINNATI—ENGLISH DELEGATION—CENSURE OF SCOTT AND STORRS FOR ATTENDING AN ANTISLAVERY CONVENTION—BISHOP'S ADVICE CONSTRUED INTO LAW.

Our labors in the cause of reform while in the county of St. Lawrence were arduous, and sometimes very trying, and the opposition came principally from the churches and ministers. Some ministers who happened to be present at our meetings, and being called on to open with prayer, have refused, saying, "I am as much opposed to slavery as you are, but!" What that "but" meant it would be difficult to define.

We were often cited to the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, the *New York Observer*, and many other influential and professedly Christian periodicals, who condemn the principles and measures of the Abolitionists, and either openly justify or apologize for slavery. And we were told that surely these learned and saintly editors knew more about the system than a few strolling illiterate antislavery agents who get their living by lecturing, and pursuing a course calculated to set neighbors at variance, divide churches, and sever the glorious union! Yes; these editors were learned men, no doubt. But I forbear to speak of their saintship, for most of them have gone to their account. They knew, too, all about slavery, just as much as we did; and they knew, too, as well as we did, that we did not nor never could reveal all the horrible features and abominations of American slavery. And yet one of them said, "I can not say that slavery is a sin, because Father Abraham was a slave-holder [not Abraham Lincoln]; and consequently that would make him a sinner." Another admitted into his columns from a correspondent,

without expressing his disapprobation, the assertion, "If my mother were a slave and should escape from slavery and take refuge in my house, it would be my duty as a good citizen to deliver her up to the person claiming her service." Our moral feelings may perhaps revolt at the above sentiments; but where could be the wrong if slavery were not sinful? What was his mother better than another man's mother?

This year the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Cincinnati, Ohio. Strong efforts were made to silence the Abolitionists or drive out of the church all who would dare to sympathize with the oppressed slave, and that, too, in a modern republic, near the noontide of the nineteenth century; a republic claiming the highest intelligence, the purest morals, and the greatest amount of liberty of any nation that ever existed. Sometimes we were told that those who lived among slavery did not see the wrong as we do, who have been accustomed to award to every man equal rights with ourselves; that their fathers were slaveholders; that other good men sustained the same relation; and that they did not know it is wrong.

This reminds me of an anecdote. While living at Seneca Falls, in the State of New York, a fugitive slave from Richmond, Virginia, came to my house to rest awhile and obtain a little assistance for his journey to Canada. Being rather more intelligent than ordinary slaves, I proposed to get up a meeting in the Wesleyan church of which I was pastor at that time, for the purpose of permitting him to relate some of his experience with the patriarchal institution. His name was "Peter," and his master's name was Bannister, and as slaves are too poor to have more than one name he called himself Peter Bannister. Well, Peter gave us an inside view of the institution, and the training received while in bondage, accompanied with some heavy thrusts at the morals of slave-holders.

There was present a notable lawyer of that town, named

Bascomb, who wished to be esteemed an Abolitionist; and indeed he was one as far as his Whig principles would allow, for he must this once vote for Henry Clay. After Peter had finished his remarks Mr. B. said, "Why, Peter, you have been quite severe on some of our best men down South. You ought to make some allowance for their training. They have always been taught to believe slavery right, and don't know any better."

To this the slave replied just as though he had been a Yankee, and answered his question by asking another: "Well, massa, don't you suppose dat white men know as much as niggers?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. B., "I would suppose they knew more."

Peter replied, "Niggers know dat slavery is wrong; white men ought to know as much as dem."

But did not those educated divines, many of them having D. D. attached to their names, know the wickedness of dealing in the bodies and souls of men?

The subject of slavery obtruded itself into the conference in various ways, and in a manner which they could not avoid, though many attempts were made to keep the subject in abeyance. The English Wesleyan Methodist Conference sent a delegate with a fraternal address, which in a mild and Christian manner alluded to the fact of slavery existing on this continent, and expressing a wish that the conference would utter its disapproval of its existence.

Since the meeting of the previous General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church the British government had at a great expense and in a peaceful manner abolished slavery in all her dominions, and had enjoyed nearly four years of entire freedom in all her colonies, admitting the freedmen to all the privileges of their former masters, and other white neighbors, and none of the disasters predicted by the former opposers of freedom had occurred. The experiment of granting immediate enfranchisement to her quondam slaves had, as

was predicted by the advocates of the measure, worked as well as the most sanguine could wish or expect; and it was no more than reasonable that they would congratulate themselves in the glorious results of their long and arduous labors in this direction, and expect their brethren in America to give them their due meed of praise. But they neither sought nor asked praise without action; hence they desired and expected that their brethren on this side the Atlantic, who equally with themselves claimed John Wesley as their founder,—who declared that American slavery was the sum of all villainies, and the vilest that ever saw the sun,—would express their disapprobation of this execrable institution and use their moral influence for the annihilation of its abomination.

The British Wesleyans had from Mr. Wesley's day been uniform in their efforts to abolish slavery. Many of their missionaries had suffered much from slave-holders and their minions in slave-holding colonies; and in every instance the conference sustained them in opposition to slavery. They petitioned parliament for a redress of the wrongs inflicted upon their agents, and always made common cause with modern Abolitionists. No wonder then that the fraternal address to their American brethren should allude to the existence of servitude in this nation, in which Methodism had so large influence, and express a hope that that influence would be employed in seeking deliverance for the oppressed. But this friendly and truly Christian expression of fraternization in behalf of millions of crushed bondmen in this boasted land of freedom, was not to be permitted by the chivalry of the South; and a majority of northern delegates in that conference united with them in attempts to treat this friendly address with neglect, if not with rudeness and contempt.

Another fire-brand thrown into conference was the attendance of two of its members at an antislavery meeting in the city during a recess of the body. This exercise of a free-

man's right to discuss matters connected with the peace and happiness of his country caused a most tremendous storm of controversy, which continued several days. Slavery was represented as a heaven-ordained institution, and those who opposed it as acting in an unchristian manner, if not as downright infidels. The result of this long tirade against antislavery men and their measures was the passage of the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, By the delegates of the annual conference, in general conference assembled, that they disapprove in the most unqualified sense the conduct of the two members of the general conference who are reported to have lectured in this city recently upon and in favor of modern Abolitionism.

2. *Resolved*, That we are decidedly opposed to modern Abolitionism, and wholly disdain any right, wish, or intention to interfere in the civil and political relation between master and slave as it exists in the slave-holding states of this Union.

These resolutions were adopted by the conference with only nineteen votes in the negative, out of a body of one hundred and fifty members, with a discipline in their hands forbidding to "buy men, women, and children with the intention to enslave them," and always declaring that they were "as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery." This action of this august body of divines, together with numerous petitions from New England and elsewhere for conference action on the moral character of slavery, brought out the true spirit of slave-holders as it existed in the South and among their northern allies. But it was not that body alone: every denomination that claimed a national character took a similar course. By a national character I mean those denominations whose doctrines and discipline were designed for every state in the Union.

The authority of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference extended over all the United States and territories; so of the Protestant Episcopal Church in her general convention; so of the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and Dutch Reformed, and perhaps some others. These were all rivals in the South as well as in the North, and each

striving for the favor of the oppressor. In their desperate struggle for the ascendancy each trampled on the rights of man. They sanctioned the violation of every command in the decalogue, and put their impious feet on the time-honored instrument which their fathers in 1776 pledged "their lives, their property, and their sacred honor" to secure and maintain.

Such was the spirit and claims of slavery in 1836 among professing Christians and Christian ministers,—not only among slave-holders, but also among their abettors and defenders at the North, who were more than willing to wear the badge and collar and do the bidding of their masters. In many instances northern men were more severe in their invectives against their Abolition brethren in the North than even their southern employers, and poured their vials of wrath with double vengeance on the devoted heads of the victims within their reach. If these apologists for slavery do not relish the term "employers" in reference to the service they attempted to render the slaveocracy they may, if they please, acknowledge themselves as *volunteers* in the service of oppression, and admit their love for the loathsome and despicable work, and thus like a foolish and silly fish snap at a hook without bait. In the course of the debate on the resolutions above referred to the advocates of this God-ordained institution expressed a wish that "Orange Scott was in heaven." This certainly was a pious desire bordering upon a work of supererogation, considering that the individual referred to was actuated by the spirit of diabolical malevolence, and guilty, in his opinion, of treason against God and man. In the address issued by the bishops, over their own signatures, the ministers and members of the church are solemnly enjoined—as the safest course and most prudent way to treat slavery—"to let it alone," in other words, "wholly refrain from discussing the subject." I suppose that he who penned those words had read the devil's prayer, "Let us alone;" and as the devil was successful in being allowed to

go into the swine, so he thought the let-alone policy would again prevail.

How this action of the conference affected the English Wesleyan delegate we have not ascertained; but he certainly had there a pretty fair specimen of the workings of American republicanism when coupled with transatlantic Methodist usages. Methodism was there exhibited in its most grand and sublime form in the persons of one hundred and fifty of the most pious and intelligent men from all parts of our wide domain. What an interesting report he could make of the purity of Methodism, and of the views of Mr. Wesley's sons in America; how much they prized their oft-repeated and published assertion that they were "as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery." How delighted he would be on his return home to enlighten his poor Wesleyan brethren on the subject of freedom and free speech on this side the Atlantic! What a beautiful exhibition he could give of the cherished institutions of this land of liberty, where one of its greatest statesmen, and one whom the people delighted to honor, declared that "the happiest state of human society is where the capitalist owns the laborer!" Our boast of liberty and the practice of oppression are near akin to some of our Fourth of July orators who take much delight in proclaiming to their gullible auditors that "God has created all men free and equal," and then denounce the man who would not vote for a slave-holder, or should point out to the fleeing fugitive from oppression the friendly north star, to guide him to a monarchy where he might enjoy the liberty denied him in a republic, and make it a criminal offense to give him a piece of bread to aid him on his way.

This action of the Cincinnati conference had a powerful influence in producing the Wesleyan movement. It set men to read and think; and to do either would be sure death to pro-slavery principles. The far-seeing adopted the true theory—"let us alone," "wholly refrain." By this course only could slavery hope to be perpetuated. It could not bear the

light, for that makes manifest; but it courts darkness and avoids discussion. But this action of the conference mightily encouraged the pro-slavery element in the North to adopt more stringent measures against their antislavery brethren who would not by frowns or threats submit to lay their manhood in the dust, or cease to obey the command of God to "remember those in bonds as bound with them." Gags and manacles were soon forged; and the opinion was pretty general that Abolitionism in the Methodist Episcopal Church would soon die a peaceful death, and be numbered among the things of the past. The bishop's advice to "wholly refrain" from agitating the slavery question was in many instances construed into law, and license to preach was refused to some who would not promise to be silent on the subject of slavery. Promising young men who offered themselves for the itinerancy were rejected, and class-leaders and stèwards were relieved from office for no other reason than that they were opposed to slavery in the church and would not cease their moral efforts to rid it of slave-holders. Thus the arbitrary stand the conference took in defending slavery from the assaults of its foe encouraged pro-slavery men to persecute the feeble band of Abolitionists in the church. It tended also to make the latter more determined, more united in feeling and action, and more resolved to maintain their own rights as freemen, as well as those whose cause they had espoused. It was soon discovered, however, that "on the side of the oppressor there is power;" and that power was to be exercised with tremendous force, in order to crush the rising spirit of liberty and independent thought which found a lodgment in the bosom of every person who loved his neighbor as himself. The opposition we met with from professing Christians, while peacefully laboring to inform and instruct the public mind on the awful and mean sin of slavery and the danger of continuing the God-provoking institution, was truly alarming and diabolical, and could scarcely be credited by those who were not in some way familiar with the sangui-

nary strife. Only in a few instances could a church edifice be procured for a lecture against slavery, but slander, and vile and vulgar insinuations too gross to be recorded, together with stale eggs, and sometimes more violent measures, were the usual weapons employed against us; and few would dare to meet us in open and candid discussion. The friends of the slave in the Methodist Episcopal Church soon discovered what they often denied, when informed of the fact by their Methodist Protestant brethren, that the legislative, judicial, and executive authority was invested in the same persons, namely, the bishops and itinerant ministers; that the laity had no voice in the government of the church except by courtesy or permission, and that the rights of the "commonwealth of Israel" were withheld from them with no prospects of obtaining those rights but by revolution or secession.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PICNIC IN GREENWICH PARK — ANECDOTE—AN ANTISLAVERY MEETING—DISCUSSIONS WITH OUR PRESIDENT—IMPROMPTU POETRY.

It was not uncommon to be told by persons of acknowledged intelligence and supposed veracity that there could not be any slavery in the church, as the discipline forbids the practice, and if any slave-holders are in the church it is because the law of the church is not enforced. This reminds me of a circumstance that occurred when last in England. On Good Friday, in 1830, it being a general holiday, a number of picnic parties took a ramble in the public parks. I was one of a party of twenty or more who went to Greenwich Park for recreation on that day, and about noon we spread our cloth on the grass and sought the contents of our

baskets for refreshments. Near us, and in the rear of me, was another party who had just gathered for a similar purpose. While we were discussing the good things before us a gentleman behind me began a tirade of strong invectives against the British government. He declaimed against the aristocracy and clergy; said we were taxed to death; that the people of England are in reality only serfs; that there was no hope of any better state of things while monarchy existed in the country. He then assured his hearers if he should only live to see the month of June he hoped to be able to leave this God-forsaken, king-ridden, and priest-oppressed country and go to the United States, the land of liberty, where all men are free and equal. After delivering himself of this outburst of patriotic indignation I turned toward him and remarked, "There is slavery in that country, sir."

"Where?" said he.

"In the United States," I replied.

Said he, "You slander the country."

"No, sir," I replied; "there are twenty-two states in the Union, and eleven of them are slave-holding states; and their constitutions forbid the owners of slaves to emancipate them on the soil. Moreover, in Washington—the capital of the nation, the head-quarters of liberty,—is established the principal slave-market in the world."

He again insisted that I was doing the country a great wrong; stated that he had a copy of the constitution in his pocket, and could show me that the words slave or slavery were not in it. I could not help laughing at his credulity, and told him that he was unacquainted with Yankee ingenuity; they could find slavery in the words "service or labor," and slaves in the words "other persons." To end the controversy, I asked him if he was going to town to-night. He said he was. "Well, then," said I, "if you wish to satisfy yourself call at the New England coffee-house, near the Bank of England, and ask to look at a New Orleans or Charleston paper, and see if there are not advertisements of

auction sales of slaves, or rewards for the apprehension of runaways. I suppose that will settle the question. I have, sir, been in the country, and know that every sixth person out of the entire population is a slave. In all the southern states every person with African blood in his veins is presumed to be a slave unless he can prove to the contrary; and in default of being able to produce his free papers, and no person claiming him as property, he is thrown into jail, and if not claimed in a given time he is sold into slavery to pay his jail fees."

Whether the gentleman in question took the trouble to undeceive himself in the manner suggested I know not, as I never saw him afterward. But one thing I do know, with all the faults of England that of slavery can not be included. The right of locomotion is denied to none. All who do not like the country, or its laws and institutions, are at liberty to leave when they choose, without a blood-hound being put on their track or a reward offered for their detention. A slave could not breathe the atmosphere of England; and any attempt to enact there many of the laws that existed in Washington twelve years ago would produce an immediate revolution, and cost the sovereign per head. At the time I am now writing, about 1836, I was thirty-seven years of age, in the prime of life and vigor of manhood, with excellent health and a good flow of animal spirits; could hold two or three meetings daily without much weariness or inconvenience, and continue the same for years if needs be. And I now look back to that time, after a lapse of twice that term of years, with unfeigned pleasure, and thank God that the prime object of my life has been, since I was nineteen years of age, to do something in the cause of Christ, and aim my heaviest blows at Satan's kingdom and the citadel of oppression.

On one occasion we were to have a quarterly meeting in Pierrepont, and an antislavery meeting on the previous Friday evening. My wife and myself arrived in good time,

and to our surprise the president of our conference came on Friday to attend our meeting next day. He was a man of considerable ability, and experience in the ministry; and the young preachers were not anxious to preach in his presence, as he was esteemed somewhat of a critic. Moreover, he was a rigid pro-slavery man, and I knew he would not endure to hear anything against slavery without making a reply; and I had endeavored to impress upon the public that we as a denomination were favorable to Abolitionism. But I was fearful, should he be present at our meeting, he would attempt to undo all that I had done in that direction, and prove the castles I had built rested on an airy foundation.

I purposely delayed going to the meeting as long as I could, in hopes that he would go to some other place and leave me to myself. But no, he kept close to me, until at length Bro. Crary observed, "Well, Bro. Pegler, is it not time to go to meeting?"

The president, Mr. G., said, "Are you going to preach?"

"No."

"Temperance meeting?"

"No."

"Prayer-meeting?"

"No." At length the dreaded announcement had to be made, "An antislavery meeting."

"Indeed," said he; "an antislavery meeting," almost pausing at every word. "Well," said he, "I never attended an antislavery meeting. I think I will attend this one."

In my heart I wished he had a different mind. I reminded him that he complained of weariness, and perhaps the meeting would not be interesting to him, as there would be no lecture, but simply a monthly meeting of the antislavery society, with a little discussion among neighbors. But my suggestions were of no avail. Go he would, and go he did. When we reached the school-house it was packed, and the audience were singing an antislavery song with thrilling effect. A place was assigned us near the chairman. Soon

the house was called to order and he was requested to open the meeting with prayer, after which the chairman inquired, "What is the pleasure of the meeting?"

One brother arose and inquired, "What has the North to do with slavery? That institution does not exist in the State of New York, but away down South, thousands of miles away, and we are living in the extreme north-east corner of the country. What have we to do with the institution, and in what are we responsible for its existence?"

On his sitting down the audience all over the house called, "Pegler, Pegler," and with much reluctance, especially on account of the presence of Mr. G., I rose to respond. I showed that slavery had been established in the District of Columbia, and maintained there by direct acts of congress, in which the North had the largest number of votes; that the Constitution gave congress the power to regulate commerce between the several states, and should congress exercise that power and prohibit the transportation of any person from their native state without their consent, slavery would soon die; the law of supply and demand would cause its death in a few years; in northern slave states it would cease through depletion, and in the extreme South for want of supply; that the North was made by law the watch-dog for slave-holders' property; that slavery was represented in congress by about forty members, while the slave himself had no vote, nor even the right of petition; that northern men, though the owners of millions of property, had but a single vote, yet the slave states had the benefit of three votes for every five slaves, and thus their property was represented in congress. I observed that this was not a negro question, as some called it. Many of the slaves had all the appearance of an Anglo-Saxon, and often escaped from the house of bondage by passing for white persons; that slave-holders admitted that the best blood in Virginia flowed in the veins of the slave; that according to the slave code it was *condition* and not color that constituted slavery. I then answered some of the objections usually

produced against antislavery, dwelling especially on the much-dreaded fear of amalgamation.

This I treated in rather a humorous, or ludicrous manner, as it deserved, considering how the bleaching process had so wonderfully succeeded in the very hot-bed of slavery. I showed that prejudice against color was stronger at the North than at the South, which was proof of a preventive in the North rather than an incentive to a mixing of color, in the event of the abolition of slavery.

Preference of color, I said, was a mere matter of taste. Some preferred black hats to white ones, and black stockings to white; some men esteemed black horses better than any other color, and others the reverse, etc. When I closed, Mr. G., our president, took the floor, being brimful of patriotic zeal. Stretching himself in true spread-eagle style, he said, "Mr. Chairman, I am astonished that any sensible American who loves the union of these United States, which has been cemented by the blood of our common ancestry, could calmly listen to such a tirade of abuse against our brethren and fellow-citizens of the South that has insulted our ears to-night. Sir, it is my first appearance at a meeting of this description; and if the orgies of to-night is a fair sample of antislavery meetings in general, I hope never again to have my sensibilities outraged by such indecent jargon. Mr. Chairman, I keenly feel for the insulted modesty of the lady portion of the company present this evening! What did the gentleman mean when he alluded to black stockings, but amalgamation? If he did not intend to encourage the hated and unnatural mixing of the races, why use such significant illustrations? I am more than ever convinced of the dark designs of Abolitionists, and the danger to our beloved country should their wicked plans succeed."

At this point the congregation manifested some uneasiness, and some began to hiss; and soon there was hissing in various parts of the house.

"What," said he, "are you disturbed?"

"Yes," was the general reply, "we are disturbed."

"Well, then," said he, "I will stop."

"No, no," said I, "go on, you amuse me very much; go on; only leave me a few minutes to reply."

In a short time he ceased. He was evidently mistaken as to the views and feelings of the audience. He thought the man who proposed the question, "What has the North to do with slavery?" was pro-slavery, and that many others sympathized with him, whereas it was a simple question started by one of our own number to draw out argument. When I arose to reply I said, in substance, that I was no advocate for mixed marriages; that I had been married twice, and each time had chosen a wife without consulting my neighbors in regard to color, or any other qualification, in the lady of my choice—for it was a matter in which no person on earth had any right to interfere,—between persons of lawful age,—and I had satisfied myself, and the public had no right to oppose me in this matter; that persons who had marriageable daughters whom they feared would fall in love with negroes gave culpable evidence that they had not properly instructed their children; that according to pro-slavery logic negroes were while in slavery the lowest types of the human family, but as soon as their chains were severed they would arise into such dignity and beauty that all our white young ladies would be enamored with their charms, and rush to their embrace and use their utmost endeavors to persuade them to enter with them into wedlock. I said that in every case of amalgamation the whites had been the aggressors—the whites were always the first to make proposals; why, then, throw all the blame on the negroes? Nothing was more easy than for a young lady to refuse her company to any person with whom she did not choose to associate. It always takes two at least to make a bargain. Especially is this true in reference to marriage. Finally, if I should employ the gentleman to work for me, and give him fair wages for honest labor, it did not follow that I must be under an obli-

gation to give him my daughter for his wife. All we ask for the slave is liberty, and to have a fair chance in the race for life and happiness; the social relations will regulate themselves; that there are many white persons of both sexes with whom I do not desire to associate on terms of intimacy, yet I would not deny them their natural and civil rights.

Some one in the audience inquired if old Father Abraham was not a slave-holder.

The chairman referred the question to me; and I replied that he certainly had servants bought with money, and some born in his own house, but one of them before Isaac was born was heir to all his property. This shows that whatever was the nature of the bondage in patriarchal times it had little in common with American slavery, whose fundamental principle is that a slave can not own anything, and possess nothing but what belongs to his master; the slave does not own himself, much less can he inherit property, etc.

At this stage of the meeting the house became uproarious with mirth and good humor, and Mr. Orange S. Crary arose and desired to recite a few verses he had composed since the meeting commenced. It was about the time, or rather just after, the negro Macintosh was burned to death by a mob in St. Louis, to which the verses allude. The house soon came to order, and Mr. Crary delivered himself as follows:

It was at the far South that I witnessed a scene
Which still in my mind is as fresh as the green;
Yes, as fresh as the green where the negro was bound
With sticks that were forked, drove fast in the ground.

The master was there, by a friend I was told,
And a devil incarnate he was to behold.
"Place the fire," he commands, "at his head and his feet,
Who dared from his master to steal for to eat."

The slaves soon obeyed him with caution and care,
And the smoke of his torments soon darkened the air.
They moved up the fire to the seat of his soul,
And his hands and his feet were all burned to a coal.

And the priest, too, was there; he was sent for to pray
 For the victim whose life they were taking away.
 I thought of the serpent who went to deceive
 In the Garden of Eden our good mother Eve,
 And was sure I could see without any mistake
 In the heart of the preacher the form of the snake.

With his fœe now drawn down near as long as my arm,—
 And having drank brandy he prayed to a charm,—
 "We thank thee, O Father in heaven," he cried,
 "That thy Son for this old black nigger hath died;
 And though we must burn him because that he stole,
 We pray thee have mercy upon his black soul."

I know not whether my friend Mr. Crary is still living; but should he be still on the shores of mortality I am sure he will excuse me for the liberty I have taken in inserting the above effusion of his fertile mind as exhibited nearly forty years ago. I have written from memory.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE—MY INCONSISTENCY IN HOLDING MY
 STANDING IN A PRO-SLAVERY CHURCH—REV. A. M'CAIN A
 SLAVE-HOLDER, BUT DEFENDER OF "MUTUAL RIGHTS"—
 ORANGE SCOTT AT BALTIMORE.

About one month after the events recorded in the last chapter our annual conference met at Pierrepont, nearly all the members being present. The reports from the various circuits were quite encouraging.

On examination of character, when my name was called, and the usual questions were to be put and answered, I was requested to retire. Before reaching the door I heard the president inquire if it was just and proper for our preachers to lecture and discuss topics that were calculated to disturb the peace and harmony of churches and neighbor-

hoods, and ultimately lead to a dissolution of the Union. There was a pause; and I held my hand on the latch of the door waiting to hear the reply, but none was made. He then repeated his question in a different form: "Brethren, I wish you would express your opinion,—whether it is judicious and praiseworthy for our preachers to leave their appropriate work of preaching the gospel and enter into a discussion of political questions that evidently do no good, but tend to set neighbors and states at variance."

For a few moments there was dead silence, and addressing the Chair I said, "Mr. President, may I be allowed to ask a question of the Chair before I retire?"

He very blandly replied, "Certainly."

I then said, "Mr. President, is it right and just for Methodist Protestant ministers who profess to have made sacrifice in founding a denomination free from clerical domination, and whose watch-word is 'mutual rights,' to preach against oppression, and in favor of liberty?"

He said he was in favor of the largest liberty; but liberty had existed before Abolitionism was born. At this instant a brother moved that my character be passed.

I then advanced toward the center of the house and said, "Mr. President, may I speak a few words on that question before it is put?" Leave being granted, I said, "The quarterly conference of my circuit assigned me my work on the charge, and left it discretionary with me how to employ my time not thus appropriated. I have employed that vacant time in writing and lecturing against human oppression, and in circulating books and papers in favor of liberty, and have visited nearly every town in the county, and in most of the school-houses. My delegate is present; he can testify whether these things are so. I have well peppered the entire county with antislavery sentiments. This, sir, is the head and front of my offending; no more. And if this is treason, make the most of it. I thank you for your patience."

A general demand for the question was heard from all

parts of the house, and a thundering "aye" was heard from all. The presiding officer who put the question was crest-fallen. From that time the influence of Mr. G. began to wane in the conference, as well as elsewhere, and the following year I was elected president by a large majority. This to my mind was an imprudent step, as I felt my utter incompetency for such an important position, and used my utmost endeavors to be released from such responsibility. I urged the conference to reconsider its action, but without effect. With much reluctance I yielded to the wishes of my brethren, and began to gird myself for the duty so unexpectedly imposed upon me. I well knew the position of our church in regard to slavery, and the inconsistent course I was pursuing in decrying against the sin of slavery, and still holding my ecclesiastical relation with one of the bulwarks of the heaven-defying institution. But as the great Daniel Webster said on the dissolution of the Whig party, when Gen. Scott was defeated in running for the presidency, "Where shall I go?" So I said, "Where *can I go?*" I knew of no denomination that I could fully affiliate with, that was free from the accursed taint of slavery, and excused myself for a while in holding my church relations with a pro-slavery church, in that I was trying to do my duty toward the oppressed by laboring for his redemption and enduring reproach for his sake. I had now been in the country a number of years, and was entitled to apply for and receive my letters of citizenship; but I dare not do such an inconsistent act as to make myself a party to a government which professed to be the purest and most free of any nation under heaven and yet sustained the vilest system of oppression that ever existed since the world began. My right of suffrage would be of no use to me, for I could neither vote for Whig nor Democrat, as both parties sustained slavery and bid high for slave-holders' votes. And I innocently thought that when God held an inquisition for the blood of the slave, which I was fully assured he would do when their cup was full, I should not be

held equally responsible for the crimes of the nation with those who had voted to sustain the abomination.

In our church at the South we were equally involved with this national sin, according to our numbers, as any church in the land; and many of our ministers and members at the North were either open apologists for the institution or silently approved of its existence. One of our most influential ministers, Rev. Alexander McCaine, of Charleston, South Carolina, had written much and labored long in defense of mutual rights of the ministers and membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and being of Irish extraction, if not of birth, he was always loud in his denunciation of the British government for oppressing the land of his ancestors. But he was a firm defender of slavery not merely for the sake of convenience, or as an object of gain, but advocated the divine right of slave-holders, and declared that emancipation would be a sinful act. He affirmed that human slavery was as much a divine institution as marriage, and that human governments or the conventionalites of society had no more right to abolish the one than the other. In other words, to free a slave, even with the consent of the owner, was akin with granting divorce in marriage because both parties desired it, without any violation of the marriage contract on either side. Why not? This reasoning is sound if slavery originated from the same source as marriage, and designed of God to be perpetual. This Mr. McCaine was in the city of Baltimore on one occasion, and bought at auction two slaves who were condemned by the court to be sold out of the state, as being dangerous to remain any longer in Maryland. I do not remember the crime alleged against them. Perhaps it was a love of liberty; or they may have had a special proclivity for leaving the comforts of home or the indulgence of some kind patriarch; or maybe they had learned to read, or had the position of the north star—that it pointed the way to a land where other motives than the whip were held out as inducements to labor; and any of these acquire-

ments would render them a dangerous element in a slaveholding community. At all events, they were sold to the highest bidder, under the condition that they must be removed from the state, and further from Mason and Dixon's line.

Mr. McCaine became the fortunate purchaser of these specimens of humanity wrapped in ebony, and they were lodged in jail for safe keeping until the arrival of the next steam-packet from New York bound for New Orleans. The packet arrived in Baltimore on Sunday,—or at least was to leave port on that day,—and on the same day Mr. McCaine preached in one of the Methodist Protestant churches in the city with a pair of hand-cuffs in his pocket; and after the sermon he went to the jail and shackled his victims, put them on board the steamer, booked them for Charleston, while he continued his journey home by land, in order to fill a number of appointments he had made to expose the oppressions of the Methodist Episcopal Church! At one time the above-named gentleman was in the city of New York, where the Methodist Protestant Church had at that time two places of worship,—one in Attorney Street, which was antislavery in its views, the other in Sullivan Street, rather aristocratic in its character, and in full sympathy with the South on the slavery question. Each of those churches sent a committee to wait on Mr. McCaine to invite him to occupy their pulpit on the following Sabbath. Through the influence (chiefly) of Dr. W. W. Wallace, then pastor of the Attorney Street Church, and a few other noble-minded brethren, a weekly paper had been started, called the *New York Luminary*, in advocacy of human rights irrespective of color, and especially in reference to the connection of the Methodist Protestant Church with American slavery. In that paper the circumstance of Mr. McCaine's purchase of the two slaves in Baltimore, as stated above, was recorded, and undoubtedly Mr. McCaine was smarting a little under the remarks made in connection with that transaction. Turning to the committees,

he inquired if they supported the *New York Luminary*, and were antislavery in their sentiments. They answered in the affirmative. He then said, "Gentlemen, where is your consistency? If slavery is a sin *per se* I am a sinner, and one of choice. I will not try (as some do) to throw the blame on my ancestors, and assert that slavery was entailed upon me by will of my parents, or by legacy; I am a slave-holder because I wish to be. I believe that negro slavery is a Bible institution, and the best position in which you can place the African race; and it would be both wicked and cruel to impose freedom upon them, along with the responsibilities of the white race. Now, gentlemen, you understand my sentiments. Do you still desire to have me occupy an antislavery pulpit?"

This interview, and the statements made by Mr. McCaine, is analogous to remarks made in the General Conference in Baltimore in 1840, when the appeal of Rev. Silas Comfort was before that body for admitting colored testimony in a church trial where a white person was concerned. Rev. Orange Scott made a speech in defense of the oppressed, which acted as a bomb-shell thrown among the southern brethren; and the utmost disorder prevailed for awhile in a struggle for the floor, in order that they might give vent to their pent-up feelings in behalf of their darling pet. Many fine and patriotic speeches were offered in defense of the southern idol, and much rhetoric and gas were wasted on the occasion. The slave-holders were the legitimate sons of Father Abraham; an angel was employed by God to arrest a fugitive slave, and send her back to enjoy the luxury of perpetual bondage; St. Paul sent back a runaway slave to his master, with an apology for breaking the chain that bound him to the God-ordained institution, begging his master to receive him again into his service, and promising to reimburse him for what injury he had done his kind master in absconding—perhaps for loss of time while concealed in the woods, or somewhere else. They did not say what reward

Philemon gave Paul for this valuable service, or what disposition Paul made of the funds. As it was a reward for religious duty he might perhaps feel conscientiously bound to do as Judas did, put the money into the Lord's treasury.

This was a little too much for the northern apologists to endure; and many flew to the rescue, stating that they could not indorse the sentiment that slavery was perfectly harmless, and something to be encouraged and cherished, but from our present circumstances merely tolerated. They had always looked upon slavery as an evil, as the discipline claimed it to be, and only to be tolerated in the church because of its political and constitutional character.

When this statement was made Rev. Wm. Smith, of Virginia, arose and said, "If slavery is a moral evil, or sin, hands off, Bro. Scott; he is the most consistent man among you all. The Methodists have power in Virginia to annihilate slavery whenever they choose, for they have the balance of power; but we sustain it from principle. We do not wish to shelter behind hoary usages and constitutional privileges, but we uphold slavery as a God-given right, and one with which you in the North have nothing to do. All we ask of you is to let us alone."

It was always my opinion that southern men according to their views were far more consistent in defending slavery from principle than their northern abettors who came to their aid through expediency and sectarian bigotry.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

REMOVED TO SAND BANK—WORK FOR THE LORD PROGRESSES—
LABOR PART OF MY TIME IN UTICA—METHODIST PROTESTANT
GENERAL CONFERENCE AT PITTSBURGH—SLAVERY DIS-
CUSSION.

During this entire year my wife bore me company around my extensive field, and shared with me in my trials and the

triumphs of grace. She was exceedingly useful, especially among the women and children, and I could always rely on her faithful help among inquirers after salvation. After the dedication of our new church at Sand Bank considerable effort was made to secure me as pastor for the ensuing year. But one important difficulty was to find a house for my family to reside in. This was soon removed by a promise to build a parsonage as soon as possible, if I would put up with a little inconvenience for a short time. In 1840 we removed to this pleasant and encouraging field of labor, and remained until 1842, when we removed to the city of Utica, where I became pastor of a small church that had withdrawn from the Methodist Episcopal Church on account of the "colored testimony resolution," in Baltimore, in 1840, and for other causes. During the time we remained in this place we had several gracious revivals at Sand Bank, Pineville, and elsewhere; and I had frequent calls to preach and lecture in various towns and villages in Oswego and Jefferson counties, meeting with more or less success in every instance. While here the *New York Luminary* was started in New York City, and I engaged heartily, and as liberally as my circumstances would permit, in its establishment and support. It was commenced in behalf of antislavery in the Methodist Protestant Church, as *Zion's Watchman* was in Boston in opposition to slave-holding in the Methodist Episcopal Church. I usually wrote an article each week for its pages, urging a separation from the southern portion of the connection while they continued to hold slaves, or justified such a practice. It was apparent to my mind that the agitation in the Methodist Episcopal Church on this subject by such men as Scott, Sunderland, Prindle, Lee, Matlack, Horton, Smith, and many other leading men in that church, besides hosts of influential laymen, would result in secession, or the authorities of the church would drive them out; that the position of our church on the all-absorbing question would effectually prevent them from uniting with us, notwithstanding we were sound on the

episcopal, or governmental, question; and should they form another Methodist denomination, free from slavery and clerical ascendancy, we as a church must either go with them or take a back seat. True, it did not require the gift of prophecy to perceive this; but yet there was a majority in the church north who from denominational feelings were determined to hold on to their dear southern brethren. Many thought that if they did secede they would cast their lot with us, inasmuch as we were sound on the mutual rights of the ministry and laity, and allowed free discussion, and occasionally in our annual conferences passed resolutions condemnatory of slavery. Such views had no other effect on my mind than to prove the inconsistency of men and the utter absurdity of their position, and I resolved, should the opportunity present itself, to identify myself with a church free from this horrible vice. A circumstance soon occurred which tended to accelerate this purpose, and rendered it morally impossible for me to wait the tardy movements of O. Scott and his coadjutors, but immediately free myself from this complicity.

In 1842 our general conference was held in Pittsburgh. Many of the leading men were present, and gave character and tone to its proceedings. Asa Shinn was elected president; and Snethen, Jennings, Harrod, Stockton, Tipscomb, and many others of nearly equal note, formed the body of the conference. Most of those men were professedly anti-slavery; but they talked and acted like a man in a boat, rowing one way and looking another. Every effort was made to put the everlasting negro question (as it was classically called) down; but like Banquo's ghost, it would not stay put, but would appear again in some form. Numerous petitions from the northern and western conferences were presented, praying for conference action on the subject of slavery; but they were referred to a committee, who did not report. Nor indeed was it necessary, for before they had time to present the result of their deliberations (if indeed they had deliberated) the conference took the work out of their hands.

One morning the conference assembled, and, as usual, the southern delegates occupied one side of the house and the northern the other. Since the adjournment some person had scattered on the seats a number of small sheets containing a copy of "Lovejoy's Sentiments." On entering the steps of the church the southern brethren snatched up the documents with haste, and soon devoured their contents. They gave many significant glances toward the northern side of the house, while the latter, with evident glee and much pleasure, watched the contortions of countenance of their brethren on the other side, and enjoyed the apparent dilemma in which they appeared to be placed.

Conference was opened in due form, the minutes were read, and the Chair called for business, when a southern brother rose, and adjusting his neck-tie and running his fingers through his hair, said, "Mr. President, I move that a committee be appointed to ascertain who has insulted this conference by introducing among us incendiary documents."

For a few moments there was a pause, as none seemed ready to second the motion. He then repeated his motion in a little stronger language,—as he became considerably excited,—and said, "Mr. President, I repeat my motion. I move you, sir, that a committee be appointed to ferret out (that is the word, sir,) the individual who had the audacity to insult this conference by circulating incendiary documents."

At this stage Nathan Green, a lay delegate from Champlain Conference, called for the reading of the document, stating that when he voted he wished to vote understandingly. He would like to know, and the conference should know officially, the true character of the document condemned by the brother. But the southern side of the house were vociferous for the question without reading, and declared that they did not wish to pollute the air of that sacred place with the blasphemous and filthy language of modern Abolitionists.

A brother then inquired, "What would be the punishment inflicted upon the unfortunate individual who had obtruded

this missile upon us, should he be discovered? Would the conference lynch him? Would you hang him to a lamp-post? or would you black him over if a white man and sell him for a slave? I want to know, sir, before I vote, what law has been violated, and what is the penalty?"

Rev. Hugh Kelly, pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church in Wellsville, Ohio, a visiting brother, and occupying an honorary seat in the conference, arose and said, "Mr. President,—;" but before another word could escape his lips, cries of "order, order," were heard from all parts of the southern side. The president rapped, and told them that Bro. Kelly had the floor.

The reply was, "He is not a member of this body, and none but members ought to speak on this question; it is a question of privilege, and none but members should discuss it."

During this confusion Bro. Kelly wrote a few words and handed the paper to the president, who immediately informed the house that he held in his hand the few words Bro. Kelly had intended to say; that there were only a few lines; that they would supersede the motion called for and settle the question now before the house; and with permission he would read the note. The president then read:

"I acknowledge, Mr. President, that I am the person who placed Lovejoy's Sentiments on the seats of this house."

(Signed.)

"HUGH KELLY."

The fire-eaters now stood aghast. They were chop-fallen, and stared at each other like a herd of hungry calves, disappointed of their breakfast. For a while a death-like stillness pervaded the assembly. Each seemed spell-bound, and none appeared willing to break the monotony or say a word on the question. At length a member handed a paper to the secretary, and asked for its reading. Leave was granted, and the secretary read as follows:

"*Resolved*, That American slavery is a sin against God and a violation of the rights of man, and ought to be immediately abolished."

This was seconded by a half dozen voices on the northern side, and brought nearly every southern member to his feet, with cries of, "Lay it on the table;" "Put it under the table;" "Kick it out of the house," etc.

With frequent rappings of the president's gavel the house was at last reduced to order; and after a few conciliatory remarks by the Chair the discussion commenced, which lasted several days. The South led off by denouncing Abolitionists as infidels and disunionists. And there was the usual twaddle about "cursed be Canaan," and the good Father Abraham who had slaves bought with money, and some born in his house. We were told that slavery was a divine institution; and all the stale arguments we had heard and answered for the last twenty years were rehashed and told with as much authority and assurance as though this were original with those who uttered them. The slaves, they said, were better fed and clothed than laboring men at the North,—could make a better appearance at church on Sundays than the peasantry of any country,—and if it were not for the God-aborred, meddlesome Abolitionists would be perfectly happy; that they enjoyed in their sphere more real comfort and leisure than their masters, for they were literally without care for the morrow,—their wants were all provided for; and if sick, their master and mistress were as assiduous in their attention to their wants as though they were one of the family.

One of the preachers said his slaves loved him, and would not leave him if they could; and if an Abolitionist should go to his quarters and preach his damnable heresies he would have a sorry time among his negroes, for they would put him into the water-trough, or hold him under the pump until some of his ardor should evaporate. Another said that his slaves all wept when he left home, and they would have a jubilee on his return; that his little darkies were always under his feet when at home, and that he often dangled his slave children on his knees. A northern member said in

interruption, "Perhaps there is a tie of consanguinity there?" This, of course, created no small degree of mirth, and the little witticism of the brother was received as courteously as though founded in truth. But to my mind it was an awfully solemn time, to hear our fathers in the church, whom we esteemed as men of deep and sound piety, who had endured so much in contending for liberty and ecclesiastical rights, now stand up in defense of a horrible system that had its origin in the dark ages, and was founded in rapine, arson, and murder, and was fruitful in every other crime known to depraved minds; a system, too, that is condemned by nearly every civilized nation on earth with the exception of the United States, where the largest liberty is professedly awarded to all. Twenty-five years hence it will scarcely be believed that men who could argue in the above strain could lay any claim to morals, much less to the character of a Christian or Christian ministers. We were told by one that his wenches (that was the word) were better clad and better cared for than many of the northern preachers' wives. To which the north side replied, "They ought to be well clad and well fed, even if their masters should starve or go naked, for they were the producers of the South and deserved to live well." They were reminded of a saying of John C. Calhoun, the champion of slavery, the man whom the South delights to honor, "that the producer had a right to the avails of his labor against the world." This was said in opposition to the tariff, and in favor of free trade, but is of universal application. It was asserted that slaves were property under the constitution, and that the claims of the slave-holder were as sound and as good as the claims of the northern men to their horses; and finally, that the north had no right to discuss the question in any way, or in any manner to interfere with their institutions, as it was none of their business. At this stage of the proceedings the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, of Philadelphia, took the floor and addressed the house at great length, occupying several sittings of the conference. He

began by claiming the right of every American citizen to discuss any and every question of a public character that ever came before the people; that charters, corporations, monopolies, the manufacturing of ardent spirits, or any other vested right, including the right to hold slaves (which had been admitted was a creature of law), were proper subjects for free discussion, for on all these questions there was a diversity of opinion, and it is only by free discussion and interchange of thought that truth on any of these matters can be elicited; that for one he believed slavery to be a moral evil, and with his views could never give it his sanction or support, much less could he yield his right to animadvert on its rightful existence in a country like this, where free discussion and liberty of speech and of the press are secured to every citizen. He would rather die on the floor of conference than have this right wrested from him. To give up this right was unworthy of a freeman, and he would be unworthy of the name he bore should he do so. "But, brethren," said he, "it is one thing to possess rights, ay, and to hold them tenaciously, but it is another thing to exercise them. May I not sometimes from motives of prudence or expediency hold my right in abeyance? I must always on every proper occasion assert my rights, and if I choose preserve them for future use, when times and exigences demand their exercise. The Abolitionists are in the main correct on the abstract question, but some of their measures are extreme, and every man can not indorse them. And they are so much divided among themselves that they will soon fall to pieces by their dissensions. One of their measures lately adopted by one wing of the Abolitionists, namely, the formation of the Liberty party, will prove their speedy overthrow. They have two formidable parties to contend against, and in the contest with these one or the other will surely cause their annihilation. Now, brethren, upon good authority we are cautioned against precipitancy. 'Let your moderation be known unto all men.' 'Lay hands suddenly on no man,' no, not even upon

slave-holders, for 'he that believeth should not make haste.' Caution, we are told, is the parent of safety, and a hoary institution like slavery, upon which the best of men have differed, should be handled with care. And it will be no mortal sin to move with caution in an affair of this character, which has formed such gigantic dimensions. We can signify our disapproval of the system without resorting to violent measures, and wait another four years, until another general conference assembles. By that time the politicians will have swallowed up the so-called Liberty Party, and time and wisdom and four more years of experience, with the providence of God to direct, will, we hope, open the way to a solution of this intricate and much-vexed question."

Thus a compromise was effected between the slaveocracy and their northern allies, and Pilate and Herod were made friends over the sufferings of Christ in the person of his little ones. Mr. Stockton was a very popular man at that time; an eloquent divine, and a forcible writer. He had been chaplain to congress, and served in that office with credit to himself and acceptance of his employers. He was justly esteemed by his brethren, both North and South, as one whose judgment was worthy of consideration. On this occasion he displayed a great versatility of talent, and seemed to have a wonderful power over the conference. Great deference was paid to his views, and the arguments he advanced to sustain them, and a majority of the conference voted to lay the resolution on the table. Thus the conference took the fearful responsibility of staving off for four years longer the performance of a duty that God commanded should be done to-day. Since then I have read Lord MacCauley's history of England, and his description of a class of men in the days of James II., whom he significantly styles "Trimmers," whose exact position when the king contemplated the invasion of the rights of the church, which he had sworn to maintain, it was difficult to determine. The king claimed that he was invested with the "dispensing power," that is, the preroga

tive to dispense with the enforcement of acts of parliament at his own pleasure; and these men were a kind of betwixt and between, who sometimes sided with the king and sometimes with the people. They were exceedingly anxious to retain the good-will of both parties, and were always fertile in conjuring up some expediency to cover over the gross attempts of the king to override the liberties of the people. Had Mr. Stockton lived in that day he might, like Mr. Henry Clay, have been esteemed a prince among "trimmers," or "compromisers."

These vacillating men were always loud in proclaiming their own consistency. Others were changing their views and positions, but they remained the same. Whichever party for the time was in the ascendancy, they were always on hand to be numbered with the victors.

This reminds me of an anecdote of a man who had passed through many vicissitudes, but in the end was found in the same condition he was at the commencement. A friend met him one day after some years of absence, and said:

"Well, Mr. B., how are you? How have you got along since I saw you last?"

"Oh," said A., "I am just the same as when we last met?"

"But I have been married since then," said B.

"Why, that is good," said A.

"Not so good either," said B., "for my wife was a shrew."

"Oh, that is bad," said A.

"Not so bad either," said B., "for I got two thousand pounds with her."

"Why, that was good," said A.

"Not so good either," said B., "for I expended the money in the purchase of sheep, and they all caught the rot and died."

"Why, that was bad," said A.

"Not so bad either," said B., "for I sold the pelts for more than the sheep cost me."

"Oh, that was good again," said A.

"Not so good as you may think," said B., "for I built a house with the money and it took fire and was consumed."

"Why, that was bad indeed," said A.

"No, indeed," said B., "it was not so bad either, for my wife was consumed in it."

And so this man, notwithstanding his various changes, remained in his former position; and so these trimmers, find them where you might, were always in the same position, though changing as often as the wind.

The conference adjourned *sine die*; and the antislavery portion were compelled to admit they had been defeated, and that Christ had been betrayed in the house of his friends.

We believed that a crisis was approaching in ecclesiastical affairs, but what course to pursue we could not determine. To my mind, to remain four years longer with a church that maintained that slavery was not sinful, with all the light and experience I had received on the subject, would not be of a doubtful character, but exceedingly wicked, and I assured our brethren that I could only remain with them until the sitting of conference, and that under protest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE AT SYRACUSE—REASONS FOR WITHDRAWAL FROM THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH—STORMY TIME AT CONFERENCE—REMOVAL TO UTICA.

After making the foregoing digression I return to my personal narrative. In 1839 the conference again elected me as their president; but this year I had to travel over my extensive field alone, as my wife's health had failed so as to demand retirement and rest. The labor on the district was

arduous, but resulted in much good. Two camp-meetings were held; and many souls were converted and much people added to the Lord. The work at Sand Bank, also, is progressing, and the church now numbers sixty-five members. At the dedication of their house of worship I was strongly solicited to become their paster next year, to which I have given my consent. In 1840 our conference was held in Parishville. I was again elected president, with the understanding that I should serve the church at Sand Bank half the Sabbaths, and Bro. Nathan Crary, the conference missionary, should supply my place at quarterly meetings on the east end of the conference. In 1841 our circuit was transferred to the Onondaga Conference, and I was still continued at Sand Bank. The good work is still progressing, and we are very comfortably situated. We had an extensive revival this year, and all the young ladies in my wife's Sabbath-school class, six in number, are among the converts. Our children's meetings are highly interesting. About twenty usually meet at the parsonage once a week for prayer and conference, conducted by my wife when I am absent. Upon the whole, we are as happy and comfortable as we expect to be until we reach our heavenly home. But there is a black sheep in our flock. Slavery in the church is the cause of much regret and sorrow, and to us it is a source of great affliction. It seems like a hopeless task to attempt to reform a church from this terrible curse, which has its ecclesiastical connections in the southern states. Sectarian pride and boast of members have too deep a hold on the northern church to permit it to obey the command of God, to "remember those that are in bonds as bound with them." It has now become a settled fact that if our next conference, which meets at Syracuse next September, indorses the action of our late General Conference I must sever my connection with that body and cast myself entirely upon the providence of God. Where I shall go to find a church relation I knew not; but we have both come to the conclusion that it is better to do right with the minor-

ity, or single-handed to stand alone, than remain any longer in fellowship with wrong-doers. The following are some of the reasons that prompted us to take this step, though it causes us much anguish of heart to record these facts :

We believe that the churches at the North are responsible for the continuance of slavery. Mr. James G. Birney says, "The church is the bulwark of slavery." Mr. Albert Barnes said, "There is not power enough in the nation to continue slavery for six months, should the churches entirely discard it." The above facts are apparent for the following reasons :

First. The churches at the North, as well as at the South, hold the slave-holder in Christian fellowship, thus indorsing his Christian character and esteeming him as a brother beloved, and thus justifying his daily acts of man-stealing.

Second. By members of northern churches voting at elections for the man-thief, and his apologist, thus giving evidence that they approve of the wicked laws they enact, whereby they oppress the poor. This is done every year. And the church approves of those acts, and is thus striking hands with the oppressor instead of being a reprover of those who commit the deeds of darkness.

Third. The members of northern churches sustain those parties that make those cruel laws which crush the poor colored man in their midst; and among those who are the victims of this cruel class legislation are many who are members of their own church.

Fourth. In most of the churches at the North the "negro pew" is erected, thus showing that they despise the poor, and have "become respecters of persons."

Fifth. But few of the churches at the North will allow their doors to be open to plead the cause of the poor and oppressed. They are willing to hear harangues in praise of Henry Clay, or Martin Van Buren, or any slave-holder or his apologist, but the man who will dare to open his mouth for the dumb or attempt to exhibit the wickedness and wrongs of slavery will have the door shut in his face; or if

he be allowed to speak, his views will be distorted and himself held up to ridicule; or maybe he will be represented as a traitor to his country, an enemy to republicanism, and often be in personal danger from the fury of a pro-slavery mob, headed by officers and prominent members of a Christian church.

Now if these things are so, how can an enlightened Abolitionist retain his standing with such a church and be guiltless? Mr. Wesley said, nearly a hundred years ago, that American slavery was "the sum of all villainies," and that it was "the worst the sun ever shone upon." Where, then, is the evidence of Christian character in a church that fosters and encourages in its members a sin which is the quintessence and embodiment of every villainy? There can be no difficulty in proving that slavery aims a mortal blow at the government of God; or in other words, there is not one of God's laws in all the decalogue that is not presumptuously violated by it. Indeed it matters not which of those laws you may select to test the sentiment, if you carry it out through all its legitimate bearings it will effectually annihilate slavery. How, then, can a Christian sustain or defend a system that aims to obliterate every feature of intellectual being in man and not impair his power to labor, or apologize for an institution that claims God for its originator, while it nullifies every law he has enacted to govern our moral being, and makes him what he has repeatedly declared he is not, "a respecter of persons."

I have endeavored while in this place, as well as on former occasions, to deal plainly with the church and congregation in reference to their responsibility, both morally and politically, for the existence of our national sins of slavery, intemperance, and war. A few adhere, and seem to be willing to bear the odium that accrues in consequence; but the greatest number stand aloof and appear to court the popular favor, and are ready to believe all the silly stories told about amalgamation, freemen cutting their masters throats, etc.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

August, 1842. It will be exceedingly distressing to part from this church, with which we have enjoyed so many pleasing and profitable seasons for the last four years. Our hearts have been united in nearly everything desirable, and union and peace still predominate. Love, like a golden chain, binds our affectionate souls together. But our blessed Lord says, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." It will also be deeply afflictive to leave the Methodist Protestant connection, with which I have been identified for more than nine years. My labors commenced with this denomination when it was in its mere infancy, and we have suffered much with our brethren in helping to build it up. We have rejoiced to witness our rapid advance in spite of all opposing influences, and its general prosperity has often gladdened our hearts. We innocently and naturally supposed that as soon as the church became convinced of the fact that it was a connecting link in the chain of slavery it would rejoice at the opportunity to carry out the principles of "mutual rights" for which we have so nobly contended, and sever our alliance with the abomination. That the Methodist Protestant Church will do this in advance of the politician we have now no hope, so that nothing remains for me as a consistent Christian Abolitionist but to dissolve my connection and withdraw my fellowship, which by the help of God I intended to do at our next conference. The position and conduct of our church furnishes an apt illustration of the truthfulness of the philosophical reasoning of the celebrated Thomas Jefferson in his notes on Virginia. "What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his *own liberty*, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trials, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to remove."

During the present year I have been laboring (with the consent of our president) a part of my time with a little church in the city of Utica, who call themselves Wesleyan Methodists. They are composed chiefly of seceders from the Methodist Episcopal Church, who withdrew soon after the General Conference in Baltimore, in 1840, passed a resolution declaring it to be "unjustifiable and inexpedient to admit colored testimony where white persons were concerned, in church trials, in those states and territories where the same persons are forbidden to testify in civil courts." By this rule they put themselves in direct opposition to the ruling of Jesus Christ, the great head of the church, and to revoke whose law is treason against high heaven. But slavery made the demand; and in that day everything had to succumb to its exorbitant claims, whether human rights or Bible teachings.

The great Teacher said, "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more; and if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church." But the Methodist Episcopal General Conference declares such an act would be unjustifiable if the aggrieved brother wore a colored skin, and his oppressors had passed a law to forbid his testimony in a civil court.

What black-hearted villainy is this! The poor oppressed brother or sister in Christ is hunted and despised and robbed by this nation of every attribute that his fellow-man can take from him whereby he is distinguished from the brute, and left at the mercy and lust and caprice of every white scoundrel who may choose to abuse and defraud the one or violate the chastity of the other, and have no redress. They are "niggers," and "have no rights that a white man is bound to respect." Should they dare to resent the injury inflicted upon them by a professed brother, and attempt to inform the church of the black-hearted reprobate, if he had the appearance of an Anglo-Saxon the consummate vagabond may laugh

them to scorn, and the church shut the door in their face and tell them that because they have a dark skin they can not be heard in their own defense. Such persons may be suitable to meet in class, be accepted candidates for baptism, be esteemed worthy to receive the Lord's-supper, but their testimony can not be admitted in the church where a white person is concerned.

It will scarcely be credited in twenty years from now that any body of men calling themselves Christians could even for a moment have lent themselves to do this dirty work of supererogation for the interests of Satan's kingdom. By this act they not only manifest their utter contempt for the commands of Christ, but also exhibit the most consummate hypocrisy. They positively declare that they are doing more good for the colored people of the South than other denominations, or even all the Abolitionists put together, and are perpetually boasting of the large numbers of colored persons who at the South belong to their church; and then by this rule they assert that not one of those converts can be believed on oath in a church trial where the character or standing of a white person is involved.

In October our annual conference met in Syracuse, and the session was rather a stormy one. The delegate from my charge who accompanied me to conference was Ebenezer Barker, a man of some mind and intelligence. He was of the democratic school, and rather a negro hater. I had spent some agreeable hours under his hospitable roof. It was always very pleasant to visit his excellent and well-informed family, and had it not been for his pro-slavery sentiments there would have been nothing to mar our most friendly and Christian intercourse. But we seldom met without having a discussion on the then all-absorbing question; and I often thought, with all his pretended opposition, his heart was better than his head. I informed him of my intentions, and the course I intended to pursue at conference; and although I could not expect his full sympathy in my measures I felt sure

I should not receive his violent opposition. Soon after this we could number this man among the true friends of the slave; and he has since admitted that much of his opposition was to draw me out in argument. I still number him among my warm friends.

The majority of the conference, both ministers and laymen, were pro-slavery. Every attempt made to pledge the conference to antislavery measures was promptly voted down, and the most strenuous efforts were made to injure the character and influence of the friends of the slave. However, after much debate and many hard things said by our opponents we obtained the use of the house for an antislavery lecture, which was delivered by General Wilson, of New Hampshire, who in a most solemn and impressive manner showed the extreme folly and wickedness of imputing the origin of slavery to the God of the Bible, who is emphatically the God of love.

Many were convinced by that effort of the sinfulness of their position, and the next morning declared on the conference floor that if we could have one or two more such lectures we should all be converted. But the strongest opposers were not present to hear the lecture, and therefore could not appreciate the arguments advanced nor feel the power of truth.

A motion was made by a pro-slavery member to open the house to the Democratic and Whig parties to advocate their peculiar views, and thus manifest our impartiality, although nothing was said by the lecturer on the subject of voting, as he particularly dwelt on the views the Bible presented on the sin of slavery. But perhaps there is no better place to observe the working of human nature, and the innate sinfulness of the heart, than in an antislavery discussion, especially when pro-slavery sentiments are in the ascendancy. It was so in this case; for it was evident that such men cared not for the truth of God nor the rights of man whenever or wherever they came in contact with their views of party in-

terests. The arguments used on that occasion were, that slaves were the property of their owners, and it was as wicked to feed a fugitive slave or otherwise aid him to escape as it would be to secrete and use any other kind of property belonging to another. The opinion generally prevailed that law was the foundation of rights, or, in the language of Henry Clay, "that is property which the law declares to be property," unmindful that man had rights and did actually possess property long before any human enactment was made. Before the invention of writing, or the manufacture of pens or paper on which laws could be recorded, or the first convention to regulate civil society, men had the God-given right to life, liberty, and property, which no man or body of men could justly take from him without an equivalent, unless forfeited by crime. What equivalent can ever be rendered to a man for the loss of his natural rights?

It was evident from their arguments that if the State of New York by her legislature should enact a law to enslave every foreigner that lands within her domain, it would be considered meritorious by these brethren to enslave every English brother or sister in the church; and those who would aid them to escape to another state where they could enjoy their freedom would be considered by them as traitors to their country and enemies to freedom. Could I consistently remain in such a church, when the leading men and congregated wisdom and piety thereof openly avowed such abominable heresy?

At the close of the debate I requested a letter of dismissal, which brought them to a dead halt; for wicked as I was in their opinion in holding ultra Abolition principles, they appeared to be unwilling to have me leave their ranks. After various attempts to induce me to change my mind, and remain with them at least one more year, my request was granted by a rising vote, and the thanks of the conference were tendered for my past services. Thus terminated my connection with a church whose theology and government fully re-

ceived my most cordial approbation, and for whose interest I had employed my feeble though best energies for nearly ten years of the prime of my life.

I had suffered much, both in body and mind, in her defense; had received but a meager support for my family (the highest amount I ever received during any single year was one hundred and fifty dollars, including house rent, traveling expenses, etc.); had several debates in vindication of her position; had baptized more than one hundred persons, and received within her pale twice that number, and witnessed our conference become the nucleus of three conferences. All these things greatly endeared her to me, and rendered it the more painful to secede. In addition to this, I had many warm friends in her ministry and membership, of whose piety and devotedness to God I could have no reasonable doubt. But the command of God was plain and imperative. In her was found one of the marks of antichrist; she dealt in slaves, and the bodies and souls of men, and He says, "Come out of her, my people."

I could no longer hesitate; for our Lord declares that if any man love father or mother or house or land more than him, he can not be his disciple; and the only proof that I know we can give of our love to him, is that we keep his commandments. On my return from conference the brethren came to inquire about our doings, and who was to be their future pastor. When I informed them that I had withdrawn from the church and conference on account of its connection with slavery, they were greatly disturbed. Some justified and some disapproved, but all seemed to regret that they were to be deprived of their former pastor. I assured them that regrets were useless; that I had acted from conscientious motives, and indeed from a moral necessity, and after mature deliberation and in the fear of God, with the hope of more extended usefulness, and at least to act more consistently with my sense of moral obligation. Thus this to me painful ordeal was passed—one of the most trying acts

of my life. My connection was severed from a church in which I had labored and endured from its infancy, and whose theology and polity met my entire approbation; and I greatly admired her noble position in maintaining against fearful odds her praiseworthy stand against clerical domination, and asserting the "mutual rights" of ministers and laymen in the church of Christ. But this, I had painfully discovered, was intended to secure the mutual rights of *white men* only, and my future course was plain. As before stated, I had preached the past year part of the time to a small church of Wesleyans in the city of Utica, with the consent of the president; and although the arrangement was attended with considerable toil and expense, as the two churches I labored in were more than fifty miles distant from each other, yet our interviews were pleasant and agreeable, and I trust profitable to all concerned. At the rise of our conference I removed my family to the city, and with the cordial invitation of the church became their pastor.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LABOR IN UTICA—TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS—MR. WILLIAM MILLER AND ADVENTISTS IN UTICA—CONVENTION OF REFORMERS IN 1842—CONVENTION OF 1843—FORMATION OF THE WESLEYAN CONNECTION—REMOVAL TO SENECA FALLS.

On our reaching Utica the friends made suitable arrangements for our temporal comfort, and seemed desirous to make our stay with them as agreeable and pleasant as possible. I had no experience as a city pastor, having hitherto been stationed in rural districts, and consequently had my fears in regard to my competency to fill the demands and expectations of a people of taste and refined habits. In country

places a preacher with a little capital, officiating only once in two weeks, can economize his acquirements with an occasional rehash to his different congregations, but to preach twice, and sometimes thrice, to the same audience on every Sabbath requires some study, and no little versatility of mind, to avoid sameness and repetition. However, the brethren appeared to be very indulgent, and seemed to enjoy my plain and homely style and manners. Our congregations continued as large and respectable as at the beginning; and we had some conversions and additions to the church, notwithstanding the efforts of the Adventists and others to procure our annihilation.

While serving this church we had to pass through a continual scene of excitement. On every hand commotion and bitter feelings were exhibited to an alarming extent. In the political world there were alarming strifes. The nation had but recently lost by death the lamented Wm. H. Harrison, president of the United States, and many thought his death was occasioned by foul means; his successor, Mr. Tyler, had proved recreant to the Whig cause, which produced considerable trouble in their camp; and then we were on the eve of a general election, and Democrats and Whigs were cavassing land and sea to make proselytes to their cause. The Liberty party, composed of men who would not bow their knee to the image of Baal, had just been formed, and given its maiden vote of seven thousand. This produced a great fluster in the political camp, and proved a nut which neither party could crack. Then there was the colored testimony resolution passed by the recent General Conference at Baltimore, which caused much disturbance in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and last but not least, the teachings of Wm. Miller and his coadjutors had a thrilling effect on the minds of many good people in reference to the immediate coming of Christ and the consequent end of the world in its present form. Our goodly city seemed to be the center of all the isms of the day; and scarcely a week passed but conventions of some kind

were held on matters of great importance in the estimation of some, and our citizens were up to the boiling point of excitement continually.

About this time a few hard-drinking men met together in the city of Baltimore, and resolved to sign a pledge of total abstinence from all that could intoxicate; and they formed the first Washingtonian Temperance Society. Their influence was just beginning to be realized in our midst, and our brethren entered nobly into the work. In Utica, temperance meetings were held every Sunday evening during the winter, and in the public square during the summer; and a vast amount of good was accomplished among the inebriates and others. Several Washingtonian societies were formed in the city; and the ladies' "Martha Washington Society" did efficient service in the good cause. Their sewing circles and visiting committees were very useful in relieving the wants of the indigent inebriates' families, and many poor hearts were made to rejoice during the severe winter of 1842-43. But when the good Lord stirs up the people to some effective measures to promote some efficient enterprise for his glory, the devil is sure to put his club foot in and attempt to counteract any good that might actually accrue. It is often said in England, that when a church is erected Satan always manages to influence some one to start a gin-shop near by. So it was in this case; by the time the Washingtonian Society had fairly started on its career of benevolence and usefulness, and was becoming the most popular enterprise of the day in the cause of temperance, and doing more good than all others, the "Sons of Temperance" organized as a secret benevolent society, and was soon followed by others of a similar character, who took the whole work out of the hands of many who could not conscientiously enter their secret conclave even for a good purpose. Some of us who had been accustomed to beard the lion in his den, and openly avow our sentiments, and had no wish or intention to conceal the weapons of our warfare from public scrutiny, objected to

the new mode of tactics, and were shut out from their sympathy. It soon became evident that a man who objected to unite with a secret society was suspected as to his loyalty to the temperance cause, and could not command the approval or co-operation of secret-society men in his efforts to promote the cause of temperance.

Another subject that produced great agitation at that time was the near approach of the end of time, as predicted by Mr. William Miller, a layman in the Baptist denomination, who pretended to have discovered that the second advent of Jesus Christ into our world in person would take place on or near March 22, 1843. This gentleman visited our city during the winter previous to the general conflagration, as predicted by himself and his coadjutors, among whom was Joshua Himes of Boston, George Storrs of New York, (who was an Abolitionist of the first water, and who declared the end of the world would come before slavery was abolished,) and some other lesser lights. The friends of the cause obtained for the use of Mr. Miller the largest church in the city, in which to deliver a course of lectures on this truly awful and tremendously interesting subject. For seventeen nights in succession he held forth his views of the second coming of Christ before thousands, who listened to his expositions of prophecies with breathless earnestness and profound anxiety. Nearly the whole city were more or less moved by his simple, and plain, and apparently sincere efforts to make an impression on the public mind; and the number of converts to his singular mode of explaining and applying scripture prophecies increased daily. It was a trying time to any Christian who did not fully enter into their extravagant views; for while we admitted that Christ would eventually come again to judge the world, none could positively say that event would *not* take place in 1843. If any person attempted to question the soundness of their theories he was sure to be classed with the scoffers of the last days, who would say, "Where is the promise of his coming?" or with the "slothful

servant who said, My Lord delayeth his coming." And we were told if we were true Christians we would love, as St. Paul did, the "appearing of our Lord." Nearly one half of the little Wesleyan church were led away by this delusion, and many of them became the most violent opposers of the church they left, and also of the pastor they had so recently chosen, and whom they professed to esteem highly for his work's sake. When the excitement died in consequence of the failure of their predictions, most of them became sour in their minds toward all denominations and remained lost to future usefulness in the cause of God.

While in Utica, a convention was held in our church, composed of Reformed Methodists and Wesleyans who had organized under that name in different parts of the country, and some few Protestant Methodists. Delegates were in attendance from Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Ohio, and New York. The State of Michigan, where an annual conference had been organized as Wesleyan Methodists, was well represented. Elijah Bailey, one of the founders of the Reformed Methodist Church, among whom the writer first found the Savior, was chosen president, and George Pegler, and Bro. Doolittle of Michigan, vice-presidents. The representation was not large, but our interview was sweet and fraternal. All appeared to be true reformers, and possessed an excellent spirit; and they entered heart and soul into the work for the interest of which they came together. Little was done at that time toward an organization, as it was thought such a course was premature; but a plan of fraternization was adopted whereby the Reformed Methodists, who had then some six or eight conferences in perhaps as many states, could work in harmony with seceders from pro-slavery churches until a more perfect and permanent union could be established. I was much interested in the movement, as I was then in good standing in the Methodist Protestant Church, and was only waiting for the sitting of our next annual conference to withdraw from the connection; and

I was glad to find so many brethren with whom I could affiliate. Father Bailey, as he was familiarly called, might be justly named the "Father of Reform" among the Methodists in America. He was a man of deep piety, and possessed a clear head and sound judgment; and a holy unction usually attended his ministrations. He was dearly beloved by all who knew him. His son, Wesley Bailey, resided in the city, and edited the *Methodist Reformer*, in the interest of that denomination, as also the *Liberty Press*, an antislavery paper. He was a man of good ability and sterling integrity, and on the subject of all true reforms was head and shoulders above many who claimed to be his peers. Brethren Curtiss, Doolittle, Swift, and others from Michigan and Ohio, whose names I can not now recall to mind, were all men of chaste spirits, with whom I would have esteemed it my highest honor and privilege to live and labor in this life, and enjoy their society in the better land.

During the winter of 1842 there was a general move among the members of the Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Protestant churches in the northern and western states, who were opposed to slavery and the unscriptural power of the clergy as exercised in many instances over the membership. Many seceded in various parts, both North and West, and small Wesleyan churches were organized in many places. Scott, Lee, Prindle, Matlack, Sunderland, Horton, and others were exerting a powerful influence in the East and North, while the tocsin of reform was sounded in the West by the brethren in Michigan. They were powerfully aided by such noble men as Edward Smith, Daniel Worth, and many others, who made their mark above opposers and left a shining way behind them.

The first number of a weekly paper was started in the fall in advance of date, which furnished a valuable medium for exchange of thought, and through which we could communicate with each other and report progress. It was edited and published by Rev. Orange Scott, and was called the *True*

Wesleyan. It is still published in Syracuse, by the Wesleyan Publishing House, with the appropriate cognomen of *American Wesleyan*,—A. Crooks and L. N. Stratton associate editors,—and advocates the same principles as at the commencement of its existence; and it is fully up to the demands of the age. Considerable feeling was awakened in the minds of the religious community as to what would be the result of this simultaneous movement in regard to slavery, and reform in general.

Several conventions and meetings were held in New England and elsewhere for open and free discussion as to means and measures to be adopted. It was finally thought best to call a general convention in some central place, to be composed of evangelical Christians who were opposed to slavery and episcopacy and in favor of itinerancy, to meet the next spring and exchange views, and adopt such a course as Providence might indicate as consistent and proper. At one of the conventions in New England a discipline had been blocked out, and spread before the brethren in the columns of the *True Wesleyan*, with the design to submit it to the contemplated convention for their adoption, amendment, or rejection. At one of our church meetings it was suggested to tender the hospitalities of our little church to hold the next general convention, and pledge ourselves to do our best to make our visiting brethren as comfortable as possible. Accordingly a correspondence was opened with the New England brethren, and a cordial invitation was extended to them to hold their contemplated convention in our pleasant city and in our house of worship. The invitation was accepted in the same spirit with which it was offered, and the brethren and friends of the cause assembled on the 31st of May, 1843. It embraced representatives from sixteen different states, and in my opinion comprised a band of as disinterested and godly men as ever met to deliberate on any important subject, in this or any other country.

Our meeting-house being too limited in its seating capaci-

ty, we procured the Blecker Street Church for our daily sittings; and though from two to three thousand persons could be accommodated with seats, it was often filled.

Rev. Orange Scott, one of the best executive officers and most efficient chairman I ever knew, was elected president. The various committees were appointed,—including one on compiling a discipline, consisting of Cyrus Prindle, Luther Lee, Edward Smith, John Watson, George Pegler, and some others whose names I do not now remember. The latter committee frequently met in my house for consultation, and I counted it one of the most pleasing episodes of my life that I had the pleasure of entertaining such a noble company of God fearing men.

The work of the convention proceeded with as much dispatch and harmony as could be expected by the most sanguine, under the existing circumstances, it being composed of representatives from sixteen states, and about half that number of denominations. There were present and acting in that body members or ministers, or both, from the Methodist Episcopal Church, Methodist Protestant Church, Protestant Episcopal Church, Reformed Methodist Church, Primitive Methodist Church, Congregational Methodist Church, Free-Will Baptist Church, Congregational Church, Christian Church, and perhaps some others. There was of course a great difference of opinion on matters merely prudential, but on the subject of slavery, temperance, and equal rights of ministers and members, or what was known as lay representation, there were no discordant views. The retaining infant baptism in the connection, the formation of rules which would exclude Freemasons from the church, together with the denominational name we should adopt, caused much discussion; and many words were wasted in attempts to settle these questions. But by the exercise of much brotherly love and Christian forbearance these questions, which at one time seriously threatened a disruption, were finally settled to the satisfaction of at least a large majority, if not all

who ever bore the name of Methodist and loved Methodist doctrines and usages. Six conferences were recognized, and as far as could be ascertained about seventy ministers and three thousand members; and the noble and sanguine O. Scott indulged the hope that in six years we might possibly double our ministry and membership. This was the commencement of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection in the United States,—Methodist because of its theology, and Wesleyan because Mr. Wesley was a “modern Abolitionist,” and a hundred years ahead of the times in which he lived on the subject of temperance, and fully accorded to his sons in America the right to adopt such rules of church government as the peculiar circumstances of their times and place might demand, being guided by the New Testament, and the usages of the primitive church. The delegate from Seneca Falls, a large manufacturing village in central New York, requested me to become their pastor; and by the advice of Bro. Scott I reluctantly consented to sever my connection with the Utica church, to which I had become warmly attached.

In due time we reached our place of labor. We received a cordial welcome from the brethren, and the promise of constant co-operation in all measures connected with the prosperity of the church and the advancement of religion.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RESIDENCE AND LABOR AT SENECA FALLS—NEW CHURCH EDIFICE—CIRCUMSTANCES THAT LED TO SECESSION IN THAT VILLAGE—MR. JOSEPH METCALF—HIS LIBERALITY—BURNING OF HIS BARN.

On arriving at Seneca Falls we found that our brethren had no place of worship of their own, but were accustomed

to meet in the academy, a commodious building, and sufficiently large for our purpose. A new church edifice was just commenced, of larger dimensions than any other church in the village. By the month of October it was finished in a very plain style, and dedicated to the worship of God with a sermon by the Rev. Luther Lee, then president of the New York Conference, of which we then formed a part.

There are some incidents in our lives which at the time of their occurrence appear trivial in themselves, yet often lead to important results, and in my opinion deserve to be rescued from oblivion.

The antislavery movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Seneca Falls was somewhat singular in itself, and evidently providential. Joseph Metcalf, Esq., one of the influential members of the church, had received from an unknown source several copies of *Zion's Watchman*, a paper published in Boston in the interest of antislavery, by a minister of his own denomination. Not having time nor inclination to read them,—as he discovered they criticised the doings of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which he supposed was as near perfect as any human organization possibly could be,—they were thrown aside as unworthy of his attention. Soon after, he was visited with a return of dyspepsia, a disease with which he was often afflicted; and his usual remedy was to abstain from food and labor for several days, or until the disease should abate. While in this condition, and lying on the lounge, he thought of those papers he had laid aside, and concluded to examine their contents, not having the remotest idea from reading the discipline that the church could be involved in the horrible sin of slavery. He soon commenced to peruse these discarded sheets, and was not long in discovering the condition of his beloved church in regard to this “great evil,” as they termed it, but also its extensive complicity with the slave-power and one of the bulwarks for its defense and perpetuation. His eyes were open to perceive the terrible position he occupied while

sustaining this relation to this national sin; and he immediately mailed ten dollars to Le Roy Sunderland for as many copies of *Zion's Watchman*, to be addressed to as many different persons in the church, on condition that they would read them and pay the postage. This soon made a stir among the members of the church, as well as in the community. Anti-slavery meetings were held, and the subject was freely discussed; and some were anxious for immediate action. Rev. Ralph Bennett, a seceder from the Methodist Episcopal Church, preached to them a few times, and considerably fanned the flame; and many were anxious to withdraw and form a new church immediately. But the preacher in charge had just commenced a protracted effort, and the leading brethren in the new movement wisely recommended not to make any move in that direction until the protracted meeting closed, lest they should be charged with attempts to hinder the work of revival. At the close of the above meeting, after the professed converts had been received on probation, a number of the brethren sent to the official board a declaration of their sentiments in regard to slavery, and other matters connected with church government, and expressed a desire to be dismissed from the church. This action, being entirely unexpected by the preacher, was like casting a fire-brand into dry stubbles; and a fierce opposition was raised, and many hard things were said. But the dissenting brethren were firm. They had counted the cost and matured their plan. They were men and women of principle, and sarcasm or ridicule could not divert them from their fixed purpose. They loved the church of their early choice; had made many sacrifices in her behalf; had endured much from persecution in the early days of her existence, when they held their meetings in a cellar for want of a more convenient and comfortable place; and they had been often disturbed by the rabble while at their devotions, and not unfrequently stoned on their way to and from meeting. They had rejoiced in the church's prosperity; had witnessed with great delight the

enlargement of her borders and the increase of her membership, and were thankful for the peace she enjoyed, and for the favor God had given her in the mind of the community at large. The struggle between church attachment and obvious duty was severe. They had built a commodious brick church and a convenient parsonage, and had a full share of the public confidence; and to leave the church was to leave all their denominational interests, and start out they knew not where. But the command of God was paramount to every other consideration. The awful truth of the church's complicity with the heinous sin of slavery and other evils was clearly manifest; the voice of God and humanity thundered in their ears; and their moral sensibilities were aroused. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." "Remember them that are in bonds." "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." They could no longer hesitate in reference to duty. They persevered in demanding their dismissal and finally succeeded, and commenced the work of organizing anew. At the time of their withdrawal a number of the young converts, or new members, expressed their surprise at this new movement, and began to inquire the cause. The necessary information was given, with an assurance that they (the seceders) had acted from conviction of duty and moral obligation, and had no desire to bias their minds in the least; that they had purposely deferred this act until this time so as not to influence their minds until they had found an ecclesiastical home, and had acquired sufficient information to act prudently and in the fear of God in this matter. A number of those who were recently converted signified a desire to be with those who labored for their conversion, and thought it safe to follow in the wake of those whom God had honored as instruments in bringing them from darkness to light, and altogether about sixty or seventy persons composed the new church. They adopted the name "Wesleyan Methodist," and sent one of their number (Bro. Fox) to represent them at the Utica convention. I labored

with this people as their first pastor for two years, or until the formation of the Rochester Annual Conference, when I was appointed as missionary to travel through its bounds. During my stay with this people, Tyre and Geneva shared in a portion of my labors; and I cheerfully identified myself with them in their common and peculiar trials and rejoiced with them in all their triumphs. A number were converted to God during that time, and we had many valuable accessions to the church. The opposition we had to endure was intense and frequent; but the good Lord sustained and blessed us.

There were some noble spirits in the church, whose counsels and efforts could always be relied on, and who nobly stood by me in my endeavors to build up the cause in the days of our infancy, against the mighty opposition we had to contend with from mistaken and vacillating brethren, and combined wicked influences without. Among the most reliable men I ever knew was Bro. Joseph Metcalf, whose advice and example seemed safe for me to follow in every particular excepting his connecting himself with a secret temperance society, and his sympathy with the Second Adventists, in both of which I hope he now sees his error. He and myself are nearly the same age, and our experience in many respects is similar. We were in early life cast upon our own resources, and had to carve out a path in which to travel,—he to make property in order to do good with it, and myself to labor in Christ's cause for the good of others. He has succeeded, and done nobly in his vocation; as for myself, I must wait until my account is rendered at the day of judgment. A few incidents came to my knowledge while on this charge which should be rescued from oblivion, as they may be instructive.

When the Methodist Episcopal church was built in Seneca Falls, Bro. Joseph Metcalf gave one thousand dollars toward its erection on condition that the seats should always remain free. Some years after, and a short time before he withdrew

from the church, the pastor informed the official board that some means ought to be adopted to relieve the church of its indebtedness. He recommended the renting of the slips as a means of revenue, and enlarging the congregation by opening the door for the ingress of some of the citizens of the place who were in favor of the measure and wished to have a place where their families could sit together. Bro. Metcalf objected to the measure, and reminded them of the contract made at the time of the erection of the building. But to relieve them of their present difficulty he generously offered to pay another thousand dollars of their indebtedness; provided they would keep to their original intention, and give him a bond to return the money if they should ever sell or rent the slips. This stipulation was agreed to; the money was paid over; and Bro. Metcalf received the bond, signed by the pastor and trustees, binding themselves and their successors in office to refund the money should they ever violate the contract.

When the Wesleyan church was organized not only a large number of the members left the church, but many of the congregation withdrew from her assemblies, and they began to consider as to the best method to increase their numbers and influence. The old policy of renting the slips was again called up, and the arguments in its favor again revived. The pastor stated to the official board that a number of merchants and other influential persons had signified to him their readiness, and even anxiety, to attend on his ministrations, and otherwise support the church, if they could be accommodated with permanent seats for themselves and families; and he recommended the rescinding of the former rule as a matter of prudence and economy.

It was then shown that a bond was given to Bro. Metcalf for one thousand dollars, which he had advanced to clear the church of debt, on condition that the house should remain free, and if we should change our present policy or rule in this respect we are bound to refund him that sum. To this

contemplated act of justice and honesty it was stated that Mr. Metcalf had left the church, and therefore forfeited his claim, and had no right to interfere with any of their measures.

But some one asserted that the bond he held was transferable, and could be collected by his heirs, and that his claims were good upon the building as long as it continues a place of worship. It was again stated that Mr. M. had lost his papers, and consequently had no legal claim upon them! At this stage of the proceedings a Bro. B., one of the board, and an influential citizen, arose and said, "Brethren, where am I? Am I in a Methodist meeting, among God-fearing men, or in a company of quibbling lawyers? You acknowledge a moral claim which Bro. M. has against you, but you talk of repudiating that righteous demand by a technical point of law, and that of an exceedingly doubtful character. If this is a specimen of your moral honesty, and your dealings with your brethren and others, I am done with you."

He took his hat and departed, as did the others, and the meeting adjourned without date; and I know not that the subject was ever revived.

In the month of September, during the first year of my pastorate, our church edifice was nearly completed. The pulpit slips and altar alone were unfinished, and the contractor was pushing the work as fast as possible.

On a certain day a general muster of the militia was held in Waterloo, a village a few miles distant, to which most of the men in the neighborhood had gone; and during that day the barn of Bro. Metcalf was destroyed by fire, together with a large quantity of clean wheat on the floor, for seed; and many of his farming tools were also consumed. On hearing of his misfortune I hastened to his house to condole his loss. I said, "Bro. M., this is quite a severe visitation, and I deeply sympathize with you in this calamity."

Said he, "Bro. P., it is all right; perhaps the Lord has taken this method to show me the uncertainty of my posses-

sions. I must be more liberal with my property while I have it at my command. I have just heard that Mr. L. said that now my barn was burned, the 'Scottile' meeting-house would not be finished. Tell Bro. Mower to push the work and go ahead as fast as possible, and I will foot the bill. I had better do so than run the risk of further conflagration."

There was a man in the community who had signed three hundred dollars toward building the church; but he took offense at something said by me on the subject of political action in reference to slavery, and was endeavoring to find some way in which he could legally evade paying his subscription.

On one occasion while at Mr. Metcalf's house his oldest son came into the parlor and said, "Father, they say that Mr. F. does not intend to pay his subscription to your church."

"Well," said he, "there will then be the more for me to pay."

"More for you to pay?" said the son; "you have given two thousand dollars to the Methodist Church, and a thousand to the Wesleyan. I should think you would remember that your children have a little claim on your property."

To which the father replied, "Joseph, do not be alarmed. I can build two or three meeting-houses, and still have enough property left to ruin you."

Noble man! True exponent of one whose treasure was laid up in heaven, and who felt that he was one of God's stewards, and was held accountable for the employment of all his talents, property included. In reference to his great loss by fire he might have pleaded, as others have done under similar circumstances, a release from some of his benevolent engagements on the ground of his misfortune, and thus thrown a larger share of responsibility on others who had not been visited by such severe calamities.

The church at Seneca Falls is now, I believe, in a prosperous condition. They have passed through the fire of persecution and the floods of ungodly men, and their trials have

been severe; but, by the grace of God, they continue unto this day one of the prominent appointments in this connection.

CHAPTER XXXVII

FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE AT CLEVELAND—ATTEND THAT BODY AS A DELEGATE—NOTES OF ITS DOINGS.

During my second year's residence (1844) at Seneca Falls the first General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist connection was held in Cleveland, Ohio, to which I was sent by the New York Annual Conference as a delegate. Some of the best and noblest minds in the connection composed that body. There was the sainted Orange Scott, of noble physical mien, who looked then to be just in the prime of life; strong in intellect, overwhelmingly grand in defense of the truth, and a giant in the cause of reform. He was the generally acknowledged leader and champion of our spiritual forces, and in everything nearly, except finances, he was a safe guide to follow. Himself honest and frank, and being of a strong, sanguine temperament, he was too confiding to be a close calculator, and money appeared to him to be of little value, only as good could be accomplished by its circulation. He was a man of God, full of the spirit of his divine Master, cultivating a tender and loving disposition not only to his friends, but toward those also who pursued him with bitter mal'evolence. His manner in the pulpit was serious and graceful; his language chaste, and easily comprehended by the unlearned. On subjects of importance he never gave an uncertain sound—those of non-importance seldom occupied his mind; and none could sit under his ministry without being delighted and profited. While in the Methodist Episcopal Church, he occupied some of the most prominent places.

He served as presiding elder several years, and was esteemed as the model man for that office. He had a host of admirers in the region of country where he was known. His name was often mentioned by some of them in connection with the episcopacy; and doubtless, had he stifled his convictions and conformed to the existing state of things in his church at that time he might have been elevated to the episcopal bench. It is a little singular that the enemies of Orange Scott and other leaders in the Wesleyan movement often charged those men with being aspiring, and disappointed, and chagrined, because the church did not confer more honor upon them; yet many of them held the highest offices in the church, except that of bishop. Most of them would have done credit to any pulpit in the land, and had it not been for their abolition sentiments could have had some of the best appointments in the connection. This silly and slanderous infective soon lost its force, if it indeed ever had any, by the fact that in organizing the Wesleyan denomination the first principle settled was the parity or equality of elders, or all ministers in the church of God, and providing for a lay representation both in the annual and general conferences, which we were gravely told by writers in the Methodist Episcopal papers would effectually destroy the itinerancy. But the very thing so much condemned at that time is now becoming popular in that church. A kind of *quasi*-lay delegation is admitted into the General Conference, thus acknowledging the principle that the membership have a right to a voice in governing the church. In 1828 the Methodist Episcopal General Conference met in Pittsburgh, at which time numerous petitions were presented praying for lay representation in the law-making department of the church. The General Conference denied the right that the petitioners claimed, either as Christians or as Methodists, and in their report said, "Pardon us, brethren, we entertain no such views; we comprehend no such rights; but believe that to the itinerant ministry belongs the prerogative to preach

God's word and administer moral discipline in the church, and that this duty devolves upon us (the itinerancy) with all the force of a moral obligation."

The above quotation is from memory, as I have not the document at hand. The exact wording may not be given, though I believe I have given the exact words; but I am sure I have given the sense. So in 1828 the right to make rules for and to govern the church was inherited in the traveling ministers, to the exclusion of the laity and local ministers, who together formed the great body of the church, many of whom had been ordained elders and had taken upon themselves the same ordination vows as their itinerant brethren, and had assumed with them the same "moral obligation" when they received the imposition of hands; and yet it would be sinful, in the opinion of the General Conference, to admit such men into the councils of the church. That was the recorded view of the church in 1828. But in the year of grace 1872 some of these men were admitted into the law-making department of the church; and though it was a sorry apology for lay representation, yet it is an acknowledgment of laymen's rights. If such an arrangement was morally wrong, or sinful, forty years ago, by what mode of reasoning can it be shown to be praiseworthy now? In addition to this, the laity are the confessed bone and muscle of the church, without whose presence and funds it could have no organized existence; and they were expected to obey rules and submit to a government in which they had no voice either affirmatively or negatively, in its formation or perpetuation. The only remedy for those who were not disposed to be content with present usages was secession; and when that step was taken they were charged with radicalism, and being disaffected members which the church could well spare, and be the better off without them. Mr. Wesley said in 1784 that the Methodists in America, being now free from the English hierarchy, were at perfect liberty to form a church according to their own views, taking the New Test-

ament and the primitive church as their guide; and all must admit who attentively read the Acts of the Apostles that the lay brethren had a voice in the settlement of disputed points, and otherwise governing the church in primitive times. The people would of course pay much deference to the apostles, and esteem their judgment in church matters next to infallible, not only because they were inspired men, but because of their special intercourse with and being under the instruction of Jesus Christ the acknowledged head of the church. But few in those days could read, and for many years after the day of Pentecost there were no New Testament scriptures to consult as to what was the mind of Christ in regard to the duties and obligations of the church militant. And the apostles from their infallibility and experience might safely have exercised all the prerogatives of governing without consulting others; but we often find them consulting the brethren as well as the elders, on important as well as minor questions. At the present day many who unite with the church are well posted in the Scriptures, and as well read in ecclesiastical history as many of the preachers who admit them into the church; and from the advance made in the general diffusion of knowledge the present time favors lay representation more than in the apostles' day.

As above stated, the first General Conference was held in Cleveland, Ohio, on the first Wednesday in October, 1844. In that body the discipline which had been compiled the year previously at a mass-convention in Utica, and consequently was in a crude condition, underwent a thorough examination and revisal, as to its form and arrangements. And it required an unusual amount of divine wisdom, as well as prudence and Christian kindness, to influence our minds in the right direction to meet the dissimilar views of honest and energetic brethren who were equally zealous and sanguine in proposing measures for adoption which to their minds were important to manifest the glory of God, and entitle us to an acknowledgment from sister churches as evan-

gelical, and at the same time provide for future usefulness and permanence.

Several questions of vital importance were brought before the body. The most exciting one, however, was that of Freemasonry and Odd-fellowship; and much valuable time was spent and no little feeling exhibited on this much-vexed question. All appeared to be agreed in the antiscriptural position of secret orders; but how to manifest our opposition, and with what rules we should enter the combat, caused much discussion—the brethren in the West being almost unanimous in demanding stringent measures, while many from the East were in favor of the let-alone policy, as some of them belonged to secret fraternities, or were sympathizers with them. The most acknowledged radical member in that conference was Rev. Edward Smith of Pittsburgh, Pa., who was of Irish descent, but a southerner by birth, and had been a presiding elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church in western Virginia. He was a man of noble appearance, with strong emotious and sensibilities; of exceeding quick discernment; in robust health, and very active and energetic; but, like O. Scott, a poor financier. He was well posted on all matters of controversy existing at that day, whether political or ecclesiastical; was a ready debater, a good theologian, a warm advocate of Methodist doctrine, almost to a fault; a great stickler for all the ancient works of pure Methodistic usages, and a staunch reformer. The brethren from the West reposed the utmost confidence in his piety, ability, and honesty of intentions, as well as his keen perception of the result of any given measure under consideration. Nor do I think their confidence and affection were misplaced. He was fitted by nature and grace to stand in the front rank of the noblest Spartan band that ever trod the earth, and was willing to risk affluence or any other worldly tie, even ecclesiastical reputation, nay, everything that men hold dear or precious, rather than violate the commands of God or stain a conscience sanctified by the

grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. He boldly stood in defense of truth and reform at times when it cost much to oppose and confront the corruptions that had found supporters both in church and state, and was indefatigable in maintaining what he deemed to be right and pure, against fearful odds and at whatever cost. To him belongs principally the honor of securing to the Wesleyan denomination the enviable distinction she now maintains in her opposition to secret oath-bound societies. For awhile it appeared doubtful, in the conference, whether the demands of the energetic West for a stringent rule on this subject would not have to succumb to the timorous and lukewarm policy of many eastern men, who for the sake of peace, and to secure an increase in our ranks, advocated the referring of the entire subject to the annual conferences and individual churches, or in other words, to be silent on this matter. Such a course, in my humble judgment, would have been the extreme of folly, as it would have produced more dissension and bitter feeling in the connection than the most stringent rule that could be adopted. The subject was fairly before us; must be disposed of in some form. If such affiliations were right we ought to say so, or remain silent. To refer them to lower bodies was at least a semblance of our disapproval, but an unwillingness on our part to give a decision of their character. But if wrong, we could not indorse them, cost what it might, even to the entire disruption of the connection. "Right should be done though the heavens fall." Even the staid, far-seeing, and clear-headed Rev. Cyrus Prindle for a while despaired to effect harmony between the disputants, and moved a division of the connection into two general conferences, the one to embrace the eastern states and the other the West, hoping thus to settle the question to the satisfaction of both parties. His motion however obtained only three votes, I believe; and he soon set to work in his usual kind and bland manner in another direction to secure harmony among discordant brethren. At this stage of the debate Bro. Smith raised his

stately form. Putting himself in true Masonic attitude he gave the hailing sign of distress, and with his stentorian voice exclaimed, "O God, is there no help for the widow's son." Immediately could be discerned on the countenances of the conference those who favored Masonic views and institutions, and a dead silence prevailed. Bro. Prindle then stepped into the gap and offered the following article, to be inserted in the discipline, which would commit the denomination in future to a policy to have no entangling alliances with this unfruitful work of darkness.

Question. Have we any directions to give concerning oath-bound societies?"

Answer. We will on no account tolerate our ministers and members in joining secret oath-bound societies, or holding fellowship with them, as in the judgment of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection it is inconsistent with our duties to God and Christianity to hold such connections."

The foregoing was duly incorporated into the canons of the church, and remained unchanged until 1860, when the present rule was adopted as being more clear and specific. Our people are now fully indoctrinated in reference to this measure, and I suppose are as near a unit in their views, belief, and action, as it is possible for erring mortals to be on any question of moral reform. And we have little doubt but the next generation will as fully approve of our present position on Masonry and other kindred societies as the men of to-day admire the noble stand we took thirty-two years ago in reference to slavery, when the last generation esteemed us as fanatics and disorganizers, because of our Abolition sentiments and labors and defense of human rights. At the commencement of our denominational career we could produce as great an array of intelligent men, both in the ministry and laity, as could be found in any denomination of equal numbers, in any part of Christendom; and without the fear of being charged with egotism or vanity the same may be said now. It is reasonable to believe that it was and is so

now, for none but men and women who were independent in thought and action,—reflecting and far-seeing, close reasoners, and able to trace cause to effect, and had counted the cost, and were willing to do and endure,—would be willing to take a position so exceedingly unpopular.

Such men as Scott, Lee, Prindle, Matlack, Sunderland, Horton, Brewster, McKee, Watson, Salisbury, Norton, and a host of others, though perhaps of a lesser note but equally zealous and laborious in the glorious cause, deserve honorable mention; and though some of them have ceased from their labors and gone to their reward, we would willingly decorate their graves with the tears of Christian affection, and hope in due time to unite with them in singing the conqueror's song. Others again have left our ranks, to enter other fields of labor, for reasons that are doubtless satisfactory to themselves; yet they left a noble legacy behind. Their mantles have fallen upon us their disciples; and we hope to profit by their former example, and the noble monuments they reared which now embellish and adorn our unpretentious book-shelves. I have for many years esteemed it a great privilege, and one of high honor, to be associated with such a class of excellent men; and to be admitted into their company occasionally, and become benefited by their ministrations, was always deemed a rare treat, and one by which I derived no little information and profit, both mentally and spiritually. At this conference the New York Annual Conference was divided. The western portion was formed into the Rochester Conference, and the writer appointed its president *pro tem.*, with authority to appoint the time and place of its first session.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FIRST SESSION OF ROCHESTER CONFERENCE — APPOINTED EVANGELIST OR MISSIONARY — EXTENSIVE AND ARDUOUS LABOR — GERRIT SMITH, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

After consultation with some of the brethren, Seneca Falls was deemed the most suitable place and the fourth Wednesday the proper time for the assembling of our new conference. This arrangement appeared to meet the approval of all its members, and that specific time for its annual sessions has been, I believe, usually adopted by the conference ever since. The conference, as above stated, met and was larger in number than we anticipated. Forty-one elders and twenty-three laymen composed the conference, besides twenty applicants for elders' orders. As in other young and inexperienced bodies, many new and perplexing questions were brought upon the tapis, and much warm discussion was elicited. Yet brotherly love prevailed, and upon the whole the session was harmonious and gave good satisfaction to the citizens generally.

The writer was elected president for the first time in the connection. Though only a novice in the business, yet he had the confidence and support of the brethren; and his decisions on points of law and order were generally, if not always, sustained by the body over which he presided.

The "stationing committee" (for that was the term then used) made a satisfactory report, and appointed me as evangelist, or missionary at large, with authority to travel through the entire conference, and assist as far as possible at all the quarterly meetings. The boundaries were extensive, embracing territory from Herkimer County on the east to Lake Erie on the west, and from Lake Ontario on the north

to the first tier of counties in Pennsylvania, inclusive—in all, thirty-six circuits.

In a few days arrangements were made to enter my new and untried field of labor, with many doubts in regard to my fitness for the duties imposed upon me. I had to purchase a horse, buggy, and harness, as on my previous work I did not need them; and all the money I could command was forty dollars. But the good Lord opened my way, as on former occasions. I soon found that my credit was good; and all that I needed for my equipment was forthcoming.

Our comfortable home was abandoned, and my wife, who had for many years been my principal spiritual adviser, and upon whose judgment and prayers I had been accustomed to place great confidence, consented to travel with me over my extensive field and share with me in all the privations and difficulties attending our position, as well as rejoice in all the victories that might accrue through our humble but united efforts. This was only the second year of our denominational existence. Our church polity and usages were new to many of our members, and others, and information was eagerly sought in order that their position might be definitely and successfully defined. In addition to this, many with whom they had been in church fellowship became their opposers, and were continually criticising their views and actions in regard to slavery and other reforms, roundly asserting that they were as much opposed to slavery, and doing more for the liberation of the slave, than any or all the denominations in the land. I wonder if such men have ever repented of their wicked falsehoods? I believe that restitution, whenever practicable, should always accompany repentance; but I have not heard of any retraction of the wicked slanders and false statements made against our feeble church, merely because we were trying to do what our accusers now pretend to rejoice is successfully accomplished. We were told that ours was too feeble a band to ever expect to accomplish the task we had undertaken; our existence

was deemed but ephemeral, or little better than a seven-days' wonder, or in the classic language of Rev. Peter Cartwright, in his autobiography, "a brat, a mere rickety concern, that would soon be numbered among the things that are past." It is not surprising under such circumstances that many questions of importance to our well-being, if not to our very existence, were reserved for the evangelist on his usual rounds, and that additional and onerous duties were often imposed upon him; and many hours that ought to have been devoted to rest were employed in hearing and answering questions. Often, in addition to pulpit labors, much time that should have been given to rest and recuperation was spent in defending our position, both to friends' and foes; and lectures to explain our views on all the reforms of the day were in constant demand. During the year I preached and lectured nine times each week, upon an average. I usually preached three times on the Sabbath, generally every night in the week, and often twice on a week day; and many of my lectures were of two to three hours' duration. The weariness of such unusual efforts was generally removed by one night's refreshing sleep. Many expressed their surprise at my powers of endurance; and to myself, with all my accustomed submission to privations of physical and mental indulgence in my younger days, it was a wonder that my bodily energies did not succumb under such excessive labor, or that with my apparent and acknowledged inefficiency I was able to give so much satisfaction on the questions discussed. In addition to all this, I wrote an article each week for the columns of the *True Wesleyan*, then published in New York City by the lamented Orange Scott, who often wrote me a note of encouragement, and kindly informed me that my articles were not only welcome but appreciated by the readers of the paper. In looking back over those times, when the churches and the nation appeared to be settled down in the most criminal apathy in reference to the claims of humanity and the cause of moral reform, I see a re-

markable resemblance between the agents employed by God in the introduction of the gospel into our sin-benighted world, and the instruments engaged to awaken our guilty church and nation from its ignoble slumbers, or active opposition to the cause of human rights. In the former case God selected the first propagators of Christianity from the humble walks of life—men who had not obtained a notoriety for wealth, learning, or influence. They had to contend against the laws, riches, usages, and eloquence, and also the religion of adversaries; and had they been equally matched with their opponents in learning, wealth, and other accomplishments their victory would not have been so singular and complete. Had they been disposed to palm a “cunningly-devised fable” upon the community, they had not the natural or acquired ability to concoct such a scheme, but would have fallen an easy prey to their wily foes. It is true that they—the apostles—were inspired men; but this was ignored, or unknown to the outside world, and it was the goodness of their cause, along with their piety, self-denial, and zeal that had such a wonderful effect upon those with whom they had to contend. So in the present age the great questions of reform have called out many advocates in their defense, who would otherwise have remained in perpetual obscurity; and many an untutored mind has dared to grapple in debate with men who had trod the halls of science, and were highly esteemed by their peers as being able with their eloquence and logic to silence all the arguments and appeals of the friends of humanity in behalf of the dumb and downtrod slave. True, the cause of the slave and the advocacy of temperance never suffered for want of eloquence. Some of the noblest men, and those occupying the most important positions both in church and state, have cheerfully and gallantly stood shoulder to shoulder with their poorer and less-favored brethren, as combatants for truth, and have generously and gallantly exposed their lives, fortunes, and reputation in the defense of principles and measures which

they most religiously believed had the approval of God, and would ultimately succeed. It is true we had more need of such elevated characters to come to our aid than were needed in the apostles' days, for intelligence and learning are more equally dispensed now than in their day. But the apostles had immediate inspiration on their side, which their enemies had not, while our opponents had equal access to the Bible with ourselves. Nor did they hesitate to employ the holy book to prove the divine right of slave-holders, and to justify the use of intoxicating beverages. Hence the need of rhetoric and learned research on our part to meet the sophistry and miscalled arguments produced by the slave-holder and rum-seller, and their interested and talented apologists and abettors. Nor did the God of truth and purity leave us single-handed in the mighty conflict; for while he raised up a Saul of Tarsus in primitive times, who by his learning and eloquence was a powerful instrument in his hand in defense of the infant church, and was more than a match against the foes of Christianity, so in our day the poor and wretched found noble and generous advocates among multitudes of honorable men and women, who bravely manifested a martyr spirit against fearful and terrible opposition, both in the church and the world.

An antislavery lecturer on one occasion held a debate with a local preacher and class-leader, on the "Bible argument," when the preacher and leader both took the ground that slavery was of divine origin, and was sanctioned and enjoined in the Holy Scriptures. At the close of the debate a gentleman in the audience arose and stated that the dark mazes of infidelity had been his refuge for many years, from the fact that he was told the Bible authorized slavery, and as God was the God of love he rejected it as utterly unworthy of his character. But he said he had lately read Theodore Welds' argument on that subject, and was fully convinced that the author of the Bible had been slandered, and that slavery as it existed in this country had no foundation in

the Scriptures. He then cheerfully embraced Christianity as a revealed religion, and with it the doctrine of the Universalists. But after hearing this debate he felt that he might again change his sentiments; he thought there *ought to be a hell* for such preachers and class-leaders as advocate American slavery as a Bible institution. It is easy now to see the hand of God in the antislavery movement, and it will as easily be discovered in the next generation in regard to our efforts in the cause of temperance.

It would be next to impossible to name all the worthy and efficient men and women with whom I have had the honor and unspeakable privilege to co-operate with, and bear my simple but honest testimony in behalf of the noble and God-approved cause in which their hearts and souls and pockets were engaged. To make mention of some only in this connection would be invidious, and appear like doing injustice to others; but I can not forbear to refer to one who still lives to exhibit his Christian faith by his almost unexampled philanthropy and benevolence. It was my good fortune, in 1835, I think, to attend a convention in Utica, New York, called for the purpose of forming a New York Antislavery Society. Before much if any business had been transacted, a committee of twenty-five gentlemen of "property and standing" (what Daniel Webster would call "solid men"), with Horatio Seymour, I believe, as chairman, informed the convention that they were deputed by the citizens of Utica to warn them against any attempt to disgrace their goodly city by adopting their contemplated measures; and further, that the citizens would not be answerable for the safety of its members should it continue to hold its sessions longer in the city, and urgently advised them to immediately adjourn. Gerret Smith, Esq., then a noted colonizationist, was present as a visitor, but not as a member; and being a friend of human rights and free discussion he nobly came to the rescue, and generously offered the convention an asylum in Peterboro, the place of his residence, and also the hospitalities of

his house. We soon repaired to his quiet and peaceful village, and consummated the object for which the convention was organized; and in addition to this, we secured the hearty co-operation of the noble man who had so generously invited us to his home. In justice to Mr. Smith it is proper to say that he was not a colonizationist of the southern stamp, whose avowed object was to get rid of what they termed the lazy, worthless free negroes, who by their presence and intercourse with the slaves rendered the latter less contented with their condition. But Mr. Smith favored the scheme of colonization in order to afford the colored man an asylum from the wicked and inveterate prejudice of the North, and to encourage the conscience-smitten slave-holder in his plans of benevolence and justice, and furnish a refuge for slaves forbidden to be emancipated on the soil. The devil was certainly outwitted in this movement, for while stirring up the slave holders' northern allies to drive us from the city, as the ancient Gadarenes requested Christ to depart from their coast, the good cause was wonderfully promoted. Many who had hitherto stood aloof and regarded us and the cause as fanatical and impracticable, were yet the friends of free discussion; and they became our hearty co-operators, for they would not give their sanction to the efforts of the aristocracy to stifle free and untrammelled speech. Among others was the honorable and noble gentleman named above, who in the cause of human rights became a host within himself. His time, money, and reputation were laid without stint upon the altar of his country, in defense of human rights without regard to color. His extensive legal knowledge, brilliant talent, keen perception of right, and fine address, together with his high standing in society, and above all his religious and moral rectitude, rendered him more than a match for all the sophistry and special pleading of the mighty hosts, both in the church and nation, with whom he had continually to contend. Perhaps the truth would not be exaggerated to say that no man in the nation did more to en-

lighten our guilty country in regard to the enormity and sin of American slavery, and other great evils which still exist, than Gerrit Smith. His purse, time, and talent were always freely given; nor did he shun the exposure of his own person or liberty in the same holy and benevolent cause, but "remembered those in bonds as bound with them." Witness his grand and indefatigable efforts in behalf of the fugitive slave "Jerry," at Syracuse, as well as at other times and places when he valiantly rushed to the relief of suffering humanity. While living in Jamestown, New York, he conferred upon me the honor of being in a limited sense his almoner. He wrote me a letter requesting me to select four landless colored men of moral and industrious habits, living in Chautauqua County, and upon my recommendation he would give to each a farm! This course he pursued, I believe, in most of the counties in the State of New York. Soon after he wrote again, desiring me to select four respectable *white* widows who were homeless, and he would give to each a village lot, or fifty dollars in cash with which to purchase forty acres of the public lands. I need not say that with due alacrity and much pleasure his requests were complied with, and the hearts of his beneficiaries were soon made to rejoice.

It was in 1854, I believe, that he was nominated by the Free Soil party, for congress, for the district in which I then resided. He stumped the district, as it was called, or a part of it, a little while before election, and in every instance, before his large and attentive audiences, the cause of the slave was most prominent in all his addresses. He did not wish to ride into power upon a false issue, or upon the hobby of the Free Soil party, whose watch-words were, "No more slave states, and no more slave territory;" but the immediate and unrestricted liberation of the slave was a point most prominent in all his lectures and speeches, and upon this issue he was elected by over two thousand majority. He was the first man that ever represented me in congress. I was

always before found with the forlorn hope, and voted with the minority. But I was glad that my residence was within the bounds of his district.

While addressing the citizens of Oswego County, in Mexicoville, an infirm old lady came hobbling up to the desk at the close of the meeting and offered her hand, saying, "Mr. Smith, I took care of you when you were a baby, and often kissed you."

To which Mr. Smith replied, "God bless you, mother, you may kiss me again," and suiting the action to the word he bowed his noble form and gave her as hearty a kiss as ever escaped the parted lips of the most ardent lover to his friend.

The following Monday, or day before the election, he addressed the people of Sand Bank, where I then resided. The church was packed to its utmost capacity, and the most profound silence and attention prevailed during the two hours he occupied in addressing the people; and more than thirty men in that town changed their votes the next day, in consequence of the clear, logical truth he presented on that occasion. At the commencement of his remarks he said that he and his fellow-laborers had endeavored to awaken our fellow-citizens to the enormity of the slaves' wrongs, and the guilt and hypocrisy of the nation in professing to be the most enlightened and freest country under heaven, telling the world that God had created all men free and equal, and then condemning every sixth man, woman, and child to the most hopeless and cruel bondage, and the vilest system of slavery that ever existed; that our object had been the peaceful solution of this important question by the freeman's right, the ballot-box, but the great bulk of the nation was so attached to party, both in church and state, and so much under the slave-holders' power, that he despaired of ever accomplishing the overthrow of slavery by peaceful means. He then quoted the language of Thomas Jefferson, the writer of the Declaration of Independence, and himself a slave-holder: "When I recollect that God is just I tremble for my coun-

try. His justice can not always sleep. The Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with us in such a struggle." Mr. Smith continued: "The slave-holders have enriched their soil with the blood and tears of the slave. They have delighted in blood, and blood they will have; the star of slavery will set in blood!" Of course I did not look upon Mr. Smith as a prophet. But it would be impossible to describe the thrill of horror that entered my inmost soul at such an announcement; and the bare possibility of a war of races on this fair and enlightened continent seemed for a time to perfectly unman me. A favorite maxim of the ancients was often quoted by the Abolitionists when the slave-holders became desperate and adopted extreme and questionable measures to sustain their unholy cause: "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." And those who were capable of arguing from cause to effect, and were posted in reference to the history of our race, might readily arrive at the same conclusion with Mr. Smith. Nevertheless, the contemplated horror was not easily effaced from the mind; and the terrible conflict of the last decade of years fully establishes the awful fact that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and that God indeed has no attribute to take sides with the oppressor. The North and South were both guilty, and the punishment of both was complete.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

REMOVED TO WILLIAMSON—LABORS IN JAMESTOWN—COMMENCED
AN ANTISLAVERY NEWSPAPER.

At the conference of 1846 I was stationed on the Williamson and Palmyra Circuit, and removed my family from Seneca Falls to Williamson Corners. I there labored among

and with an excellent company of men and women who were deeply imbued with the spirit of Christ, and thoroughly pledged to and active in the cause of reform. My places of labor in the ministry were Williamson, Paultenyville, Palmyra, New Salem, Port Gibson, and some others.

We had about fifty members on the circuit, and two chapels, and several additions were made to our number by conversion during the year. We never found a people more affectionate and united than they. Our labors in the missionary cause this year were arduous and successful. Myself and wife, and many others, exerted ourselves to the utmost in behalf of the fugitive slaves in Canada—a missionary field most appropriate for us as Wesleyans, as we were sure our donations would not mingle with those of slave-holders. We collected, in clothing, bedding, books, and tools, upward of three hundred dollars, besides about fifty dollars in money, all of which was sent to Bro. Brooks and Sister Fidelia Colburn, missionaries and teachers among the poorest of God's poor; and we had the grateful acknowledgment from those noble, disinterested persons that our donation was the most valuable from any circuit during the year, and that our gifts had gladdened the hearts and warmed the bodies of many who periled their all in fleeing from republican bondage to find liberty and protection under the government of Queen Victoria.

While soliciting aid from a certain doctor, who was wealthy, and a believer in the doctrine of universal love for all mankind, he stubbornly refused for awhile to listen to our appeal. When at last we informed him of the destitution of the fugitives, he said, "Good enough for them; they are reaping a reward for their perfidy, and wickedness in leaving a home and a kind master who supplied their wants." I reminded him of the doings of the fathers of the Revolution, some of whom said they would rather die freemen than to live slaves, and that Washington's army was often very destitute, sometimes leaving the marks of blood from their feet

while marching on frozen ground. I related to him an anecdote of General Marion, in command in the South, who on one occasion received a flag of truce from the British commander, and after the diplomacy was concluded politely invited the officer who bore the flag to dine. They were encamped in or near the woods. After some hesitancy the officer consented to remain, partially to ascertain what kind of fare the Yankees had in camp. Soon the general called on one of the men to serve up dinner at head-quarters, and Tom, as he was familiarly called, went to a fallen tree near by, raked open a pile of ashes, and presented a number of large sweet-potatoes, the general observing, "It is banyan day with us, as the commissary is rather short of supplies."

"But," said the British officer, "I suppose you get good pay."

"Oh, no," said Marion, "our continental scrip is not worth much. The fact is, major, some years ago I became acquainted with a beautiful damsel of angelic mien and lovely appearance, and fell desperately in love with her; and I am now fighting to obtain her. She is named Liberty; and I would endure any hardship or privation to bring her to my embrace."

The British officer witnessing this display and outburst of patriotism soon after gave up his commission and returned to England, saying that men actuated by such a spirit were invincible, and could not be reduced.

After making this recital to the doctor I told him that many opposed our measures because they feared that if the slaves were liberated we should be overrun with them in the northern states; and now that these had gone beyond the limits of our country, would it not be prudent to give them a little aid to help them remain there, and not, by dwarfing our benevolence, induce them to return? After this he became a little more sociable, and before we left he gave me two dollars. His wife gave a new bed-quilt and a large roll of clothing, and some of the family gave other presents;

and afterward I had the doctor and family among my hearers.

In 1847 I was removed to Jamestown, Chautauqua County, New York, to labor in connection with Bro. John Broadhead. Several other places in the county were supplied with preaching, as well as some over the line in the State of Pennsylvania. In Jamestown we had a new, commodious house of worship, a large attendance at church, an interesting Sabbath-school, and a membership of sixty or seventy persons, with as much talent as could be found in any church of its numbers, and embracing some of the first business men in the place. My salary in this place was the largest I had ever received for any given year,—three hundred and fifty dollars, which was worth double the amount at this time,—and was all paid during the year, without any abatement, which is more than can be said for many places where I had formerly labored. I remained with this people for three years, and had to endure various trials and conflicts; but I also had many times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. General protracted meetings were held, and a number of souls converted to God, among them Bro. Emory Jones, then a scholar in our Sabbath-school in Jamestown, and now the acceptable pastor of the Wesleyan Church in that thriving and bustling village.

During my residence in Jamestown I had frequent calls to preach and lecture in various parts of the county, and became agreeably and pleasantly acquainted with many noble and choice spirits who were efficient and untiring laborers in the antislavery and temperance reform,—and the whole county had become tolerably well indoctrinated and considerably engaged on these and other matters of vital importance to the happiness of our race.

At the annual meeting of the Chautauqua County Antislavery society I was appointed chairman of the Executive Committee. My colleagues were Deacon Wood and Rev. Mr. Judson of the Second Advent Church. We were instructed

to commence, and continue to publish, a weekly newspaper, for which we were limited to charge only one dollar per copy; and there was not one dollar in the treasury with which to commence. This certainly seemed like requiring us to make brick without straw, or any other material. But my associates in office, who lived in Jamestown (consequently we could often confer with each other), determined to go ahead and trust the God of the oppressed to sustain us in our disinterested enterprise. We made a contract with Mr. Fletcher, then publishing the *Jamestown Journal*, a Whig weekly paper, to print for us a weekly of eight hundred copies, containing two pages of standing matter from his paper, such as we should select, and including advertisements, the other two pages from copy furnished by us, for which we were to pay eight hundred dollars; and for all over that number we were to pay fifty cents per copy. To secure him, we gave our individual and joint bond for eight hundred dollars, with less than twenty-five subscribers to begin with. But we commenced in good earnest in an enterprise with which myself and colleagues were totally unacquainted,—and myself especially feeling utterly incompetent to the task of conducting a weekly journal in those days when “the school-master is abroad,” and that too upon such an unpopular question as abolition. But, as in other cases, and in other times, I had learned to rely on God and humbly seek his assistance, and employ what little common sense he had graciously favored me with; and believing as I did that there was a necessity for this measure, and that the cause of humanity demanded that this effort should have a fair trial, we soon flung our banner to the breeze. We wrote a “Prospectus,” and mailed a large number to friends, soliciting subscribers; and the writing of the first “leader” devolved on me, as it generally did while the paper continued. My wife suggested the name of the paper, “LIBERTY STAR,” which was well received by all our friends into whose hands it fell. The first issue of two hundred copies was struck off and

circulated, and subscriptions poured in daily. We soon had a valuable list of exchanges, and for several nights in the week I had to employ my time until after midnight in reading them, with scissors in hand, and write copy for the next day, as there were no means to employ an editor for several months. We had to hire a room for our office; and the purchasing of wrapping-paper, etc., etc., was all done on credit, or paid out of our individual pockets. All the labor or skill required in preparing matter for the press, and folding and mailing the papers, devolved chiefly on myself. Occasionally a little help was procured from a few young men on mailing night, to help to assist in folding, but not often; and while I had the duties of a preacher and pastor to perform, I felt that God stood by me and wonderfully sustained me, so that no duty was neglected. My soul was like a well-watered garden, and my bodily powers did not fail.

In our first issue we had in the "Poet's Corner" the following verses written by some kind-hearted rhymist. (All poets are kind-hearted.) We never saw them in print, but heard them sung in the streets of London by a poor blind negro, who was the subject of the verses, and obtained his livelihood from the charity of the people. I repeat them here to save them from oblivion, for I think them too valuable to be entirely forgotten

THE NEGRO'S LAMENT.

1. On Africa's wild plain, where the lion, loud roaring,
With freedom stalks forth the vast desert exploring,
I was dragged from my hut and enchained as a slave,
In a dark floating dungeon upon the salt wave.
2. Tossed on the rude main, all hope now despairing,
I burst my chains, rushed on deck with my eye balls wide glaring,
When the lightning's blue flash struck those inlets of day,
And their glorious bright beams shut forever away.
3. The despoiler of man not thinking of losing,
Of gain by my sale not a blind bargain choosing,
As my value compared with my keeping was light,
He had me dashed o'erboard in the dead of the night;

4. And but for a bark for Britannia's coast bound then
All my cares by that plunge in the deep had been drowned then;
But by moonlight descried, I was snatched from the wave,
And reluctantly robbed of a watery grave.
5. How disastrous my fate, Freedom's ground though I tread now,
Torn from house, wife and children, and wandering for bread now;
And seas roll between us that ne'er can be crossed,
And hope's distant glimerings forever are lost.
6. But the time soon will come when the Judge and the ponderer
Will restore light and rest to the blind and the wanderer;
The European's deep dye may outrival the sloe,
And the soul of the Ethiope prove whiter than snow.

In the course of a few months our issues were over eight hundred copies, and we then employed a young gentleman who was studying law in the village (Mr. Henry Smith) to edit the paper for a trifling sum. He was a young man of promising abilities, ready wit, and some shrewdness; an easy writer, and sound on reform. He very generously came to my assistance and materially improved the character of the paper, and afforded me great relief in arduous though not unpleasant labors. It would scarcely seem possible that a person who had never been favored with one day's schooling could ever sustain himself as an editor of a newspaper in the middle of the nineteenth century, and secure the approbation and applause of his readers, and even some of his contemporaries, and that too among a reading and thinking people with whom he mingled and for whose mental appetite he was weekly preparing food. But such was the fact. I not only secured the approbation of my readers, but found in not a few of my exchanges many of my articles copied, with marks of approval and indorsement. The following papers occasionally inserted some of my editorials, and not unfrequently gave me a "puff" by way of encouragement. The *National Era*, published at Washington; *Liberty Press*, of Utica; *Emancipator*, of Boston; *Antislavery Standard*, edited by Mrs. Childs; *Albany Journal*, by Thurlow Weed; and once Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, gave me a passing notice, and expressed a wish for my success.

I am candid when I say I feel free from the spirit of egotism in making these statements. The sands of my glass have nearly run down; I shall soon be where praise or blame can not effect me in the least. I only desire to show what can be accomplished by energy and perseverance, and what simple agents God can employ to execute his purposes.

CHAPTER XL.

FREE SOIL CONVENTION IN BUFFALO—ANECDOTE—"WHO IS THE PROSPECTIVE PRESIDENT"—LEAVE JAMESTOWN, AND REMOVED TO CAMDEN—COMMENCED TO MAKE A HOME FOR OLD AGE.

In August, 1848, the national convention for the nomination of candidates for president and vice-president of the Free Soil party met in the city of Buffalo. The convention consisted of three members from each congressional district, of the several states there represented, one barn-burner Democrat, one conscience Whig, or wooly-head, as pro-slavery Whigs called them, and one Liberty party man. Our Liberty party friends in the thirty-first congressional district of New York state elected me to represent their interests in that convention. At that gathering there was as noble a company of men as ever came together to deliberate on national affairs, and human rights. The utmost harmony and good feeling seemed to prevail; and although the friends of the slave could not obtain all they desired, yet great advance was made in the right direction.

The platform declared that congress had legislative control over slavery in the District of Columbia and in the territories; that it had no more right to create a slave than it had

to make a king, and insisted that we must have no more slave states, and no more slave territory. They also declared that if slavery was a blessing the South might enjoy it, but if an evil, or a curse, the North should not be held responsible for its existence, nor in any wise be compelled to sustain it. The "conferrees," or delegated members, consisting of about six hundred persons from sixteen different states, met in a church. Solomon P. Chase, then a private citizen, was called to the chair and presided with decorum and dignity. Soon after he became the Free Soil or Republican governor of the great State of Ohio, and subsequently United States senator from that state, and secretary of the United States Treasury, and finally chief-justice of the Supreme Court.

In looking back over the scenes of twenty years, who can doubt but that the *world does move*. Though many who took part and figured largely in the terribly exciting topics of those days have passed away, and we know not where to look to find men to fill the important stations they occupied, yet God in the midst of his wrath against us as a nation for our sins, has mingled mercy with his judgments, and raised up agencies, both in church and state, who do honor to his cause and humanity, and we trust will perpetuate our liberties to the latest generation. The fact is, the circumstances of the times called out much latent talent that otherwise would never have been developed; and the Wise Ruler of nations has always instruments of his choice in reserve to carry out his grand designs, though, as in the case of David, he might be found employed only as a shepherd's boy.

The labors of this committee of six hundred continued from 10:00 A. M. until 8:00 P. M. We then adjourned to the big tent to make our report, and declared in favor of Martin Van Buren for president and Charles Francis Adams for vice-president. The announcement was received with the wildest acclamation of applause from enthusiastic thousands, who were anxiously waiting to hear our decision. Thus ended the labors of one of the most important conventions

that ever had at that time assembled on this continent; and although the man I voted for did not receive the nomination, yet I concluded to acquiesce in the arrangement with as much grace as I could command.

Thus the ball that was destined to roll over the entire North was set in motion. A principle was established that would not only wound the head of slavery, but, as was believed by many, procure its death at no distant day. On my return home I wrote an account of the doings of the convention, for the *Liberty Star*, and remarked that as a party we did not seek for office, only so far as we could employ it for the overthrow of the slave-holders' pet; that we had secured the best planks in the Buffalo platform, and were quite willing that other men who would carry out our principles should wield the power if they would honestly maintain our well-defined position. In other words, we were contending for measures, not for men; and while the convention had given us the platform,—though not indeed all we could wish, yet, as we believed, enough for one day, and something for which we felt exceedingly grateful, and could afford to be equally generous,—we could afford to let the barn-burners furnish the candidate for the presidency and the woolly-heads the vice-president. The oyster had been opened by the convention; and our allies had each secured the shell, while the Abolitionists had managed to obtain the more nutritious and savory morsel.

An aged lady in our neighborhood, who was considered by all who knew her to be an Abolitionist of the first water, and had no sympathy or even patience with "antislavery *but* men," and was always in favor of the most stringent measures to accomplish what seemed to be the great desire of her heart, appeared to be very anxious to learn the result of the convention. "Well, who have you nominated?" she impatiently, and rather pettishly inquired.

"Well, Aunty, guess," we replied.

"Why, I suppose John P. Hale," was the answer.

“No, guess again.”

“Well, Jos. R. Giddings.”

“No.”

“Well, Gerrit Smith.”

“No.”

“Well; la sakes, do tell. I am dying to know who it is that is nominated; you will kill me with suspense.”

“Well, we have put in nomination, for our next president, Martin Van Buren.”

She immediately replied, “M-a-r-t-i-n V-a-n B-u-r-e-n!” pausing at almost every letter; “and is M-a-r-t-i-n V-a-n B-u-r-e-n an Abolitionist?” We assured her that he had accepted the nomination, and promised to mount our platform; and we expect he will do our work.

“All right,” she said; “the first president that goes to Washington by Abolition votes will be killed, and we can spare Mr. Van Buren as well as any man in the nation.”

“I hope he will be elected, if he is truly converted to our principles, and have a chance to get to heaven while he is warm in his first love. We all know he is a little inclined to be “foxy,” and should he live long he might, like many others, backslide and make shipwreck of his faith.”

Little did we think at the time that the old lady’s prediction would so soon be verified. But slavery in its death throes demanded another victim, and fastened its infernal fangs upon the noble Lincoln, who in every respect stood head and shoulders above his peers; and if the slave-holders did but know it, he was *their* best friend as well as the friend of the oppressed.

The new party just formed, called the “Free Soil Party,” concluded to start a newspaper in its interest, in Jamestown. It was thought best not to have two papers so near alike in the same village, consequently an offer was made to pay us a reasonable sum for our subscription list, and supply the readers of the *Liberty Star* with the new paper until the close of the subscription year. This was accomplished. Our debts

were canceled, our bonds were taken up, and I was relieved from my great anxiety and extreme labor in conducting, much of the time alone, for nine months, a weekly journal advocating principles and measures not generally approved by the great mass of the nation. Doubtless there were many who longed for and expected our defeat, and would at any time have rejoiced at our complete overthrow. But God, the friend of the poor, mercifully stood by me in the darkest day, and wonderfully sustained me in all my arduous labors and profound perplexities; and I escaped from all these toils and anxieties with only the loss, pecuniarily, of ten dollars.

While living in Jamestown the cause was extended to regions beyond, and numerous appointments were supplied, both in our own county and in Cattaraugus, and also in Sugar Grove, and Lotsville, and Concord, Pennsylvania. A new church edifice was erected in Sugar Grove. Upon the whole, we had reason to humbly trust our labor and trials were not all endured in vain. On one occasion the brethren requested me to preach a sermon on Thanksgiving-day in our church, and expressed a wish to observe the day as recommended by the governor of the state. I told them that if they were willing to observe the day in a truly Christian manner I was willing to render them every assistance within my ability, but to go to church on that day and hear a sermon usually in laudation of our nation's greatness, and throw reproaches upon other nations, and then go home and with our family and a few choice friends eat turkey and pumpkin-pie, was an abuse of the term. I was inquired of what idea I had in reference to the proper observance of the day. I reminded them of the Savior's directions in regard to making a feast: "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the

just." The inquiry was, "Where are such to be found in this place?" The reply was, "The poor ye have always with you; and when ye will, ye may always do them good." It was further remarked that a thank-offering for God's cause would be acceptable at such a time; that missions and Sabbath-schools had a claim upon our benevolence; and if we had the means to indulge ourselves in luxuries, a part at least should be devoted to supply the wants of the needy. I informed them that Bro. Rider was a missionary in the vicinity of Syracuse; that I had reason to believe he was in needy circumstances; and if they would permit me to take up a collection for him I would preach to them on Thanksgiving-day. It was agreed to, and the meeting was held. After the sermon a collection was taken, amounting to nearly twelve dollars, and the amount was soon remitted to our needy brother.

At that time, and for some years after, we had no missionary organization in the Wesleyan connection, and the *True Wesleyan* was published in the city of New York. Bro. Rider returned to his home in Syracuse from a distant part of this mission, and his lonely and distressed wife informed him that they had not sufficient bread or flour in the house for one meal, and that all their wood was consumed. He examined his resources, and found he was the possessor of ten cents, and no more. He said he could devise no way for present relief, but concluded he would go to the post-office and get the *Wesleyan*, and thereby get some food for the soul, if he had none for the body. He did so, and received my remittance, with which he bought a sack of flour, a load of wood, and some groceries, and went on his way rejoicing.

In 1850 the Jamestown Church and people made me a donation of one hundred and fifty dollars, which, together with the full discharge of their previous obligations to me, along with my marriage fees, which amounted to a considerable sum in three years, left in my possession something over two hundred dollars in cash, and a new buggy and harness. We

were now over fifty years of age, and began to think it was about time to retire from active life and make a little preparation for a nest to die in, or at least to spend our few remaining years in retirement and quietude; and we had never been so well prepared for such a move as now. We had been for the last twenty years constantly on the move, and seldom lived in the same house more than one year, and often less; and had endured all the privations incident to the itinerancy, and that too in a young and consequently feeble church. We had merely contrived to live on our scanty support with the most rigid economy, and were often pinched for food and clothing; and the churches among whom we had spent the prime of life, and devoted our best energies for their interest, had made no provision for superannuated ministers and their widows. Indeed it was next to impossible to do so, as they were few in number; and their cause was so unpopular, they could scarcely sustain their active pastors much less provide for future contingencies. Under such circumstances it should not be surprising that we thought duty to ourselves demanded that something ought to be done toward smoothing our way down to the grave.

In the early part of 1842 I was invited to become the pastor of a small Wesleyan Church in the city of Utica,—as referred to in another place,—and as my ministerial services would be chiefly confined to the city I would not need my traveling equipage, which happened then to be in tolerable good condition. I reasoned thus: I shall not probably remain in the city more than two years at the furthest, for the Methodist people love frequent changes; if I leave my horse and buggy with the farmers for that length of time, or until I am removed to another country circuit, I shall find them much dilapidated, or perhaps used up; and should I sell them I would probably use the money, and at the end of two years not have the means to replace them. An offer was made of thirty acres of land, chiefly unimproved, for three hundred dollars, and my horse and buggy paid just half that

sum, with four years' time to pay the balance. To this place we now resolved to retire. As above stated, it was within the bounds of the St. Lawrence Conference, and being refused a superannuated relation by the Rochester Conference I obtained a transfer to the former, which met some two months after ours, to which I presented my papers, and was requested to take the pastoral charge of Camden Church, in Oneida County, only nineteen miles from my intended home.

We soon removed to the pleasant and healthy inland village of Camden, and found comfortable quarters in a house belonging to Bro. H. H. Gifford, adjoining the one in which he lived; and we here spent a very agreeable and pleasant year. We were near neighbors to Bro. E. Gaylord, who with his kind and excellent family were tried friends and made our stay among them all that could be desired. The church in this place numbered few in members; but most of them were trustworthy,—such as the Gaylords, Giffords, Ashpoles, Prestons, and others,—and could always be relied upon as being ready, according to their ability and means, for every good word and work. During the first year, with considerable help from the brethren, we were able to keep up appointments at Camden, Vienia, Florence, and Red Field, with occasional labors elsewhere. At most of these appointments some were converted, and a number were added to the church. We remained with this people two years, during which time, with the help of a few brethren, I was enabled to erect a comfortable house on my little farm; and in 1851 we removed into it, in an unfinished state, designing to add to our comfort as we were able, or as providence might afford us help. We remained here about five years, but always supplying some charge not far from home and employing my spare time in making improvements, so as to carry out my former intentions of finally settling down from public life. But as the poet Burns says, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang oft a-gley." In an evil hour I lent my name

to a neighbor to borrow two hundred dollars, which sum I had to pay, including interest. This, with a debt of one hundred and fifty dollars I had contracted in building my house, found me in debt about four hundred dollars, which to a man in my humble circumstances seemed enormous. I thought at my time of life I could never liquidate a debt of that amount; and I had an intolerable repugnance against going to the judgment insolvent. I therefore concluded to sell our comfortable little home and again take my place in the itinerant ranks.

In 1856 I was solicited to remove to Williamson Circuit, where I had preached ten years previously. During those ten years the circuit had from various causes been reduced to only one appointment. Though there were two chapels within its bounds, only one was regularly occupied, namely, Williamson Corners, while the one at New Salem, or Farmington, Ontario County, was closed, only three members living in the vicinity. The church at Williamson only desired one sermon on each Sabbath, and would remunerate the pastor according to that amount of labor, with the understanding that if other work could be obtained the pecuniary results would be mine. I had strong faith to believe that if the great Head of the church had a work for me to do in his vineyard he would not keep me cooped up in Williamson Corners, but would open my way to some other place or places where the people stood in need of the word of life, and where I might hope to be successful in preaching salvation to dying men. About five miles from our village was another small hamlet, called "Ontario Corners," which had not the means of grace, and appeared to have no desire to form any acquaintance with an organized or systematic Christianity. We had three members living in the aforesaid village who usually attended church with us, and for their sakes, and to encourage them, I was anxious to devote a part of my time in their place. But they seemed to think it useless to make any attempt to introduce the gospel into their

neighborhood. It had been repeatedly tried, they said, by different denominations, and none could secure a congregation more than a few times. My mind, however, was in a remarkable manner drawn toward this people. Why, I could not tell; for there was nothing prepossessing in the place or its surroundings calculated to encourage a gospel minister to hope for any great success. There was a rum-hole of the worst kind in the heart of the village. The inhabitants generally took refuge in Universalism, and Spiritualism, while not a few were avowed infidels, and but very few had any decent regard for even the forms of religion. Yet I could not divest my mind of the impression that some effort ought to be made to save Ontario. My nearest neighbor, Mr. Seely, with whom I lived on friendly and sociable terms, was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. To him I made known my feeling and desires in regard to the place in question. As he was an old resident in the country, and well acquainted with the different localities, I reasonably supposed his opinion and advice would be of essential service to me in my hesitancy in the case, and perhaps furnish me with sufficient *data* to decide as to my course. What was my surprise to hear him say, "Don't go there, Bro. Pegler;" and with emphasis he added, "They are a God-forsaken people. The place is usually called 'No God.' Some years ago one of our preachers went to preach there, and they actually pelted him with stones. Don't go, I say; your life would be in danger." Strange as it may appear, this relation did not discourage me in the least. It was immediately suggested to my mind that God was able to raise up children even from these stones. My heart still yearned toward them with an ardent desire to at least make the attempt to accomplish something in their behalf, fully believing that if God had a work for me to do in that place he would surely open the way, and keep and preserve me until his purposes were fulfilled. The brethren of our church did not give me much encouragement, but expressed

their fears that labor bestowed on such unpromising soil would be of little avail. My sanguine and faithful wife, however, was of a different opinion. She thought the impressions on my mind were by divine agency, and the clear indications were that duty called in that direction. She had always been my confidential friend and counselor in such cases, and indeed in every case where doubts existed or interests came in conflict with duty. Her large experience and familiarity with the word of God, and her close observance of divine providence, gave considerable weight to her views and advice.

CHAPTER XLI

COMMENCED TO PREACH AT ONTARIO CORNERS—KIND RECEPTION BY THE PEOPLE—URGED TO LEAVE THE PLACE—UNWILLINGNESS TO DO SO—EXTENSIVE REVIVAL—SOME REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

My wife and myself talked and prayed over the matter, and in the strength of divine grace it was determined that the effort should be made, with the assurance that when she could not accompany me I might rely upon her prayers for the presence of God to be with me, and give a blessing to his own precious truth. Thus armed and thus assured I sallied forth to call on the three members residing in the place, in hopes to secure their consent and co-operation. But no encouragement could be obtained from them. At length I obtained the consent of Bro. Clark to accompany me on a call upon the trustees, to ascertain if the school-house could be procured for religious meetings. I was soon introduced to Mr. Casey, one of the trustees, a leading man in the place, and a Universalist by profession, to whom I

made known my request for the use of the district school-house for every alternate Sabbath in the afternoon. Without any hesitancy he gave his consent, and assured me there would be no opposition on the part of the other trustees; and, he added, "You can go ahead without troubling yourself to call on them." He then said, pointing to his premises, "There is my house; you are welcome to come when you please for refreshment and rest. And there is my barn; you will always find hay and oats for your horse."

On leaving him I said to Bro. Clark, "What do you think of that?"

"Well, well," said he, "that is wonderful. I did not expect such a kind reception."

This was in the month of May, about one month after the rise of the Rochester Conference. I immediately made my appointment, and in the fear of God and with a strong desire for the salvation of the people commenced my labors among them. The congregation was not large at the first service, and during the summer it ranged from fifteen to thirty persons,—seldom more than the highest number, and not often less than the lowest figure,—so that sometimes I feared I had missed my way and was attempting to cultivate a barren soil.

Soon after I commenced to preach in Ontario the Rev. Mr. Fox, formerly a Congregational minister, but at that time a "Unionist," having no written creed or discipline, but the Bible only, made an appointment at the same place on the opposite Sabbath, so that the people had preaching every Sunday.

Mr. Fox was driven from the church of his choice in consequence of his reformatory principles, and like many others at that time, observing the position of the leading churches in using disciplinary measures to crush the rising spirit of reform, went to the other extreme, and ignored all visible organizations. He was doubtless a good man; very sociable, and kind in his manners; a sound theologian, and staunch

reformer; as a preacher quite systematic, and in pulpit abilities above mediocrity. We labored together in the most perfect harmony and friendship. Though I have not heard from him for some years past, I have no doubt we shall meet in heaven. In the early part of winter I assisted him at a protracted meeting on the "Town Line," where he had a regular appointment, with the understanding that he would in like manner assist me, if it were thought best, to hold a similar meeting at Ontario, or at any other place within the bounds of my charge. At that meeting upward of twenty persons professed to find salvation, and it was agreed that they ought in some way be recognized as a visible church. I frankly acknowledged that he had the first right to the ground; that his views of theology and reform were so similar to ours, I could not in my heart act as his rival; and that if he would prepare some fundamental articles on theory and practical Christianity by which his members could be recognized as a Christian church, I would stand aside and offer no opposition, nor make any effort to induce any to unite with the Wesleyan denomination. To this he readily assented, and promised, should I hold a similar meeting in Ontario, and should God pour his Spirit out upon the people and an attempt be made to organize a church, my Christian generosity should be fully reciprocated. Soon after this a prominent colored minister of Syracuse, who had once been a slave, but made his escape from the house of bondage, and by indefatigable labor and great perseverance had worked himself up to an enviable position among his brethren and others, and became an acceptable if not an eloquent preacher, came to Williamson to lecture in behalf of the fugitives in Canada. There were four churches at Williamson Corners, and it was agreed that we suspend the services in all except the Baptist,—it being the most commodious; and we all agreed to meet there for that day, and give him what moral and pecuniary support was within our power. At this meeting were several from Ontario, one of whom informed me that Mr. Fox had but

three persons to attend his service the previous Sunday; that he had removed his appointment until the winter broke up, as the house was cold, and there was no shelter for horses, etc., and advised me to do the same. I told him I would think about it, and decide what course it would be best to take after meeting, which would be at 3:00 P. M. on that day.

On my arrival at the place that afternoon there was a larger audience than usual; and as my mind had been somewhat exercised by the request made in the morning, perhaps my feelings were a little excited and I had more than usual sympathy for the people. Be this as it may; we had an unusual good meeting, and I had more than ordinary liberty and used much boldness of speech. After the public service was over I told the congregation the request made by one of their townsmen, and would leave it with them to decide whether I should withdraw my appointment as Mr. Fox had done. There happened to be a number of professors of religion present from another neighborhood, and I observed to the congregation that it was a serious matter for a minister to remove his appointment from a place and leave the people without the public means of grace, as would be the case should I follow the example of my colleague; that before I took any action in the matter I would like to ask those who professed to be Christians, and are anxious to persuade sinners to come to Christ, this question: "If God should now call you to an account for your labor in this direction, could you answer that you had done all you could to save Ontario?" Many in the audience shook their heads, as if answering in the negative, and appeared very solemn. I assured them that our condition was perilous in the extreme, while sinners were looking to us for light and example and both were willfully and criminally withheld. At this stage of the meeting a non-professing gentleman arose, and with a strong voice said, "Try us again, sir; try us again." I replied, "By God's help I will," and left an appointment to be with them in two weeks. I went from the meeting somewhat encouraged, and

as soon as possible laid the whole matter before the Lord. I felt a sweet assurance of his love, and a strong confidence that, as in other cases of difficulty, he would clear my way and fully make my duty known.

My heart still went out in ardent desire for the salvation of souls in Ontario, and I could not give up the struggle unless I had the assurance that good would yet be accomplished in that place. There were some there who constantly attended worship during the summer, and gave good attention to the word; and they seemed to be desirous to profit, but when spoken to appeared anxious to conceal their emotions. Among them was an interesting family consisting of husband and wife, and a pair of twins a few months old, who usually attended and gave good attention to the word. They treated me with due respect, and bid me welcome to their hospitality, but were trifling and vain in matters of religion. They had been married only a few years, and formerly made a profession of religion; but now they appeared to be entirely absorbed in fashion and each other, and their pretty, lovely twins. I enjoyed their company much, and was cheered by their pleasant conversation and apparent anxiety to promote my comfort and make themselves agreeable; but I often left their house with a heavy heart because of my failure to make any visible impression in a religious direction.

There was another good, honest man, highly esteemed for his honest dealings and sterling integrity, who had a large family, and many grown up to manhood, but all living to this world, and without hope and without God. This man had enjoyed religion in England; but the society into which he had mingled after his arrival in this country had no favorable effect upon his religious enjoyment, which, together with the opposition he endured from his wife and children, had discouraged him from making any public demonstration in favor of Christ and his cause. At the same time the world would willingly have recognized him as a Christian for the probity and rectitude of his character, yet he well knew that

in the dark and cloudy day he had departed from God and lost the vital portion of religion.

Then there was Bro. Clark, and some of his family, upon whom I could depend to aid me in any effort to do good, and who had always appeared as true as the magnet to the steel. They were old and valued acquaintances—pioneers in the cause; had borne the burden and heat of the day, and given indubitable proof that they would not falter in the day of trial or adversity.

Then there was Bro. Turner. Though he had severed himself from us for the sake of *union*, yet he could always be depended upon to stand in the front rank whenever the Lord's hosts were called to muster.

These persons, with some others, came before my mind while wrestling with God in regard to duty, and I felt assured that if an extra effort were made God would dispose their hearts, and perhaps the hearts of others, to give their influence and labor in his blessed cause and hold up my hands while elevating the standard of the cross.

My heart was warmed, my fears were dissipated, my doubts were removed, and my faith was mightily strengthened; and with unusual confidence in the faithfulness of God's word, and in the simplicity and fervor of my soul, I on my knees promised the Lord of the harvest that if I could obtain the promise of the punctual attendance of three persons, and each bring a candle to meeting, I would make a protracted effort, and continue until some good was accomplished. I immediately called on that number of persons and obtained a cheerful and prompt response to my request, with an expression of delight and encouragement that I was disposed to make such an effort in behalf of long neglected Ontario.

On my way home I notified the teacher at the school-house that a meeting would be held there the next Sabbath evening, and on every evening through the week. At the time appointed the largest number were present I had ever seen in

the place; and upon the desk were laid twenty or more candles brought by different persons. Only three, however, could be lighted, for want of places to put them. After meeting arrangements were announced for meetings through the week, and an appeal was made for lighting the house. One man said he had a dozen or so of hanging candle-sticks in his ball-room, which he would cheerfully lend us for the occasion; and I as cheerfully accepted his offer. On Monday night there was a perfect rush into the house. More than twenty persons could not find standing-room, and had to retire without participating in the meeting. The house was so crowded I could not find space to kneel during prayer. After the sermon a voice of deep supplication, mingled with groans and humble confession of sin, as of a soul in the most intense agony of despair, was heard in the back part of the house. My first impressions were that the voice came from some one who had been converted at our late meeting on the town line, but had lost his sense of God's pardoning love and was again in earnest to recover his lost treasure. Soon his lamentations were turned to praise and his sorrow to joy; and he arose, and in a clear and intelligent manner declared what God had done for his soul. This was John Pye, the first-fruits of this singularly commenced meeting. He was the eldest son of that good but poor man referred to above, who for more than twenty years had been praying for his family but had for some time past been discouraged. Many of us rejoiced exceedingly over this first result of our feeble effort; and the entire audience seemed deeply affected, and appeared to leave the place with profound solemnity.

There had recently been erected in the business part of the village a temperance hotel which was still in an unfinished state. The proprietor was present at our meeting, and witnessed our crowded condition. He generously proposed the use of his large hall for our future meetings, and a number of the citizens inquired on what terms. He offered us the use of the hall, with stove and lamps, and he would make

comfortable seats with backs, sufficient to accommodate two or three hundred persons for every Sabbath day, and one evening each week, and on Saturday for quarterly meeting, if wanted, and for six weeks in continuance for protracted meeting, if desired, for thirty dollars for one year. We were required to furnish our own fuel and lights, and appoint a person to act as janitor to take care of the room and keep it in order. Another person engaged to furnish wood ready for the stove, fluid for the lamps, and keep all in good order for twenty dollars for one year. Thus for fifty dollars we had ample and commodious arrangements made for the worship of God for one year; and within twenty-four hours the money was all paid, or pledged. By Saturday night the seats were all made, and we removed our meeting to the hall. Surely we could exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" Who could have foreseen such an interest manifested in such a place, and in so short a time with such feeble instrumentalities? The glory belongs to God. Praise his name forever.

The meetings continued in the school-house until Friday night, with considerable success considering our embarrassed condition for want of room. Several were converted to God during the week, and our young Bro. Pye, the first-fruits of the effort, acted as an efficient missionary during the entire week, and afterward in bringing his young acquaintances to the meeting and to the altar of prayer. Immediately opposite the school-house, and but a few rods distant, lived a poor and distressed family of English people. My wife and myself had often called upon them during the summer and urged them to attend the means of grace, but never could prevail. The man spent most of his earnings in drink, while his wife and only child, a young lad of sixteen or eighteen winters, (I can not say summers, for there are few summers in a drunkard's home,) were ragged, and destitute of the commonest necessaries of life. Upon the whole, they appeared to be the most abject and wretched family we ever saw, or could be found in a civilized rural district where so many

comforts can be cheaply obtained. On the first Saturday night after we had opened the hall the wife of this man came to me, and in great earnestness told me that her husband was in the meeting and was greatly troubled about his soul, and urgently requested us to call upon them the next morning. My wife and myself did so, and found Mr. S., the man in question, with his wife and son, all in an inquiring state of mind and deeply anxious to obtain salvation. Oh, what a time we had, both in weeping and rejoicing. We spent several hours with them, and left them in the most hopeful condition, and with the pleasing assurance that the good work now begun would be consummated in the conversion of the entire family. Our meetings continued in the hall for several weeks, and conversions occurred at nearly every meeting. Mr. Fox, according to promise, came to my assistance and rendered essential service; and the hall, though large for that place, could not always contain the people who desired to attend. On one occasion at least we had fears for the safety of the building, and the people who had assembled, and appointed a door-keeper to prevent persons from entering. Many begged to be admitted; but they were told that it was impossible, for cautious reasons, to allow any more to enter the room. Persons esteemed as good judges in such matters were apprehensive that a slight movement might start some of the timbers; so the congregation were requested to keep their seats while singing, and not to rise up when the benediction was pronounced, but remain composed until fifty or more persons nearest the door had gone down the stairs and safely landed on the sidewalk.

On visiting one house during the meeting the lady, as I entered the door, exclaimed, "You sent home to me a new husband last night. Oh, what a changed man he is. Many a time has he stood over me with a club in his hand, when finding me on my knees, and threatened to knock out my brains if he found me again at prayer."

That man lived an exemplary life for some years, and

died a happy death. Although he had no education, and but slender natural abilities, yet he was always at his post and invariably had a word to say for the Master, and for the good cause he had embraced, though in the evening of his life.

Good old Bro. Pye would often remark, "How good the Lord has been to me. He has converted my wife, and all my children who are old enough to understand about religion. For twenty years I have been praying for my wife; and now she is converted, and my children besides. Glory be to God. May he keep us faithful."

At the close of this meeting a Wesleyan church was organized, of about thirty-six members; and a more loving, energetic, and active church I never knew. They made me a liberal donation. I continued as their pastor for another year; and in their company I enjoyed some of the most delightful and profitable seasons I ever experienced in my life. Since the time of which I write, this church has greatly prospered. They have built a neat and commodious house of worship, and recently a parsonage, and have had Bro. Salisbury and other prominent ministers in the Rochester Conference for pastors. I wonder if the "chief butlers" in Ontario remember "poor Joseph?"

CHAPTER XLII.

CONFERENCE, AT MY OWN REQUEST, LEFT ME WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT—COMMENCED TO PREACH AT NEW SALEM—ORGANIZED A CHURCH AT THAT PLACE—KINDLY RECEIVED BY THE QUAKERS—A GRACIOUS REVIVAL—ACQUAINTANCE WITH MR. GOULD AND FAMILY.

In 1858 circumstances occurred which rendered it necessary for me to refuse an appointment in the regular work, from the conference. But the Ontario brethren still clung to me,

and were loath to have me leave them, while the church at Williamson were determined to have a change. The change was made, a new pastor was obtained, and I was dismissed. Whether the church was much benefited by the arrangement, they can best determine.

Mr. J. B. Turner, at that time not a member of any church, offered me a very comfortable house as a residence, with many other privileges, worth at least fifty dollars, provided I would preach in Ontario once in two weeks. I was not in a suitable condition to remove my family to any great distance, so I concluded to accept his generous offer and become a self-constituted missionary for one year, or until I could find my way plain to become a regular pastor.

I am not a man given to rely on impressions as infallible indications of duty, and yet there have been times when God has in a most remarkable way made known to me in this manner a knowledge of his will, and evidently pointed out to me in an unmistakable way my course of duty. Witness my labor and ultimate success in Ontario, just recorded, as well as in other parts of this "simple annal of the poor."

I have referred to the Wesleyan house of worship in New Salem, which had been closed for several years. My mind was powerfully exercised in view of their destitution, and I was impressed to direct my steps there as a suitable field for home missionary operation.

We had in that little village one brother and two sisters. The remainder of the church, some thirty or more, had in the course of nine or ten years been scattered. Some had died, some removed to a distance, some had gone to other denominations, or had backslidden, while the three who remained were apparently helpless, and entirely discouraged. Soon after conference I made them a visit, and inquired if they would like to have a preacher to labor among them. They answered yes, but said they did not want a minister to come and labor without compensation, and but little could be done in that direction under their present circumstances. I

replied, "That is not the question; do you desire the stated means of grace? Would you be desirous to have me preach to you once in two weeks?"

The answer was, "Certainly. We should be delighted to share in your labor; but we do not want you to serve us for nothing, and we can pay but a trifle."

I told them that my house and garden were secured to me for one year; that we had sufficient flour and meat for the summer; that we should not need any more clothing until next winter, and all we would need until then would be a few groceries; that if they would open the house I would occupy the pulpit once in two weeks, without the promise of a cent, and trust in providence to supply all our wants. I had preached in that house for one year, soon after the building was erected, consequently the people were somewhat acquainted with me. The appointment was finally made, and in firm trust and confidence in the promises of God I commenced my labors upon this apparently barren soil. In some respects this effort was not unlike the one I recently made in Ontario, which in the end proved so glorious and successful. Our congregation was not large at the commencement, as the "Friends," or Quakers, had two meeting-houses in the vicinity,—one Orthodox and the other Hicksite,—and many of the community belonged to one or other of these denominations.

After I had preached in this place five or six times one of my hearers, who had been a Methodist in the State of Vermont, and who greatly admired the position of the Wesleyan connection, said to me, "Why don't you have a quarterly meeting, and take up a collection for your support?"

I replied, "What kind of a quarterly meeting could I have with only three members?"

"Perhaps," said he, "you might have some to unite with you, for I know many who sympathize with you."

This suggestion was heeded, and with some diffidence, and fear of a failure, I ventured to appoint the meeting in ques-

tion. On Saturday I preached, and gave a brief statement of the causes which led to our organization, and the position of our church in relation to our theology, polity, and views of reform in general; and I was cheered in my labors by receiving eleven persons into the church, including the three who claimed previous membership.

The next day we had an interesting love-feast, and at the close of the sermon lifted a collection of nine dollars, which a few friends swelled to fifteen. This proved indeed, in our circumstances, very acceptable. I continued to preach to and visit among this people. I had many friends among the Quakers, who always gave me a hearty welcome to their peaceful and comfortable homes; and some of them allowed me to hold social meetings with their families.

The following winter we held a protracted meeting, and the good Lord poured out his Spirit upon the people. A number professed to experience religion, among them some who were birth-right members of the "Friends;" and some of their lady preachers kindly and Christianly aided in the meeting by prayer and exhortation. I can not forbear to make mention of the kindness of Joseph C. Hathaway, and his brother Lorenzo, and their sister Phœbe, and their excellent families, and some others, who it would seem went a little beyond their established views in administering to our necessities. But they invariably said, "Friend Pegler is not a hireling priest."

At this meeting I was materially aided by my wife, and some of the brethren from Ontario, about fifteen miles distant, among whom was my young Bro. George S., son of Mr. S., the dissipated man mentioned in my account of the revival at Ontario. This young man was most deeply pious, and much engaged in trying to do good to others; and although not a year old in religion, he was quite gifted in exhortation and prayer, and in my mind was destined to be useful in the church of Christ. Our church in New Salem now increased to thirty members; and efforts were made to induce us to re-

main another year with this people, who of course were very dear to us. We readily consented to remain, feeling assured that the arrangement would receive the divine approval. At the request of the church and many of the citizens we consented to leave our comfortable quarters at Ontario and occupy a house in New Salem, which was kindly offered to us by Mr. Joseph C. Hathaway, a liberal Quaker, at a reduced rent, attached to which was a good garden with much fruit. Here we spent a very comfortable and profitable year.

The church at Ontario was still on the advance. And although they were attached to Williamson charge, and supplied with pastoral labor by Bro. Atwood, yet I believe they never lost their attachment for their former minister; but whenever I made them a visit they always gave me a cordial reception, besides other tokens of Christian regards. Bro. S., who had formerly been so intemperate, and was so destitute when our meetings in Ontario commenced, and who with his wife and son were converted, became a thorough disciple of Christ, and their hitherto comfortless home began to assume an air of tidiness and thrift; and by industry and economy, in a short time their condition was materially bettered. They soon secured the confidence of the entire community. Though the rum-seller and his associates often laid deep plans for his downfall, and a return to his former intemperate habits, yet they never succeeded while he resided among us; but through divine grace and a strong determination he was enabled to successfully resist, and was often known to praise God for his wonderful and singular conquest. A merchant in our village, who much admired his reformation and faithfulness, rented a farm to him, a short distance from our place of worship, to which I was often accustomed to repair for a friendly and Christian visit; and I invariably found them industrious, peaceful, and happy. Their house was neat and comfortable, though of course their furniture was scanty and plain, for he had a commendable horror against contracting

debts. The good wife, who had passed through a long night of sorrow and poverty, now wore a cheerful smile on her countenance, while her truly renovated husband and her son George were continually praising God for the wonderful change in their condition. They were frugal and industrious, and always devising some plan to assist, in their humble way, the cause of religion and reform, from which they had derived such visible and permanent benefit. Prayer-meetings were often held in their unpretentious dwelling, and the neighbors and brethren loved to assemble there. Few enjoyed such seasons without being benefited, as the divine presence seemed to overshadow the place continually. In about three years after his conversion, Bro. S. told me that the property he had accumulated, in cattle, farming tools, etc., was worth nearly nine hundred dollars, and he was not in debt one cent. He had proved that godliness was profitable. Having sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, many good things were added unto him. And what appeared to me to be of great importance, he invariably ascribed his reformation and unusual success to the influence of the divine Spirit on his heart and life. After a few years he had accumulated sufficient property to remove to the State of Michigan, and secure him a home of his own; and a brother informed me that he bought a farm in that state, and that his son George is now an itinerant preacher in the Michigan Wesleyan Conference. I have in my possession facts connected with this family, and some others, in relation to the work of grace and reformation in Ontario and New Salem, which, if they were in the hands of some gifted person who could dress them up in a suitable manner to meet the public taste, would make an interesting and perhaps profitable temperance tale. But I have not the ability to elaborate. I dare not venture to launch out in flights of fancy, but simply record a few prominent facts to which I was an eye and ear witness. I can not but feel grateful to our heavenly Father that he enabled me to persevere against what were seeming-

ly great difficulties, and become a pioneer in the good cause in Ontario and New Salem, both of which places I believe are now in a flourishing condition in the Wesleyan interest. I humbly trust I shall meet many on the shining shore who in those places were brought to Christ through my feeble instrumentality. To God be all the glory.

Our stay in New Salem was very agreeable, and we hope profitable to many. Our congregation increased, and I was able to extend my labors to regions beyond; for I still considered myself a missionary, and endeavored to keep a spark of missionary fire, though my field of labor was recognized by the conference as a regular station. At that early period of our denominational existence we had no missionary organization, and consequently no appropriations. Among many others who were my warm friends in New Salem, or Farnington, was Mr. Joseph Terry, a member of the "Christian order," who became a constant hearer and a liberal supporter of the church. For some reason, he did not unite with the church in nominal fellowship; but his excellent wife did, and proved a mother in Israel, and we always found a hearty welcome and cheerful reception at their comfortable and hospitable residence. Their kind attention to me while under a severe attack of lung disease will always be remembered with gratitude. He has some time since gone to his reward, but his kind and motherly wife still survives, I hope, to perform her accustomed acts of benevolence and love to the sick and indigent in the circle where she resides.

About two miles from our village resided John S. Goold, Esq, a gentleman of refined tastes and habits, who had recently, or within a few years, removed from the city of Albany with his family of boys, seven in number. When I first became acquainted with him he had bought a farm near the town of Macedon and laid it out in a tasteful manner, and was largely engaged in horticulture. He had built a splendid mansion for that rural country and was living in comfortable and luxurious retirement, with abundance of

fruits and flowers, cultivated with his own hands, or under his immediate supervision. His father, James Goold, Esq., was the proprietor of the largest carriage manufactory in the state, if not on the continent; and at the commencement of railroads in this country he was largely employed in making cars and coaches in the State of New York and elsewhere. He also furnished a considerable number for the Spanish republics in the southern portion of the continent. My friend Mr. John S. Goold was in business with his father for a number of years, during which time his leisure hours were employed in attending to a small garden in the city, in which he raised some of the choicest small fruits that the climate would admit, and thus contracted a passionate taste for a kind of refined rural life. He accordingly removed into the country, that he might indulge himself in his favorite pursuit, and furnish employment for his sons, some of whom were large enough to render him assistance in cultivating his grounds. Mr. G. had for many years sat under the ministry of the late Dr. Sprague, a celebrated minister of the Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. Goold was a member of Dr. Palmer's Congregational Church; and both were accustomed to refined society and a chaste and elevated ministry. But on removing to Macedon they were deprived of such church privileges as suited their taste and inclination, and to which they had been accustomed, for all that region of country was more or less under the influence of the Quakers, who usually condemned a paid and educated ministry; and there was no church of the order that met their approval nearer than Palmyra, a distance of six or eight miles. The result was, they seldom went to church, as they usually came home dissatisfied when attending a meeting in a school-house, the exercises being so different from those enjoyed in the city. One of his hired men frequently attended my meetings in New Salem, and on his return would sometimes refer to the sermon and other matters connected with the church, also naming the preacher. At length Mr. G. said, "Who is this Mr. Pegler,

about whom you talk so much? How old a man is he?" He afterward said to his wife, "Let us go next Sunday and hear him." Accordingly, on the next Sabbath a handsome carriage, with Mr. and Mrs. Goold and a number of their elder children, drove to the door of our unpretending church edifice. They formed a part of our rustic congregation, and, like all other well-bred people, listened with grave and good attention. I do not now remember the subject upon which I preached, but it made a favorable impression on the mind of Mr. Goold and his family. At the conclusion of the services he cordially invited myself and wife to his house; and he afterward became a constant hearer and a warm and beneficent friend. He often told me that he was much pleased with my plain and unassuming manner, devoid of that usual ministerial stiffness and forced dignity often manifested by preachers who claimed to be better educated and more refined than some of their people, and that my plain and simple manner of exhibiting the gospel was agreeable to his taste. Mr. G. was not a member of any church, but his custom was to read a chapter in the Bible every morning after breakfast. To his house we often resorted, and were always kindly welcomed; and many, very many were the acts of Christian kindness and love bestowed upon us. Mr. G. was a well-read man, and interviews with him were always agreeable and interesting; and he appeared to relish the accounts I sometimes gave of my adventures in foreign parts. Through him I became acquainted with his uncle, Mr. Vail, and his aunt, Mrs. Burton, both of Albany, all of whom, including his brother Henry, have shown us many acts of Christian kindness. May the Lord reward them in that day when he shall say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." All the children of Mr. G. who were old enough attended our Sabbath-school, and from the training and care bestowed upon them at home were of course the most orderly and attentive scholars in attendance.

In this part of my narrative it may be well to record a remarkable conversion to God while residing in New Salem, which occurred on the last Sabbath of my regular labors in that place. The subject was James E. Goold, the eldest born of my friend Mr. Goold above referred to, who in the early part of the late rebellion enlisted to sustain the cause of his country and fell a martyr while in defense of human rights and republican institutions. While he was in the army he kept up an occasional correspondence with me, and after his death his father wrote me to send his letters to Albany, as it was designed to publish a book of memoirs of the honored dead of the city and county of Albany. He also requested me to write a brief sketch of his conversion, and my acquaintance with him. This was done, and the following article was published in the "Heroes of Albany." The compiler of that book says, "The circumstances attending his (James E. Goold) conversion are presented in the following letter from Rev. George Pegler, addressed to the author of this brief sketch:"

To C. H. Anthony, principal Albany Classical Institute:

My Dear Sir—I am much pleased to learn that you propose to write a memoir of my very dear young friend James E. Goold, who fell in the late war in defense of union and liberty, and of his and our civil and religious rights.

My first acquaintance with him was in the latter part of 1858, when his father, John S. Goold, Esq., resided in Macedon, New York. I was then pastor of a church in his vicinity, and Mr. Goold and family were among my most constant hearers and liberal supporters; and many of their children were members of my Sabbath-school. My interviews with the family were frequent, and always attended with much profit and pleasure; and I was more and more impressed with the sedate deportment and high moral sentiments that were constantly developing themselves in the character of James as my interviews with him became more frequent and interesting. I considered him, in every respect, the best scholar in the school, and for aptness to learn, and for promptitude in attendance, as well as for his deep seriousness and moral tone,

he was a worthy example to the whole school, and to all his companions. At our annual examination there was none like him for promptness in answering questions, either from the Bible or the maps. But that which most deeply interested me was the manner of his conversion to God. He was not carried away by excitement, but most calmly and deliberately entered into the service of the dear Redeemer and seemed to have given his heart to Christ after much thought and prayerful examination.

On the Lord's day, April 24th, 1859, the weather being very stormy, we did not expect a large congregation; but among that little flock was James E. Goold. My text on that occasion was Ps. xlix. 8. "For the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever." After the public service we held a class-meeting, and James remained with us, occupying a slip in the church in company with three other young men. My custom was not to urge non-professors to speak unless they were quite willing. The others who sat with James had no remarks to make, but when I addressed myself to him he promptly stood up and remarked, "When I arose in the morning I saw the day was stormy, and concluded I would not go to church." But he happened to remember hearing me say that when we were tempted to absent ourselves from the house of God it would be the better course to press through every difficulty, as something might be educed from God's word on that occasion which would do us good, and perhaps lead to a lasting blessing. "And," said he, "I bless God I have come to-day, for God has blessed my soul; and I hope that God for Christ's sake has forgiven my sins." Such was the commencement of his Christian hope.

Soon after, I was removed to another field of labor, and knew but little of his Christian progress until after he entered the army. Then he wrote me several letters, in answer to mine urging him to maintain his Christian character and remain a constant example to his comrades in faithfulness to his dear Redeemer, and fidelity to the cause of his country.

His letters to me I will forward to his father, and you may make such use of them as your wisdom may dictate.

With much respect, your humble servant.

GEORGE PEGLER.

Lemonweir, Wis., May 1, 1866.

CHAPTER XLIII.

REMOVED FROM NEW SALEM—AGAIN ATTEMPTED TO SETTLE
DOWN—CAMP-MEETINGS—REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE—VISIT
TO NEW SALEM—TAKEN DANGEROUSLY ILL—KIND ATTEN-
TION OF FRIENDS—VISION, OR DREAM.

In 1859 we left New Salem and again retired to a small piece of land I still owned, adjoining the place where we formerly resided, and commenced to build another house.

In the month of September a Wesleyan camp-meeting was held about two miles from our residence; and as I had two carpenters at work on our new house I could not attend all the time, but was present as often as possible. At that time Bro. B. Rider was a missionary to the Indians on the Onandaga reservation, and he, in company with a number of his Indian brethren, were in attendance. They were then building a house of worship on the reservation, and needed help; and it was decided that on Saturday afternoon Bro. Rider should preach to the Indians through his interpreter, and take up a collection in their behalf. In calling upon the people there was considerable response, and after awhile he asked how many would give five dollars for that enterprise. A few responded to the call, and soon there was a pause. I had in my pocket a quarter eagle, or two and a half dollars, all the money I then possessed after paying my workmen, and proposed to be one of two to give five dollars. Another accepted the offer, and the gold-piece soon slipped from my hand. On returning home I told the carpenters they might gather up their tools at night, as I had just enough money to pay for labor performed but none to pay for continued work.

"Why," said one, "are you not going to have your house finished?"

“I have not the means,” said I.

“Well, you can not live in the house in this condition. You have the materials, and less than twenty dollars will finish the joiner work.”

“But I have not that amount, and I dare not contract a debt without a reasonable probability of meeting my engagements.”

“Well,” said one of them, “let me remain and finish up the job, and I will wait for my pay until you are ready; and I promise that I will never dun you.”

“That is generous,” said I; “but it will be a debt nevertheless, and I dare not at my advanced age incur such responsibilities.”

Many, perhaps, in this go-a-head day will think I was too scrupulous; but I always had an extreme horror about indebtedness, and was fearful if I took a few steps in that direction I might venture too far. My workmen smiled at what they termed my needless fears, and said I was a strange man, and overscrupulous, or too cautious. But I told them I was not to be moved. If I erred, it was on the right side, and I should be safe. After supper I rode to the village for my mail, and one of the men rode with me; and I promised to send his tool-chest on Monday. He stayed a few minutes to talk with a friend in the village, while I stepped into the post-office. A letter was handed to me from my friend Mr. John S. Goold, who stated that two of his uncles were at his house on a visit; and he had mentioned to them that I was building a house, and a little change might be acceptable. Each of them contributed five dollars, Mr. G. five, and his sons five, making in all twenty dollars, just the sum the joiner supposed would be required to finish his part of the work. I immediately told him he might come on Monday and resume his work, as I had the means to pay him. “All right,” said he, “I will be on hand.” This man was a Universalist, and was not overstocked with devotional feelings; but during the time he had worked for me he had heard the Scriptures read,

and attended family worship. On relating to him the providential circumstance in reference to the present of twenty dollars, he said, "Now, elder, I shall believe in the efficacy of prayer more than ever. How often have I heard you pray that God might bring you through all your embarrassments and enable you to meet every honest liability. Surely, the hand of God is in this matter. Who can doubt it?"

"Amen," said I.

"Glory to God," said Mrs. P; "I hope it will teach us all a lesson of greater confidence in God, and encourage us to rely more fully on his goodness."

This little incident, in my opinion, is worthy of record as one of many instances in which the providence of God is exercised for deliverance for those who truly trust him.

During the winter of 1860-1 some of my friends on different circuits where I had labored in former years wrote me to pay them a visit, promising to bear my expenses should I do so. Among them was my tried friend Mr. Goold, of Macedon, New York, who facetiously and pleasantly said, "Come and pay us a visit, and let us talk down secession." At that time some of the southern states had perjured themselves by trampling on their oath of allegiance, and passed an ordinance of secession; yet nearly all believed it was nothing but a threat, or a freak, which would soon end in noise and smoke.

Some time in January I started on my intended tour. I reached New Salem as my first point, and bent my steps to the comfortable house of my old friend Joseph Terry, to share his kindness and hospitality on Saturday night. I expected to preach in the church next day, but for some cause God had ordered otherwise. That night I was taken suddenly ill, and Mrs. Terry employed all her skill and assiduity to procure relief, but all to no purpose. In the morning I was no better, but rather worse. Mr. Terry saw at once that it was impossible for me to preach that day, and went to the church—where a large congregation was gathered to hear

their old pastor once more—to announce the unwelcome intelligence that I was dangerously sick. Dr. Bullis was in the congregation, and very kindly came to see me. He pronounced my disease inflammation of the lungs, and prescribed for me accordingly. My highly respected Sister Terry voluntarily became my nurse—and one better fitted for that situation could not be found in all that region. She and her husband were always with me whenever needed, either by day or by night, and everything that kindness and love could devise or imagine was cheerfully performed. I was confined to my room for several weeks, most of the time in bed; and many were the kind attentions paid me by former loving friends. Before the disease turned, and when I was in the most danger my wife was written to and advised to make no delay if she wished to see me alive. On her arrival,—she having some skill in the homeopathic school of medicine,—Dr. Bullis gave me into her hands, and by her skillful management and the blessing of God I recovered rapidly.

When my disorder was at its height I was in the room one night alone. Mrs. Terry, who slept in an adjoining room, had left me for a little while to seek a few moments' rest, and desired me to ring a little bell should I require her attendance. The night was intensely cold, and perfectly calm, and not the least noise or disturbance was heard in the house or about the premises. All at once the room appeared full of light. It did not appear like the sunlight, or any natural or artificial light I had ever seen, but a floating liquid, and wavy; and the most minute things in the room could readily be discovered. Whether I was asleep or awake I can not tell, no more than the apostle could tell whether he was in the body or out of the body when he received his wonderful revelations. For a few moments my feelings were indescribable. I had no fear that the house was on fire, or that I was in any immediate danger, for everything looked heavenly, and divine, and my mind was clear, calm, and collected. It seemed to me that the radiance I saw must be

from the portals of glory. My whole soul was immediately filled with such an inexpressible sense of the divine presence as I had never realized before, and I thought, "This surely is the gate of heaven, and I am now about to be released from all the toils of earth and be forever with the Lord."

Soon I heard the sound of music in the distance, and it appeared to approach nearer and nearer. When opposite the house it was loud and distinct,—the most melodious air and sweetest strains I had ever heard,—and the house seemed to tremble with its vibrations. The music appeared to be both instrumental and vocal; and I could discern between the one and the other, though both were blended in sweet and perfect harmony. Soon the light in the room appeared more brilliant, if possible, than before; and instantly there stood upon my bed three of the most lovely looking beings I ever beheld, or could possibly imagine. They were clothed in long robes of spotless white, and had wings on their shoulders; were apparently young, and of equal age, but not of equal size,—the tallest being in the center. All seemed to stand on the bed-clothes, and on me in a stooping posture, but I felt no additional weight. The one in the center of the group fanned my feverish brow with her wings, which produced a most pleasing sensation, and pointing upward with her finger said, in the softest and sweetest language I had ever heard, "They sympathize with you up there; but you can not go there yet." As these words were uttered the music without ceased, and the three visitants sung the softest and most harmonious song that mortal lips could utter or mortal mind conceive. When they had finished, the music without commenced again, in the same exquisite strains, and died away in the distance, as it seemed to pass from east to west, and when the sound completely died away the room was again in total darkness. I immediately rang the bell, and Sister Terry was soon by the bedside. I asked her to pen from my lips the only verse I could remember of the song sung by the heavenly choir:

“The strains that are sung
 On this beautiful shore
 Are learned at Emanuel’s breast;
 And the happy and bless’d
 Who those strains do possess
 Once learned are forgotten no more.”

As before said, I could not decide, in connection with this pleasing and encouraging adventure, whether I was awake or only dreaming. It certainly appeared to me at the time as though I was fully awake, and in complete possession of my mental powers. I distinctly remember taking hold of the bed-post to ascertain where I was, and noticing the pictures that hung on the wall; but if it was only an illusion it was one that had a remarkably happy tendency, and filled my soul with a joy unspeakable. In regard to the verses sung, if it was only a dream they are the action of my own brain, and though I am aware that they can not claim poetic merit, yet they are such that I could never attain to in my waking hours. I must leave it with the reader. I have no party end to gain. The facts are simply stated, and each may draw his own inference.

CHAPTER XLIV.

REMOVED TO WISCONSIN—COMMENCEMENT OF THE REBELLION—
 PREACHED AT RANDOLPH AND OTHER PLACES—MINISTERIAL
 DELEGATE TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE IN ADRIAN—NOTES
 ON THE DOINGS OF THAT BODY.

In the spring of 1861 circumstances of a pecuniary nature rendered it necessary for us again to sell our little homestead, just as we had arranged matters and things for our own comfort and convenience. It did indeed seem impossible that we should ever be able to accomplish our purpose of

securing a permanent home for retirement in old age. We were not ambitious to obtain anything fashionable or expensive, but only a little cottage, and a few acres, that by industry and economy we might be able to keep the wolf from the door, and not be a burden to our friends or depend on public charity. But it appeared that this was to be denied us, at least for the present, and we were again on the wing, scarcely knowing what course to take. We had many friends in the West, who had often written to us, giving us pressing invitations to come to their beautiful, fertile country, at the same time assuring us of the almost fabulous low prices for which a small homestead could be procured. We had not the means to purchase an improved place of even a few acres, as prices governed in the State of New York, and we were too old to commence again in the woods; and our only resource, it would seem, was to emigrate to the great West. We finally wrote to several friends in different states, and avowed our intention of settling somewhere in the West. We desired them to inform us as to the most eligible place to purchase near some Wesleyan community, and give a prompt reply, as we had to give possession on the first day of April, and would have to remove as soon as possible. A friend in Lemonweir, Wisconsin, with whom we had been acquainted for thirty years, gave us the most encouraging statement, and we started on our western journey on the 14th of April, the day that Fort Sumter surrendered to the rebels. All along the line of travel the war spirit was raging at a fearful rate. Flags were waving in the air, drums were rattling, and men were gathered in groups, talking and gesticulating with great earnestness. The commotion of the public was such as I hope never to witness again.

In due time we reached our destination and received a kind welcome from old friends, as well as from the little church located in Lemonweir village. In a few days we purchased a small house and four acres of land of Mr. Newel Dustin, the proprietor of the village, and again settled down in our

little domicile. But retirement was out of the question. I soon had calls from various parts to preach, and found it impossible to resist the urgency of brethren who claimed an acquaintance with me through the *American Wesleyan*. Arrangements were made to have my services on Randolph and Trenton circuits, and part of my time in Lindina, until the sitting of conference.

While on the former circuit I formed an agreeable acquaintance with some of the old pioneers in the Wesleyan Connection from the eastern states, among whom were Bros. Martin Allen, Peter Oliver, John Calderwood,—who now belongs to the Iowa Conference,—and H. H. Robinson, a man of sterling worth, who has always stood at his post, and did not shrink from being numbered with the minority when confident of being right. He was a member of Seneca Falls Church, the first church of which I was pastor after the Utica Convention, in 1843. At that time of our extreme infancy many questions of vital importance had to be settled and established, among others righteous voting,—or in other words, the inconsistency of praying for the slave, and expending our funds every day in the year until election day, and on that day rush to the polls and throw up our hat, and cast a freeman's suffrage for an unrepenting slave-holder. This question agitated the church at that time in Seneca Falls, and made no little trouble. But Bro. Robinson was always firm, and stood by the pastor in his arduous attempts to have the church take its proper position in the antislavery ranks. He has written some valuable articles for the *Wesleyan* and *Bible Standard*. He is now an invalid, living in Rochester, Minnesota, in very comfortable retirement, and is patiently waiting for his discharge. Being unable to do active service, yet he occasionally employs his pen in the good cause. There were others, also, on this circuit in whose families I spent many pleasant and profitable hours; and should any of those brethren read these pages they will doubtless call to mind some of the pleasing, as also some of the painful

scenes passed through during the time spent on their circuit. Bro. M. Allen, of Randolph, is brother-in-law to Rev. Hiram McKee, now an invalid, but at this time residing in Wilton, Minnesota, and laboring occasionally in Martin County, among a people who have lately suffered much from the ravages of the grasshoppers. He is some years my junior, and was ordained to the Christian ministry the same day with myself—about forty-one years ago. His life, like my own, has been a checkered scene. He has labored hard and long in the cause of God and reform. We both had slender abilities when we were thrust out into the vineyard, and had responsibilities imposed upon us we could scarcely endure. Many a hard battle have we fought, at a time when our foes were numerous, wealthy, and influential; but with truth and humanity for our buckler we never turned our backs, but stood our ground and faced our opposers. We knew nothing about making a compromise in matters of truth and duty, but always felt that the everlasting arms were around us while maintaining our moral obligations. I fully sympathize with Bro. McKee in his affliction. I knew his amiable family well, both in New York and Wisconsin; and although I am not fully posted as to the cause of his present embarrassment, yet I do believe that the Champlain and Wisconsin conferences especially owe him a debt of gratitude for his arduous and indefatigable labor among them as a pioneer in the cause of Christ and reform.

In 1864 I was elected a ministerial delegate to the General Conference, to meet in Adrain, Michigan. The Hon. W. W. Jackson accompanied me as lay delegate, from West Wisconsin Conference. The conference was held in the college chapel, a very commodious room; was well represented, and maintained an excellent Christian spirit from the beginning to its close. At this conference the Rev. Luther Lee, D. D., presided with his usual force and dignity. He was then principal of the theological department of the college. I felt a commendable pride in being associated with such a noble

band of men and brethren, who all seemed to try to outvie each other in defense of truth and right.

The college commencement (as it is called), or rather vacation (as I should call it), took place during the conference, and the Rev. Cyrus Prindle received from the hands of Asa Mahan, the president of the college, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, an honor which I thought he richly merited.

During the session of this conference, we as a denomination ripened into manhood. We had just entered into the twenty-second year of our denominational existence, and it was desirable, and thought to be quite suitable, to hold a reunion and give an expression of our gratitude by some memorial exercises. There happened to be just twelve persons present who took part in the convention in Utica, which organized the connection twenty-one years previously. George Pegler being the oldest person, was called upon to preside; Rev. S. Salisbury conducted the devotional exercises; and Dr. Lee delivered the oration, which was a masterpiece in defense of our position. After the oration, other brethren followed with five-minute speeches. After that a call was made for donations in aid of Adrian College endowment fund. The call was nobly responded to by many who were present, and in a short time, amid much cheerfulness and a little pleasantry—which certainly was allowable on such an occasion—the grand sum of eight thousand dollars, or more, was contributed to this praiseworthy enterprise, to sustain an institution of learning thought to be so much needed by our still young and feeble connection.

While passing over the beautiful grounds and surroundings of Adrian College, and going through its extensive and commodious halls, as well as having frequent interviews with its gentlemanly and learned faculty, and spending an hour in its rich and well-stored geological museum and forming an acquaintance with its enthusiastic professor of geology, I was struck with astonishment that so feeble a people as we were

could be so favored with such an important trust; and I was actually fearful we were traveling too fast, and would not always maintain our present speed. I was not much surprised that soon after the institution was lost to us, and in a surreptitious manner wrested from our hands; but it was exceedingly provoking that we should find foes in our own household, and among those who had pressed us so hard, notwithstanding our small resources, to contribute to its endowment with the assurance of its being permanently secured to the Wesleyan Methodist connection. I am not sufficiently posted in this matter to state precisely where the wrong lies, but I know that the Board of Trustees, a majority of whom were Wesleyans, urged us, backed by repeated articles from the pen of President Mahan in the *American Wesleyan*, to raise an endowment fund of one hundred thousand dollars. Further, I know it was acknowledged in the above named paper that more than that sum was raised, and the institution was ours in perpetuity. So it was stated, and so we received it. That sum was not obtained from a membership of less than twenty thousand without sacrifice. I know one whose income did not exceed two hundred dollars giving his tithes of ten dollars; and although some may have given of their abundance, yet there were many who gave up to the feeling point, and had to use much self-denial in order to assist in what we supposed was a noble enterprise, and would ultimately prove a lasting blessing to our people.

The underhand way in which we were defrauded of Adrian College will cripple us in our attempts at similar enterprises for years to come. Our efforts in Minnesota to establish a school of higher grade, modestly termed a seminary, drags heavily, and we are often referred to Adrian and Leonia as reasons for non-assistance. Well, this is a money-grabbing age. Men of all classes desire to be rich, and but few are overscrupulous as to how or by what means they obtain the object of their pursuit. Corruptions appear to be the order of the day. Fraud stalks forth in open day. It is found in

the legislatures, in congress, in the cabinet, in Wall Street, in business firms, in fact almost everywhere; and it is not surprising if it is found in colleges and churches. The millennium is not yet established; the Canaanite or merchant is not yet expelled from the house of the Lord; and we must patiently wait "the good time coming," for at present the "best of men are but men at best."

The Methodist Protestant Church sent to our body Rev. George Brown, D. D., and Rev. Mr. White, A. M., as fraternal delegates in view of concocting plans for a union with that body of Christians. The aforesaid delegates addressed the conference at some length, stating, figuratively, that only twelve inches of space existed between us and them; and the Methodist Protestant Church had advanced eleven inches toward us; could we not be sufficiently generous and fraternal to recede the remaining inch, and thus close the chasm between us?

What the doctor facetiously meant by the eleven inches of advance was their withdrawal from the slave-holding portion of the church, and erasing from their book of discipline the word "white," so as to remove the antichristian and anti-republican distinction of *color*, which until very recently disgraced the canons of their church. It would seem that these delegates claimed great credit, and thought they had made a great sacrifice in altering their discipline so as to make it conform to the teachings of the word of God, and to be in harmony with the rising spirit of freedom and humanity which has so gloriously characterized the nineteenth century. But our conference was not to be duped or deceived by these "glittering generalities." For more than twenty years we had been uniform in contending for these and other measures which we esteemed as vital to a pure Christianity; and we had on this account endured no small amount of opposition from the church and people these brethren represented. If they had advanced eleven inches toward us by adopting measures of which they made their

boast, there was still an impassable gulf between us and them, which could not by any possible means be bridged over.

We were fully prepared to do them justice, and award them the honor they richly deserved for the noble stand they had taken against episcopal and clerical prerogatives, and maintaining the right of the laity, and that, too, when Methodism in this country was almost a unit, and seemed to fear no rival; when such men as Snethen, Shinn, Jennings, French, Williams, Harod, Lipscomb, and others were valiantly advocating the rights of the commonwealth of Israel, against fearful odds, and did not flinch in the days that tried men's souls; when the whole weight of the episcopal bench as well as the entire general conferences of 1824 and 1828 were against them, and the terrors of excommunication were constantly held over them. Noble men! We owe them a debt of gratitude. Their firmness and decision, as well as their forbearance and moderation, are worthy of all praise; and I am free to admit that their successful efforts and the church polity they adopted rendered our work of organization in 1843 great and essential service. And, yet as in the case of the apocalyptic churches, we had somewhat against them, though willing to admit what was noble and praiseworthy among them. They had heroically and perseveringly contended for the rights of the local preachers and laity, provided their Creator had indulged them with a white skin, but their poor colored brother, because the state and public opinion had robbed him of his manhood and denied him every right that distinguishes man from the brute, was left in the hands of their cruel oppressor for more than thirty years, and they stood contentedly by and witnessed all their suffering and disgrace. Not until after the Wesleyan organization did the Methodist Protestant Church make any alteration in her discipline to remove the disability of her oppressed colored members, or prevent slave-holders from becoming members of her communion; but when they saw

that secession from pro-slavery churches was inevitable, a correspondence was opened by the Rev. Asa Shinn with Rev. Orange Scott, to effect, if possible, a union between the seceders and the Methodist Protestant Church. But this availed nothing. "In her was found those who dealt in slaves, and the bodies and souls of men;" and the fact existed that the Methodist Protestant Church had in her organization omitted to insert in the "general rules" the only clause that even squinted in an antislavery direction, namely, the buying and selling men, women, and children, with the intention of enslaving them. This was done on the ground that it was a dead letter, and could not be enforced if they ever hoped to succeed in the slave-holding states, and because the rule did not exist among those drawn up by John and Charles Wesley to govern their societies in England, where slavery did not exist. Mr. Wesley might with as much propriety forbid his people making a journey to the moon as to forbid them to hold slaves in England. Either would have been impracticable, and both stamped with consummate folly. The fact is, secession from the northern wing of the Methodist Protestant Church was greatly feared. Some of their churches were much depleted, and not a few entirely annihilated; and one whole conference (Champlain) went in a mass, and united with the new movement. Hence something had to be done to stay the tide and prevent their entire overthrow. Well, better late than never. I am glad they did not, like some others, wait for Abraham Lincoln to accomplish the work, and blatteringly follow in the wake of the politicians. Whatever was the motive, they have purged themselves of the pro-slavery taint and corruption before the providence of God and Abraham Lincoln and the Union army had rendered it impossible for them to bring forth the fruits of repentance. But in the opinion of our General Conference there were other obstacles in the way of union; and to us they appeared to be insurmountable, and while they existed we should have to step a long "*inch*" to effect a permanent union.

The Methodist Protestant Church forbids her General Conference from "legislating on morals." What that rule contemplates I never could positively learn, but supposed, from the phraseology, it prohibits that body from defining what is morally right or morally wrong. I may be mistaken; hope I am; and if so, the language is ambiguous.

Then they recognized two orders in the ministry, subjecting the deacons who are vested with all the functions of the Christian ministry (consecrating the elements in the Lord's-supper excepted) to a re-ordination, in order that they may be qualified to offer the prayer and first handle the bread and wine in the holy eucharist.

Those two orders in the ministry we deem as much unscriptural as the order of bishops claiming to be superior to elders or presbyters, and have a tendency to cumber the church with a superior and inferior ministry; whereas the great Head has said, "One is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." But the principal objection to a consolidation, or union, was the fact that hundreds of their ministers and thousands of their membership were in fraternal relation and fellowship with secret organizations which officially ignored the name and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. They treat the Lord that bought them with his own blood with no better respect or honor than they do Mohammed, or Confucius, or Moses, or Joseph Smith. Pagans, Jews, Mohammedans, deists, Mormons, or Christians have all equal privileges in the lodge; and all are assured of admittance into the grand lodge above by observing Masonic law and obeying Masonic rules, and that too without any intimation that faith in Jesus Christ is a fundamental prerequisite of salvation. These objections, if there were no others, were quite sufficient to prevent the fusion so much desired by some; and it was wisely decided to postpone the question a little longer.

While Dr. Brown was urging the union of the two denominations Dr. Prindle requested the anecdote of the "big

wheel," to which Dr. B. objected, as it was an old story. But Bro. Prindle thought that many young men among the preachers had never heard it; and there was a general demand to have it related. Dr. Brown, with apparent reluctance, then said:

"When I was a young preacher, somewhere about 1824, I was stationed on the Springfield Circuit, the country over which it extended being then rather new. Our quarterly meeting was to be held in a new barn, owned by a doctor whose wife was a member of the society (Methodist Episcopal Church). The doctor very kindly opened his door for the entertainment of guests who attended the meeting. The presiding elder and myself stayed with him during the meeting; and on Sunday morning while at breakfast the elder very blandly inquired of him why he did not unite with the society.

"Said he, 'Your lady belongs, and I understand you profess to be religious. You have opened your barn for our meeting and your house for our entertainment; why don't you unite with us?'"

"'Oh,' said he, 'I have some objections.'"

"'Well,' said the elder, 'what are they? Perhaps I can remove them. Let me know what they are.'"

"After some hesitation on the one part and urging on the other the doctor said, 'Well, if you are anxious to know, I don't like your government.'"

"'Don't like our government, doctor?' said the presiding elder, with apparent great surprise. 'I am astonished that a gentlemen of your parts and discernment should object to our form of government. Why, it is the best piece of machinery that could possibly be devised. For instance, there is the great balance-wheel, which makes its revolution rather slowly, and seems to regulate all the other parts. I call this the bishop's wheel. Then there is another, not so large; but it goes more rapidly. This I call the presiding elder's wheel. Then there is another, of smaller dimensions, which I call

the itinerant's wheel. Then there are yet more smaller wheels, which act more rapidly, but do not describe so large a circle. These I denominate the class-leader's and steward's wheels. In fact, there is a wheel in the machine for every officer in the church. The cogs all evenly mash, and the machine keeps in rapid and harmonious motion.'

"'Oh, yes,' said the doctor, 'I perfectly understand all about the bishop's wheel, and the presiding elder's wheel, and all the other wheels you have mentioned; but you said nothing about the *people's wheel*; you appear to have no place in your fanciful, well-regulated machine for the people's wheel.'

Said Dr. Brown, "We soon repaired to the love-feast, but I could think of little else than this complicated piece of ecclesiastical machinery without a wheel to represent the people, and soon after I withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church."

At the recital of this anecdote Dr. Prindle fairly shook his sides with laughter. He seemed to enjoy the pleasantry, evoked hugely, and was as much amused as any on the conference floor; but about two years afterward he stepped on to the platform of that machine, and was whirling round as one of its principal wheels.

It was to me a matter of great surprise that he and a few others, at their mature time of life, turned so short a corner. They had been faithful in their calling, and seemed on consistent reform as firm as the hills. We as a people had been edified and strengthened by their efforts, and were willing to place them in the most important positions within our reach; for we had the utmost confidence in their judgment and fidelity. Their departure from us was a source of great grief, and caused no little alarm for our perpetuity; and those who were wishing for our overthrow predicted our downfall as the inevitable result. But God has a work for us yet to do. We are much stronger in every essential sense than we were ten years ago; and what is better, we are more

united. The leaven of holiness is permeating the entire connection more than ever, and we are better prepared to be useful than heretofore.

I still have great regard and strong attachment to Dr. Prindle, and acknowledge my indebtedness to him for much information on ecclesiastical matters as well as for repeated acts of Christian kindness; and I would be the last one to attempt to assail his moral or ministerial character, or to question the purity of his motives. With myself, he is fast nearing the other shore; and not the smallest doubt exists in my mind of meeting him in that place where difference of opinion in reference to prudential measures will be unquestioned.

CHAPTER XLV.

APPOINTMENT TO PREACH IN LINDINA AND LEMONWEIR—SECOND TIME AT RANDOLPH AND TRENTON—AGAIN AT JACKSONVILLE AND LINDINA—DEATH OF MY WIFE ELIZABETH.

My appointment to Lindina and Lemonweir charge was one with which I was much pleased, and hoped the arrangement would be mutually agreeable and profitable to all concerned.

In Lindina there were a number of brethren who appeared to be not only sincere Christians, but warmly attached to our peculiar views of reformatory actions, as far as they had received instruction on that subject. They never had but one preacher stationed among them; and none took the *Wesleyan* or *Banner*,—or *Juvenile*, as it was then called,—neither did preacher or people attend the annual conference, or know much about the doings of the convention. They were in an isolated condition, but willing and anxious to receive infor-

mation ; and when enlightened in regard to our position as a denomination they readily acquiesced, and did what they thought they could to promote the interest of the cause in which we were fellow-helpers. I soon obtained a number of subscribers for our church paper, and introduced the *Juvenile* into the Sabbath-school; and most of those subscribers, and some others, continue until now.

I often thought that Lindina, with its church privileges and surroundings, was like an oasis in a great barren waste. It was for some years a green spot in the midst of sterility and spiritual barrenness, and, for miles around, it was the rallying-point for those who worshiped God and were lovers of good order. Our congregations were usually large and respectable, and our Sabbath-school was tolerably well attended, and generally interesting. Many outside the church became warm friends, though as a matter of course there were not a few who hated the truth and also those who endeavored to preach and live it.

Among my warm friends justice demands that I should name a few who were always ready to work, and could be depended upon for help in the hour of need.

There was John Heal, one of the oldest professors in the community, who had served God from extreme youth. He was always diligent in business, and usually fervent in spirit; and with his prudent, pious wife he would do credit to any church or community.

Enoch Forsbinder, a pioneer in the cause, well posted in ecclesiastical matters, who had borne the burden and heat of the day.

Bro. Fluno, one of the first-fruits of the efforts put forth by Wesleyan preachers in that place, a man of staid habits, and much respected by all who knew him.

James McNoun, a man of sterling principle and well-informed mind, who had a good repute of them that are without, and one who is capable of conveying his ideas in an intelligent manner to others.

Charles Forsbinder, son of the above named, a man of excellent moral bearing, who shed his blood in defense of liberty, and who, with his amiable wife, was always devising liberal things.

John Nelson Cornish, though aged and infirm, was as true as steel to the cause of Christ and reform.

All these, together with their noble, energetic wives, will long be remembered by me for their many acts of kindness, and for the pleasing interviews myself and mine have had in their hospitable homes. Many of those above named have had the happiness of seeing all, or nearly all, their children converted while I labored among them. This gives me a double claim upon their affection and sympathy. Many of those children are now married and engaged in business of the world; and I trust they are still trying to do their part in the cause of Christ.

There was one man who though he was not a member of any church, was yet a firm supporter of the Wesleyan cause. His heart and house were always open to entertain the missionaries of the cross, and he was liberal in sustaining the ordinances of religion in his neighborhood. Such was John Green. Though a man of the world, and very anxious to accumulate property, yet he was upright in his intercourse with others, and was esteemed by those who knew him best as an honest, energetic man, and one upon whose word you might always rely. In early life he married Miss Mary Ann McNoun, a young lady of deep and sound piety, whose friends were fearful she had mistaken her providential way in bestowing her hand and heart upon a man of irreligious character, loose habits, and a great worldly pleasure-seeker. But the grace she had obtained was sufficient for her day; and while the writer would not advise any to adventure the same fearful risk, and copy her matrimonial alliance, yet her faith was strong that her fidelity and example would have a softening and saving influence upon the waywardness of the man of her choice. Nor did her faith ever loose its

hold. Their nuptials and after-married life made a remarkable change on him for the better, which was frankly admitted by all who knew them; and as Herod profited some by the labors of John the Baptist, so did he do some good things because of his wife. In 1868 he died, when in the very prime of life, leaving his disconsolate wife and two children, with one unborn. His widow is well known by the brethren of Wisconsin Conference for her undoubted piety and munificent liberality.

During my labors with this people a number were converted to God; and our number was considerably increased and became more habituated to sustain the cause of God by their temporal means.

While on this circuit great efforts were made to induce us to go in a mass into the Methodist Episcopal Church, as we were informed that the connection had become defunct in the eastern states. One of the preachers assured me that all our leading men had left us, and that it would not be possible to sustain our paper or our cause for one year longer. Said he, "Dr. Lee is gone from you; and the same is true of Dr. Prindle and Dr. Matlack. They and many others have united with our church, and it is useless to strive to continue such a precarious existence."

To this I replied that I did not unite with the Wesleyans because Dr. Lee or any other man belonged to that church; I united from principle and duty, and should probably remain while the church had a visible existence. We made out to live for many years without doctors, and probably could still exist without them. My opinion was that our divinity was convalescent, and did not need doctoring, and they had perhaps gone to a church where their practice might be needed; but our divinity was not sick. He drew his face into a frown and left me.

In Lemonweir we had an organization, and much labor had been bestowed upon it. The people in general were of a vacillating turn, not very stable. They were like the soil

upon which they lived—rather sandy, and not reliable for a foundation. There were a few there, however, who were anxious to sustain the cause of religion, among whom was Bro. Dustin and family, and Bro. Bursell, who was a preacher, and labored among them for many years, as opportunity offered. Bro. Dustin was a man with some means at his command, but was considerably involved. He was quite energetic and active in business. It was by his liberality, principally, that the church was sustained in that place, and on his removal to Minnesota the cause began to languish. When he and his son-in-law, Bro. Halladay, left the village a vacancy was made that was never filled while I remained in the state.

Several revivals were enjoyed while living among them, and a number united with the church; but by deaths and removals, and the fluctuating state of the community, little permanent good was accomplished.

In 1864 I was again appointed to Randolph and Trenton Circuit, usually preaching three times on the Sabbath, and on many evenings during the week. At that time the war spirit was predominant, and everything else had to give place. Nearly every house was one of mourning. Intelligence was continually arriving of loved ones dying in battle or in the hospitals, or what was equally painful, or even worse, incarceration in Andersonville Prison, or other southern dungeons. Little could be done besides trying to bind up those broken, bleeding hearts, and directing them to the only Source of consolation under their exceeding dark and distressing circumstances. Our churches were considerably weakened by some of our members going down to the front as volunteers; and about this time the so-called union movement commenced, and most of the preachers and many of the members of the Wisconsin Conference left us to find homes more congenial to their views. But a few choice spirits remained, and with myself believed that we as a denomination had not yet accomplished all our mission. True,

we had seen our hopes and aspirations realized in the redemption of the slave; but the abolition of slavery was not the only object of our organization, much less could we think it noble and praiseworthy to leave those brethren whom God had given us as seals to our ministry. To leave these brethren who had been cradled and nursed by our side, and who never had any other home, would be cruel; and to go over to those who had condemned us for measures that they now approved, and who have sought and still seek our entire overthrow and annihilation, would evidence a want of stability unworthy of the cause we had espoused.

In the comfortable and pleasant home of Bro. Martin Allen of Randolph, with his quiet and tasty wife, and aged mother, we often found a hearty welcome and many kind attentions. Bro. Allen was from the State of Vermont. He was a Wesleyan from choice in the early days of our existence as a people; was from the beginning a burden-bearer, and never tried to avoid responsibility; and though at present not indulged with church privileges, as formerly, he is still an example to others in zeal and liberality to the cause of God and benevolence. Then there were Brother and Sister Robinson, and their amiable and accomplished daughter, who lived a number of miles from any Wesleyan place of worship, but still were living witnesses of the truth they had so ardently espoused at the commencement of the anti-slavery struggle. I was accustomed to visit them once in three months, and usually preached in their neighborhood on such occasions; and I was forcibly reminded of the loving family of three at Bethany whom the blessed Redeemer loved to associate with. A man must indeed be a misanthrope who could not be happy while indulged with such company. I remember, when Bro. Prindle was our editor he often wrote an encouraging word for those isolated families or members who nobly stood alone when deprived of church privileges, and were by him commended for resisting inducements to unite with churches that ignored the vital principles of re-

form. Such he esteemed as worthy of double honor, for their faithfulness and stability, and urged all our pastors to search out such cases and render them all the assistance possible; and such was the case of Bro. Robinson and his family.

Then there was John Calderwood, with all his natural Scotch firmness and decision, who seemed to stand as a rock beaten by shoreless waves. He and his kind and excellent Emily (as he usually called his wife) did all they could to render my labor among them agreeable and pleasant. He was so unfortunate, or unwise, as to mortgage his farm to a railroad company, who swindled him out of the greater part of it; and when he had a numerous family of little children he had to remove to a new state to carve out another home.

Peter Oliver and wife were from the State of New York, and both were good and staunch Wesleyans from the commencement. They were the principal point of attraction in their neighborhood, and could always be counted when we made out a list of our friends. They had to wade through deep waters, and met with many severe trials and sad reverses, but, I believe, were always true to their trust.

Bro. Whiting, too, and his intelligent and gifted family always made me welcome to their neat and comfortable home, and were ready to aid the cause of God with their means as well as personal effort. It was an intellectual treat to spend a few hours with this interesting family, whose conversation always tended to edification; and although they deemed it their duty some years since to change their church relation, they still appear to be as firm friends as ever.

My year of service with this people was somewhat laborious, but my interviews with them were never irksome, but generally edifying and profitable; and I left the circuit with many regrets on both sides.

My next charge was Lindina and Jacksonville, which was rather a laborious work for a person of my age. But the good Lord sustained me throughout the year.

In Jacksonville we had only a small church ; and the few had to struggle hard for a visible existence, and were often crowded closely by other denominations, in the same house of worship. Hon. W. W. Jackson was our principal dependence for pecuniary support in that place ; and although he was greatly afflicted in his family by sickness and death, as well as by great loss by fire, yet he never sought a relax from moral obligations, nor flinched from duty, but maintained his reputation for benevolence to the poor and to the church, and suffered much in his mind at the indifference and avarice of many around him. His house and larder and oat-bin were always open to the preachers who called upon him, and he and his friendly wife and children seemed to conspire to render our stay among them both agreeable and happy. Bro. Jackson was from Michigan. He and others of his father's family were members of the Wesleyan Church in that state before the Utica convention, and consequently he may be considered something more than a charter member.

While on this circuit, November 21, 1867, my dear and amiable wife Elizabeth departed this life, to find repose in the presence of that precious Redeemer who she had loved with the most intense ardor. Some of the kind brethren in Lindina, who appreciated her worth and loved her for her work's sake, came with an earnest request to have her remains interred in their neat and well-kept cemetery, which to me was a great relief, as our burying-ground in Lemonweir, in which I owned a lot, was without fence, and exposed to the incursions of cattle.

The following brief memoir was published in the *American Wesleyan* ; and it is inserted here, as probably many of my readers have never seen it :

MRS. ELIZABETH PEGLER, wife of Rev. George Pegler, died at Lemonweir, Wisconsin, November 21, 1867, in the seventy-first year of her age.

My dear departed wife was born in England. She was the subject of pious intentions from tender years ; and at the age of fourteen she made a full surrender of her heart to Christ, and

soon after united with the Wesleyan society in that country. At the age of twenty-two she was appointed class-leader, which office she sustained with approval of the leader's meeting for more than twelve years, or until her removal to this country. She was also a teacher in the Sabbath-school for more than twenty years, as also a collector for missions, a prayer-leader, and a visitor of the sick, all of which offices demanded much of her time; but by rigid economy and redeeming of time she always found ways to discharge these several duties with pleasure and profit to herself and acceptance with her brethren. She was left an orphan at an early age, and was bound out an apprentice by the parish authorities to a proprietor of a gin-palace in London. But when she found peace in believing in the dear Redeemer, she began to reprove her master and mistress and the inmates of the house for their sinful course of life. For this she was beaten and nearly starved, and finally told she should not be allowed to attend a place of worship until she was of age. She then declared her intention to leave them or run away. This announcement was received with merriment and deemed by them as entirely impracticable for a girl of her age, with no friends to secrete her. But she was terribly in earnest—as much so as Christian in Bunyan, when starting from the city of Destruction. She soon after made good her resolve, and without a change of clothes, and with only a few pence and two or three religious tracts, she went, like Abraham of old, not knowing whither, only desirous to leave her wicked home in the rear, and humbly asking the Lord to direct her. After walking thirty miles into the country she reached a little village whose inhabitants were nearly all Wesleyans. She told her artless but affecting story and gained friends. The Lord gave her favor in the sight of the principal persons of the place. She soon found employment and learned a trade, and in much solemnity covenanted with God, as Jacob did, to give one tenth of all her earnings to his cause. This I have reason to know she has faithfully donè, not excusing her because she was the wife of an itinerant. In 1829 I believe my heavenly Father pointed her out to me as a suitable person to share my comforts and sorrows. She possessed a soul and mind of vast capacity, and well cultivated and entirely devoted to the cause of God. She has shared with me for thirty-five years the joy and sorrow of an itinerant life. I never knew her to murmur at her lot, nor wish to change

our position in order to better our circumstances. Her end was peace. She died as she lived, with a hope full of immortality—resting her all for time and eternity on the merits of Christ. She was a helpmeet to her husband, a friend to the poor, and a counselor to the young; always ready to give the note of warning to the vacillating, and faithfully reprove those whom she esteemed in the path of error. She studied medicine that she might help the sick poor; and much expense and labor has she incurred in this direction. But she has gone to her rest, and her works will follow. In a little while we shall meet again. I am lonely without her. My dear friends, pray for your afflicted brother.

GEORGE PEGLER.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MY LONELY CONDITION—EMPLOYED AS AN EVANGELIST—AGAIN UNITED IN MARRIAGE—REMOVED TO MINNESOTA—RECEIVED AN APPOINTMENT FOR FILLMORE AND GRAND MEADOWS—PREACHED AT CENTER CHAIN LAKE.

I was now again alone in the world, not having any child or relative to console me or administer to my wants. I was far advanced in life, and enjoyed good health; and I was esteemed as robust, and could readily be credited with ten years less than my actual age. I had been a housekeeper for nearly fifty years, and could not be reconciled to boarding out, and being entirely dependent on others for a home, but was still desirous to have a quiet retreat of my own.

My heart deeply felt my loss, and it seemed a relief sometimes to be alone and ponder over my grief. I took some comfort in looking over my late wife's journal which she kept for many years, and some of her manuscripts which she left for my perusal after her death.

“ We have traveled long together,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
 Both through fair and stormy weather,
 And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part.
 While I sigh 'Farewell' to you,
 Answer one and all 'Adieu.' ”

Friends in Lindina and elsewhere were very kind, and did all they could for my comfort; but "the heart knows its own bitterness," and a wound was made in mine that nothing but time and the grace of God could heal.

Bro. Cyrus Prindle, and a few friends in Cleveland, Ohio, where he was then preaching, very generously assisted me in erecting a plain tablet at her grave, with the following epitaph, composed by herself, and found among her papers, with a request if I ever became able to erect a head-stone to her memory to have them inserted :

TIME.

BY ELIZABETH PEGLER

Time's little inch that flows away
 With every fluttering breath,
 Still points to an eternity,
 Beyond the reach of death.

Enough, my soul, enough of time,
 And time's uncertain things,
 Farewell, that busy hive, the world
 With all its thousand stings.

In 1868, the year after the decease of my wife, I held correspondence with a lady in Minnesota, whose husband had died a few weeks after the death of my Elizabeth. I had been acquainted with this lady's husband for more than twenty years, and we were always on the most friendly terms. His name was Leavet Pond, and he was originally from Camden, New York. After his death my mind was directed to his widow as a suitable person to occupy the vacant spot in my heart, and the unoccupied chair in my humble home. Our correspondence was protracted for a number of months, and finally we agreed to unite our destinies.

This year I traveled as an evangelist, in the State of Wisconsin, and visited nearly all the Wesleyan churches in the state, preaching and lecturing many times during the week. Several new churches were organized during the year, and not a few persons professed to be converted to God. Upon the

whole, it was rather a prosperous year. Four or five new men united with the conference at its next session, and the work appeared to be more encouraging than for some years previously. My last field of labor in Wisconsin was Calamas, a small and feeble church—more properly a missionary station. On this field I was in labors more abundant. Not having a horse at my command, I had for many months during the year to reach my appointments on foot, except occasionally some liberal brother would accompany me with his team. On this circuit I was materially aided in my work by my good and kind-hearted Bro. Thomas Charmly, and our excellent Sister Pomeroy, both of whom were always anxious for the prosperity of Zion.

My wife had two married sons, residing in Minnesota. She had also an only sister living there, and most of her old acquaintances were residents of that state. It was therefore reasonable that she should desire to reside there also. Besides, she had a little land there in her own right. What I possessed in Wisconsin was not sufficient to keep us in old age, and one or the other would have to sell, as the Mississippi rolled between our interests; and it was thought advisable that I should sell my interest, as I had not the same inducements to remain in Wisconsin as she had to remove to her former home.

We are now on the west side of the Father of Waters, and in the young and fertile State of Minnesota,—much farther west from the home of my childhood than I ever was before, and much farther west than I desired to be a few years ago. The heat of summer and the chilling blasts of winter have been trying to my nerves and constitution, but yet, through the mercy of God, I am still able to do my share of the itinerant work.

On uniting with the Minnesota Conference I was much surprised to find them in such a feeble condition, in regard to the number and efficiency of its ministry. There were about seven on the roll; and perhaps not more than four of

that small number who could be depended upon to do regular itinerant work. But they appeared to be men of God, and deeply imbued with the spirit of their mission; and I could but admire their fortitude and endurance in maintaining their ground and spreading their banner to the breeze under such discouraging circumstances. One thing struck me very favorably, and that was the number of laymen who were present. I believe the lay delegation was equal in number to the ministers—something that does not always occur at our annual conferences. Another thing was very gratifying: there seemed to be no bickerings or jealousy among the preachers. All who referred to the preachers spoke of them as good men, and worthy of the office they sustained.

I took my field of labor on Fillmore and Grand Meadow Circuit, embracing several organized churches, with quite a number of outside appointments. In view of my age and the extreme boisterous weather we usually have in winter in this state I was permitted to make a four weeks' circuit instead of two weeks, as formerly, and they would supply themselves as best they could in my absence. This, I thought, was very considerate on their part, and I looked upon it as an act of brotherly kindness, which prompted me to repay their generosity with fidelity and promptitude. Many of the members on this circuit were old standard-bearers, and energetically engaged in the good work. I formed a very pleasing, and I trust lasting, acquaintance and friendship with many who will be among the jewels when gathered by the Master.

This conference was not always as feeble as then. Before the rebellion they were comparatively strong for a new frontier state. They had on their conference-roll many whom we in Wisconsin and in the eastern states esteemed as reliable and useful men; but on crossing the Mississippi the fatal spirit which infatuates most of those who go west, namely, a desire to become wealthy in land, seems to possess preachers, as well as other classes. Men who own land must

cultivate it, or they soon become land-poor, or exceedingly embarrassed in their circumstances. Many of the preachers are driven to the necessity of procuring land, because the first settlers were generally too poor to afford their minister a suitable reward for his services; so they had to eke out a living for themselves by working a farm, or at some other business. Then the older denominations had "stolen a march" on us, and established themselves in the most prominent and lucrative places, and held out better inducements in pecuniary matters than we could. Many of our preachers, who were esteemed reliable men, were thus removed from us, which was no small embarrassment to those who remained, and tended much to discourage others from identifying themselves with us in such an unpopular enterprise. For one, I will not impugn their motives. To their own Master they stand or fall. We were sorry to part with them at the time, and will cast no reflections now.

As a conference, we are now in a more healthy state than for many years past. We have more than doubled our ministerial help, and membership also, during the last three years. Our brethren are more settled in principle, and have faith in our perpetuity. They are becoming more systematic in support of the gospel, and as their circumstances improve become more able and willing to bear their share of responsibility.

This year Bro. Warner was our evangelist. He traveled very extensively, and broke up much new ground. He formed several churches, which for the want of preachers to supply them became a source of great trouble, and caused him long journeys and much anxiety; and it was feared by myself and others that he would certainly break down either in body or mind, or both. Few except those who knew the facts would imagine that any human being could endure the fatigue and exposure he passed through, and that too without complaint, and with a meager recompense. His family resided within the bounds of my circuit, and by

that means I became acquainted with some of his arduous labors. During the summer he proposed to exchange labors with me for a few weeks, and engaged me to fill some appointments in the south-western part of the state. This arrangement pleased me well, as it would be a relief to him and a recreation to me, besides affording me an opportunity to view the country when in its best attire, and forming an acquaintance with brethren yet unknown. Accordingly I took my line of march as per schedule furnished by himself, and passed through a number of counties and preached at several points, until I reached my western terminus, which was "Center Chain Lake." Here I renewed my acquaintance with Rev. A. C. Hand and his much-afflicted but kind-hearted and pious wife; and many others here and along my line of travel gave me friendly greeting for "*auld langsyne*." Bro. Hand is now in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and sustains a superannuated relation to the conference; but if he has made his nest in a rose-bush, I think he feels some of its thorns. He is ill at ease on the secret society question; and I opine that his attempts to reform his church on secrecy will avail as much as his former heroic and Herculean efforts did to rid that church of slavery. He is one of those who has become land-poor—surrounded by many broad acres; in feeble health; unable to till the soil; living a kind of secluded if not hermit life, with the door of usefulness in his neighborhood only ajar. Should my good and worthy Bro. Hand chance to see these few lines, I hope he will excuse the liberty I have taken in referring to his circumstances. He was in my way, and I could not readily pass along without a few words of recognition. *

Bro. Hand's talent and reformatory tact I always admired, and could willingly and profitably sit at his feet for instruction; but on leaving our feeble Wisconsin Conference at a time when his assistance was so much needed proved to us almost disastrous, and in my opinion he wandered from his providential path.

Religious services and Sunday-school at Chain Lake were held on the Sabbath, in a beautiful grove near the lake, and under the shade of a large basswood tree whose wide-spreading branches shaded a large space. After preaching to a very attentive congregation I was invited to address the Sabbath-school, and the resemblance was so near to a meeting I once attended in Africa, I was constrained to refer to that fact, which with some other incidents greatly amused the children, and others.

A lady present at that meeting took notes of my remarks, and furnished the *American Wesleyan* with the following, which I here take the liberty to transcribe:

LITTLE GEORGE, THE CABIN-BOY.

Editors Wesleyan:—I send you an article, and would like to see it in the Sabbath-school department of the *Wesleyan*. "Little George" is now a member of our Minnesota Conference.

A few Sabbaths ago we were visited by an old gentleman, a minister of the gospel, who has been preaching for more than forty years. He preached a very interesting discourse to the grown-up people, and addressed the children of our Sabbath-school. I wish all the children could have heard him; but as they did not, I will try to relate a few of the incidents of his life for the encouragement of all who are connected with Sabbath-schools.

Father P., as the minister is commonly called, is by birth an Englishman. He was born in or near the city of London in the year 1799, and the only schooling he ever received was about two years at a Sunday-school when about eight or nine years old. His Sunday-school teacher was a young man about twenty-five years of age, and thirty-six inches tall, or about as tall as a flour-barrel. But although he was a *small* man, he had a large, loving heart.

When little George was about ten years old he was placed on board a ship as cabin-boy; and he took with him his whole library, which consisted of his Bible, a small copy of Dr. Watt's hymns for children, and one other small book. As he had been taught to read his Bible in the Sunday-school, whenever he had any leisure time he would take his little

Bible and go on deck, and sit down in a retired place and read it; and then he would think of his home and his Sunday-school far away, and wonder whether he would ever see them again.

The sailors were very wicked men, who had never been in a Sunday-school, and they used to laugh at little George and call him a Methodist. He did not know what a Methodist was, but supposed it was a good person who read the Bible and prayed. I can not give his whole history, or tell of his trials and hardships during his few first years on shipboard; but they were many. Away from home and friends, surrounded by wicked and profane companions, what wonder if he should forget his God and his Bible!

He remained on board the ship for several years, during which time he tried to do his duty as a seaman, faithfully, and rose from cabin-boy to the important position of "mate" of the ship.

Sometime during his sea-faring life he was converted to God and became a Christian and a Methodist; for he had learned by this time what it was to be a Methodist. Soon after he was converted, he returned to his native country. He landed on the shores of England on Saturday night, and Sunday morning as the bells were ringing to call the people to the different places of worship he made his way to the little chapel where he had once attended Sunday-school; and after an absence of fourteen years, he found his former teacher still in the school. As soon as he could get an opportunity he went to him; but as he was no longer little George, but a well built, intelligent-looking young man, his teacher did not know him. Stepping forward, and reaching out his hand, he said, "Mr. W., don't you know me?" And Mr. W. answered, "I do not." "Well, I am George P., your little Sunday-school scholar; and I have come back to see you, and to thank you for your kindness to me while in the Sunday-school. I am a Christian now, and a man, and I still love the Sunday-school."

He continued to follow the seas for several years, and has ever since been trying to follow the Savior. I told you he addressed our school. Perhaps my young friends would like to know where our Sunday-school is held, so I will tell them. It is not in a beautiful and convenient church, nor in a large and pleasant school-house; but it is held every Sabbath during the warm weather under a large, leafy temple, one that

the good God prepared for us. It is held under a wide-spreading basswood tree, near the bank of a beautiful lake, where we have seats prepared to accommodate about one hundred persons; and here may be seen, every Sabbath morning, about sixty children of different ages, with smiling faces, all eager to meet their superintendent and teachers, who have by energy and faithfulness succeeded in sustaining a very interesting Sabbath-school.

But to return to my story, for I see I have been wandering. During Father P.'s remarks he said that he had once before addressed a Sunday-school under a tree, but under very different circumstances. Then it was under a banyan-tree, near the Cape of Good Hope. The tree covered about one half acre, and the scholars were the natives of south Africa. The contrast was very great, but the cause was the same; and there the faithful minister of the gospel is ever ready to speak for Jesus and point sinners to Christ, whether they are black or white, bond or free.

These are the circumstances as nearly as I can relate them. May God help all Sunday-school workers who read this little incident to double their diligence to sow *good* seed by the side of all waters, for they "know not which shall prosper, this or that," but in due time they shall reap if they "faint not."

AUNT MILTIE.

Chain Lake Center.

Aunt Miltie (who I suppose is Sister Royce) has my sincere thanks for her friendly notice, as well as for the hospitality while under their roof.

My year of labor on Fillmore and Grand Meadows closed as it commenced, with much pleasure and friendship. I had the happiness of often visiting those brethren since, at their quarterly meetings and otherwise, and shall always esteem them highly for their work's sake.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONFERENCE AT CLAREMONT — BRO. CROOKS, THE AGENT AND EDITOR, PRESENT — WASIOJA SEMINARY — APPOINTED TO GREENWOOD CIRCUIT AND WHITE WATER MISSION.

Our annual conference this year was held with the Claremont church, a new point recently established by our evangelist, but in fact one of our old fields that had gone into decay for want of nursing. The conference was well attended, nearly all the ministers being present and taking an active part in its proceedings; and as usual, the laity were well represented. The conference was somewhat strengthened by the accession of one minister and three or four promising preachers received on trial. We were also highly favored with the presence and valuable labors of Bro. Crooks, our greatly esteemed agent and editor, who with his deep experience, sound judgment, and wonderful business tact did our conference very essential service. I am not capable of eulogizing Bro. Crooks beyond his merits; my mind and pen are too feeble to do him justice for his indefatigable labor and extraordinary prudence in managing the perplexed condition of our connectional affairs when for the first time he stood at our editorial desk. It was fully expected by some that our days of existence were numbered, and that he had assumed a hopeless task. The book concern with the *Wesleyan* subscription-list were supposed to be nearly bankrupt; the whole connection was in a state of ferment and anxiety on the so-called union question; and a slight degree of mismanagement at that critical period would have caused an entire disruption in the connection. Such a state was predicted, and doubtless desired by many; but by adhering to truth, with calm and deliberate tenacity and an abundance of love toward the enemies of the cause, and

above all with the help of God, upon whose promised aid he had been wont to rely, he rose superior to all opposing influences and has been able to steer our denominational ship safely through the breakers and into a comparatively smooth sea. His pulpit labors among us were not only truly evangelical and reformatory, but grand and sublime, and doubtless were appreciated by the multitudes who thronged to witness his pathos, and hear his sweet, musical voice. Asking a friend once in regard to his opinion of a sermon preached by another, he remarked, "I always like to hear a sermon that will appear well in print." The extempore efforts of Bro. Crooks would, in my judgment, stand such a test, and grace any book of sermons ever published.

At this conference the citizens of Wasioja, by their representatives, made us a tender of a valuable stone building, erected a few years since for educational purposes, on condition that we endow it and conduct a school of sufficient grade to prepare its students for college. The building is capacious, and located in a healthy portion of the state. It is surrounded by a fertile country, inhabited chiefly by intelligent people from the eastern states, and their descendants, who take a deep interest in education and morals. The village is about four miles from the railroad, and consequently just so far from the vice and rowdyism that usually follows our general line of travel, and frequently centers at our railroad towns. It will doubtless be considered by many as a great undertaking and risk to involve the conference, in our present weak condition, in a debt of ten thousand dollars—the sum supposed to be necessary for the endowment fund. But there appears to be a willingness on the part of the friends of the enterprise to do something noble in the cause of education, and by the sale of scholarships, and a little help from adjoining conferences who may be equally benefited with ourselves, we have every reason to believe we shall succeed. Bro. John Gould is traveling agent for the institution, and has hitherto met with considerable success; and

from his well known persevering habits, and soliciting abilities, we anticipate a good report of his mission. The seminary has been in successful operation about one year under the care of Professor Hand, a professor of languages, and Professor Curtiss, a teacher of mathematics, both of whom are well qualified for the positions they sustain. On a recent visit to the village on business connected with the institution, the most encouraging accounts of the success and progress of the school were given by those who are interested in its perpetuity.

Bro. Walker, president of the Minnesota Conference, is preaching in Wasioja and vicinity at this time, and during the past winter made a revival effort in the chapel of the seminary, which was accompanied with marked success. A number were hopefully converted to God, among whom were many of the students; and a new church was organized, embracing some of the most influential inhabitants. This, we trust, will increase our facilities for accomplishing good. John Gould and H. E. Walker are both strong men, in the prime and vigor of life. They are deeply imbued with the spirit of their exalted office, and are largely beloved by the church and those who sympathize with us in our work of faith and labor of love. If we only had a few more such gifted and energetic men our cause in this state would receive a new impetus.

At the Claremont conference I was appointed to the Greenwood Prairie Circuit, and White Water Mission, and in the former place was the successor of Bro. Walker. I had no hand whatever in making this arrangement or in procuring this appointment, except in the case of the mission. It was the spontaneous action of others, and I dared not seek the appointment for various reasons. Ever since I entered the itinerant ranks, which is forty-three years since, I have always let others choose for me my place of labor. I invariably despised log-rolling, a piece of engineering often performed at annual conferences. I once heard Dr. Adam Clarke, in

addressing young preachers, say, "Never choose a circuit for yourselves. Be passive; put yourselves into the hands of your brethren, and let them do that work for you; they know better than you do where you can be most useful. Should you ever be so unwise as to select your own sphere of labor you must expect to bear all the disappointments and afflictions that fall to your lot, but if your brethren apportion to you your field of labor you will have reason to believe there is a providence in the arrangement, and may consistently rely on the help of the Master of the vineyard in every time of need." At the time Dr. Clarke uttered these words, more than fifty years ago, I had not the remotest idea that I should ever need such advice to govern my actions; but at their delivery I thought them sound and timely, and have not forgotten them, and I would that none of us should "think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think." Those who are acquainted with the facts will readily admit that it is no small task to succeed Bro. Walker in his field of labor. This, however, I have done. I have succeeded him in Greenwood, but to fill his place is quite another thing. However, I always rejoice to find my predecessor in good repute among the brethren; and this was pre-eminently so in this case. Bro. Walker had labored many years among this people, and many of them had been brought to God by his instrumentality. They are dear to him, and he was no less beloved by them; and among them there still exist the kindest feelings and Christian esteem. He had done a great and good work among them. They appear to be well trained; and knowing their duty, they appeared anxious to do it.

I am now very pleasantly laboring among this people for the second year, and esteem them very highly for their liberality and practical piety. Though it is a matter of regret that so little visible advance has been effected, yet there is cause for thankfulness that our landmarks have not been removed, and that we are yet earnestly contending "for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."

I have now brought down my narrative to the present time, September, 1874. Since 1833 I have been recognized as an itinerant preacher, and my name has been on the roll of a number of conferences; and while I have had the indulgence of my brethren, who have borne with my infirmities and shortcomings, I can assure them that none mourn these defects more than myself. My qualifications for the great work into which others and the providence of God seemed to thrust me were very limited; and it must be obvious to all who may peruse these pages that only the grace of God could have sustained me in bearing the responsibilities imposed upon me, for which I always considered myself inadequate. But I thank the Giver of all good that sincerity and a desire to be useful have ever been dominant in my mind since I consecrated myself to the service of the Lord.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY WIFE ELIZABETH—EXTRACTS FROM HER WRITINGS, ETC.

I have been advised by some whose judgment is much valued by me to insert in my autobiography some account of my late wife, who was well known in many parts of the country and beloved for her piety and faithfulness to the cause of God. I have already referred to her, in several parts of this simple narrative, as always, when her health would admit, being active in doing the will of God, and striving to promote his glory in the extension of his kingdom. And I hesitate not to say that with the exception of poor health she was the best adapted to fill the important station of a traveling preacher's wife of any person I ever knew. She was remarkably gifted in prayer and exhorta-

tion, was well versed in biblical knowledge, and could detect a departure from sound theology or Christian ethics as readily as many who had more advantages in education. She was a pattern of neatness in her apparel; and while she did not try to imitate the Quakers in confining herself to one particular mode of dress, she adopted the fashion most suitable to her age and condition in life, and endeavored to avoid observation either for stiff oddity or compliance with the demands of fashion around her. In her house she was an example of cleanliness, prudence, and economy. Her maxim was, "God will not dwell in the heart of an habitually lazy, slovenly person." Our income was always meager; but from a child she had been taught to make the most of her resources; and it was wonderful to perceive how her skill and forecast would enable her to provide things for our comfort, with so small means at her command. There was nothing like stinginess in her nature; but while she was saving and close in her expenditure, she was always liberal to those more needy than herself. Indeed I often thought she carried this liberality to excess; and when I sometimes admonished her in reference to acts of benevolence, her answer usually was, "My dear husband, he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." At one time I preached a sermon on missions at Lemonweir, and in taking up the collection I observed she contributed something. I knew that all the money we had was a fifty-cent scrip, and on leaving the house I inquired if she had given all we possessed. Her reply was, "Did not the poor widow do as much, and more too? Don't be alarmed, my husband, the good Lord can and will make it up. We ought to set an example to others. How can we exhort others to be liberal if we are penurious?" In less than an hour after this I was requested to marry a couple, and received five dollars as a fee!

For many years she kept a diary, or journal, recording the exercises of her mind, with some of the passing incidents connected with her experience, and the names of the preach-

ers she heard and an epitome of their sermons; for like myself, she was endowed with a good memory. For the last thirty-eight years of her life she sat under my ministrations more than any others; and I was often the subject of her criticism, and as often edified by her kind admonitions. A few weeks before her death I attended our annual conference at Tamah, Wisconsin. During my absence she wrote the following, and if her life had been spared a little longer she would doubtless have continued her narrative:

*“My Dear Husband:—*As I can not have the pleasure of bearing you company and participating in the holy and delightful duties of the week, perhaps I can not employ part of my solitary moments better than in complying with your request, by giving you a brief account of my early days.

“I was born in London, January, 1797. My father, who was many years older than my mother, was removed by death when I was about three years old. By this bereavement my mother was left with three small children to provide for, and also her aged mother, who was nearly blind. After the death of my father, my mother resumed the millinery and dress-making business, which she had learned when young. This business, together with the profits of a small dry goods store, enabled her to support her family in respectable and comfortable circumstances, yet not without depriving herself of that leisure and sleep which was necessary to her own health.

“I can remember, young as I then was, her working often more than one night in the week when work was wanted in haste, fearing to disoblige her employers, lest her means might fail of supporting her helpless family. About four years after my father's death my mother began to spit blood very copiously; and although this was in a little while checked, yet she never recovered her health. But she still managed her business. Her constitution, however, gradually sunk under the pressure of care and disease, and at the age of

thirty-five, two years after her first attack, she also was taken from us by death.

“At the time of our dear mother’s death my sister had just completed her eleventh year. My brother was seven and I was nearly nine years old; and our beloved grandmother was about seventy-two. My sister was placed in an asylum for orphan children, where she died three years afterward of consumption. My grandmother and brother went to reside with her only son, and I was given to a woman whose school I had attended for about two years previous to my mother’s death. I think I should pass over the four years or more that I spent with this hard-hearted woman, as it certainly was little less than an unbroken chain of suffering from harsh treatment, in language, blows, hard work, and cruel hunger, together with pinching cold from various causes, in truth the want of almost everything which is necessary to render life comfortable, with the exception of the privilege of attending a place of worship on Sabbath days. For this blessing and privilege I can never be sufficiently thankful. But should I let the sufferings of these years remain where I would gladly consign them, in perpetual oblivion, I must also in that case fail to erect an Eben-ezer to that God who watched over me with a father’s eye, and in the hour of despair and anguish interposed his mercy and prevented my plunging into a yawning hell.

“Perhaps before I proceed any further I had better retrace my steps back to infancy, in order to show as best I can the faithfulness of that God who has said to his servant, ‘The promise is to you and your children.’ From all I have ever heard respecting my father, it is evident he valued his Bible and was a man of prayer. He also manifested great anxiety to impress these principles on the mind and heart of his little daughter, then only in her fifth year. Her very name was made by him a lesson of instruction. He told her he had called her ‘Hephzibah,’ because he desired above all things the ‘Lord might delight in her,’ at the same time endeavor-

ing to impress on her infant mind the all-important truth, 'Ye must be born again,' and that unless she was converted she could not be saved. And I think there is good reason to believe that his labors and prayers in her behalf were not in vain.

"From my sister's instruction and prayers I received my first serious impressions, and that at an early age. I remember distinctly her directing me, among other important lessons, to pray to God for a new heart. I should think we were at that time of the respective ages of six and eight years—she of course the oldest. We took great pleasure in being by ourselves; and it has often appeared astonishing to me since, how deeply and thoroughly her mind was imbued with a knowledge of and delighted in heavenly and divine things. By her labors and prayers I was brought under a deep conviction of my own sinfulness; and with the utmost earnestness of which I was capable I was led to ask her (for I had no other teacher), 'What shall I do to be saved?'

"I recollect sitting by her for a considerable time while she was giving me the instruction she saw I needed, and when she had concluded I felt humbled and ashamed at her superior knowledge and my own ignorance. I see now a very sufficient cause for the dissimilarity between us. While she was always serious, thoughtful, and studious,—and yet her countenance always wore a smile of peace and contentment, and may I not say of joy, under the enlightening influence of the Spirit of God,—I was fond of playing, and took great delight in running in the fields with my school-mates, and with my brother. Although I did not love close study, yet I loved to read; and I must have learned when quite young, as I have never forgotten the spelling lessons I had to recite, which were in words of three syllables, when I first returned to school after having the small-pox, for I was then only five years old. But my gentle teacher had taught me to remember my Creator, and to view his skill in the beautiful clouds above my head and in the little daisy or buttercup beneath

my feet. She often led me to the grave-yard; and here she would talk to me about death, judgment, heaven, and hell. But the books she urged on my attention the most, next to the Bible, were 'Janeway's Token for Children,' and 'Moral Songs for Children,' by Dr. Watt. Most of the latter songs, with many from other books, I committed to memory, under her supervision, before our mother's death, which melancholly event took place, as I have before stated, a few days after my sister had attained her eleventh year.

"After this we were separated, and only met again three times, and never alone, so that we could not speak freely to each other on any subject. Mrs. G., for reasons best known to herself, always remained with us as long as we were together. I should think the whole time I spent in her company after our mother's death would not certainly exceed two hours. My own cup was full of bitterness and sorrow; yet my heavenly Father sustained and buoyed up my spirits, although I knew him not. There was especially one source of pure pleasure left, of which my cruel oppressor could not deprive me. It was the sweet satisfaction of looking at the sky! Perhaps had she known what a source of enjoyment this was to me she might have tried to mar my happiness in this respect. But it was a treasure unknown to any human being except myself.

"It has been said, 'Ignorance is bliss.' If this was ever true, it was especially so in my case; for in my childish ignorance I really thought that the sun, moon, and stars were *holes* in the sky; that the abode of God and angels was there, and that they were of the same bright and glorious character. In fact I supposed the sky was the floor of heaven, with these apertures designed of God to give us light in this world, and to draw our attention upward to himself. Certainly this was the effect produced on my mind. My thoughts and imaginations were much employed on heavenly subjects; and although I was still in nature's darkness, yet my greatest desire was that I might obtain a fitness to dwell in that holy and happy place.

“The situation I was placed in was of all others perhaps best fitted to draw out into exercise the evil propensities of the unrenewed heart. I suffered much from hunger, and at the same time used to be trusted with money to go to market for various articles. It was no uncommon thing to find the price of some article reduced. Here was a temptation to keep the surplus to purchase food, which I knew I had a right to. But I felt I had no right to use such money for that purpose; yet more than once the craving of hunger overcome me, and I yielded to the temptation. But I was inwardly reprovèd; and I have always looked back with astonishment and gratitude to God, by whose mercy alone I was preserved from becoming habitually dishonest. At different times during my residence with this family the Holy Spirit strove powerfully with me, at one time convincing me of my danger as a sinner, at other times drawing by the cords of love and mercy. But I had no one to whom I could open my mind, and discouragement and darkness began to settle down on my spirits. I felt my sinfulness and unworthiness, and could hardly dare to hope that God could have thoughts of love toward me. At any rate, the feeling of mind most prevalent was that if there was but one passed by unnoticed and unblessed, I was the most likely to be that one.

“When I was in my thirteenth year, feeling weary of the oppression of which I was the daily subject, I made up my mind to go to Mrs. Clemons, a lady who had been a particular friend of my mother. Her husband kept a hotel, about five miles from London. Accordingly, while the family were at breakfast I absconded from my house of bondage and started, full of joyful anticipation of once more meeting their two daughters, who were about the age of my sister and myself. I felt sure of meeting a hearty welcome from both mother and daughters, and about equally sure that the kind-hearted Mrs. Clemons would, on learning my sufferings, either take me into their family or provide me a home somewhere among

her friends. It was a lovely morning in the month of September, and the air bracing and invigorating. I can never forget how free I felt, how happy, as I alternately ran and walked; and I sometimes felt as though I almost flew along that delightful road. To a girl of my age, who for more than three years had been pent up in a back room in London, and kept at the finest of needle-work from about eight o'clock in the morning till the watchman's cry of half past ten at night, and then dismissed from my task (this was the regular time of leaving work), this was pleasure indeed. But I was in too much haste to see these dear friends to notice the beautiful gardens on either side of the road as you quit the busy part of the city. I inhaled their sweets, and ran on.

“Think of my terrible disappointment when I reached the well-known house—the name of Clemons was no longer there! A man unknown to me occupied the place. I stood and gazed in mute despair for some minutes, and before I had time to decide whether to enter and inquire what had become of them, or what to do, a young woman came up to me who had lived with them. We recognized each other. She told me Mr. Clemons was dead, and that his family had gone she knew not where; that he died insolvent, and they were scattered. These were indeed heavy tidings. But before leaving me she observed, as if to fill to the brim my cup of bitterness, ‘And so your sister is dead?’

“‘My sister,’ I exclaimed; ‘is my sister dead?’

“She assured me she had been dead six months. She died a mile only from where I lived, and no one had let me know anything about it. It would be utterly impossible for me to describe the agonizing desolation which overwhelmed me. I turned away; but where to go or what to do I knew not. I felt as though I had rather die than return to my cruel bondage. However, I walked slowly away. I feared to approach the city, lest I should meet my cruel mistress and be compelled again to submit to her outrageous abuse. I wandered on and on. But where could I go? Toward night I

found myself in the quiet and beautiful village of S., through which the Surrey Canal passes. As I stood on the bridge looking into the water I made up my mind to drown myself there; and I do not know but I should have done so immediately, but on looking again I saw a board put up, threatening with prosecution any person found going into the canal. I understood it as referring to persons attempting to drown themselves; but of course I afterward knew it was designed to prevent persons bathing in that part of the canal. But the mistake led me to defer the dreadful deed until the darkness of the night would screen me from observation. I therefore kept walking about until I came to an arbor by the roadside, which I entered; and not having tasted food (except a few blackberries) the whole day I was both faint and weary, and must almost immediately have fallen asleep. How long I remained here is unknown to me. I was awaked from my slumber by the voice of a young man at the other end of the seat, talking to himself; and what was to me most remarkable, he was pleading the case of some poor oppressed girl. I have since supposed that he was a young student of law, and supposing himself to be alone was trying his abilities as an advocate. But be that as it may, I was aroused from sleep; and hastening to leave my retreat I was discovered by the young man, who until then had evidently been ignorant of the presence of any one. He called to a man who happened to be passing at a little distance with a light, for the night was very dark. After asking me a few questions, such as whose child I was, how I came to be there, etc., they took me to the house of a gentleman who I have no doubt was a magistrate. Here also I had many questions put to me, after which I was carefully supplied with food and then conducted to a comfortable bed. In the morning I was sent back to Mr. G., my former master, but not without a letter containing strict commands to Mrs. G. to be careful not to misuse me again, for if another complaint was made to the same effect she must suffer the consequences."

Doubtless had my wife's life been spared a few more years she would have continued her interesting narrative; but in little more than a month after the above was written she exchanged the toils and sufferings of earth for immortal glory. She has left in my hands a diary or journal of the exercises of her mind, embracing a period of more than forty years, together with various incidents which have occurred in which she or both of us have been actors. Many of these incidents have been already referred to in the former part of this work, and therefore need not to be repeated.

There is a great similarity in the daily experiences of those who live near to God, and are constantly submissive to his will, and in many instances there is much appearance of sameness found in recording the exercises of the mind continuously for many years, so that the reader often becomes weary and satiated with a long-continued diary, unless it is varied by occasional incidents of an interesting character. I have taken much pleasure and derived much profit from perusing the precious items of her daily experience, as recorded in the dairy she wrote commencing at the age of seventeen years, and continued from time to time until within a few days of her death, and humbly hope it may be said by some, "She being dead, yet speaketh."

There is one thrilling incident connected with the temptation to commit suicide, as recorded in a scrap she wrote for my perusal, which I will put on record.

She tells us in her journal that on being returned to her cruel mistress, after she had absconded, she was permitted the next Sabbath to attend Dr. Rippon's church. The doctor was a noted and popular preacher of the Baptist denomination, and one whom she much delighted to hear because of his deep earnestness and extreme anxiety to benefit the youth. On this occasion he dwelt especially on the sinfulness of that course which tends to shorten life; asserting that life is a blessing, and that we should use our utmost endeavors to prolong our probation. During the service the

following hymn was given out and sung by the congregation :

“Sinner, oh, why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin’s fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th’ infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

“Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains;
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.”

This pungent and truly sublime hymn made a lasting impression on her mind, and she often observed to me that it was one of the means that God employed to lead her to the Friend of sinners.

An interesting family with whom we were intimately acquainted, and under whose hospitable roof we spent many a pleasant and agreeable hour, suffered a breach in their domestic circle by the loss of one of their little ones. It was the first death that occurred in their house since they entered the married state. At that time, though they were strictly moral and respectable, none had ever professed to be religious; yet they were constant attendants on the means of grace, as far as public worship is concerned. On the death of their child, a very promising boy of about four years, the whole house and family appeared to be wrapped in gloom and sorrow. We visited them often, and endeavored to offer them the consolation of the gospel. But our humble efforts seemed to be abortive, and we often left their elegant and comfortable mansion with our hearts filled with sorrow in sympathy with them.

My dear departed Elizabeth laid no claim to the gift of poetry; but while her mind was deeply exercised in reference to the affliction of this kind family, she was led to throw her

sympathetic thoughts into verse. They are recorded not because of any poetic merit, but because of their gracious results. By the blessing of God, the parents were both induced to carry their griefs and sorrows to the throne of grace, and soon after the perusal of these simple lines they became the humble followers of Jesus.

Lines addressed to our friend E. D. by their sincere and sympathizing friend E. Pegler :

Dry your tears, ye weeping parents,
For your precious infant gone ;
He has joined the happy millions
Who surround Jehovah's throne.

See what robes of spotless whiteness
Now that cherub form infolds;
A crown he wears of dazzling brightness,
Outshining far earth's purest gold.

Dry your tears, ye weeping parents,
Hear him sing from life's fair tree,
Glory, honor, and salvation
Unto him who died for me.

Father, he is waiting for thee
In that far-off land of love;
Learn to hold earth's treasures lightly;
Set thy heart on things above.

Trust in Jesus; he will guide thee
Safe through life's bewildering maze,
And in death will bear thy spirit
Home, to see Him face to face.

Loving mother, kindest sisters,
He'll be looking for you all,
When you've filled life's solemn mission;
And the Master hence doth call.

Though parted here in deepest sorrow,
In rapture there you soon shall meet,
And lay with joy your brightest honors
And palms and crowns at Jesus' feet.

We were often in the habit of exchanging views on many important and somewhat intricate passages of the Holy Scriptures, and I am free to acknowledge that I often derived

great benefit from some of her plain but lucid views on prophecy and theology. On one occasion we happened to turn our thoughts on the order, as to time, that the Creator observed in bringing our world into being as it now is, or rather was before the deluge. The question arose as to how light could exist and day and night be distinguished during the three first days of creation, when the sun, the source of light to our world, was not formed until the fourth day. We freely exchanged our views on this interesting subject. We consulted such authorities as were within our reach, but could not arrive at any definite solid conclusion,—at least not any that fully satisfied our minds,—and the subject was dropped for the time being. After her death I found among her papers the following scrap addressed as follows:

*To My Husband, Rev. George Pegler:—*To the inquiry, Whence proceeded the light and shade which constituted the first three days and nights of creation when as yet the sun was not created? I answer: The Creator was there, and had he designed this earth should henceforth have been his throne instead of his footstool it might have been recorded, “And the earth had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine on it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and her Creator is the light thereof. Her (the earth’s) night was the abiding of his power!”

The earth as yet was not the abode of man, or other animal, but was visited by those celestial beings, attendants on his throne, shining in borrowed splendor, reflecting back refulgent beams of light whose source is and must forever be unapproachable to man in this fallen state.

“These morning stars sung together; these sons of God shouted for joy,” beholding with astonishment these new displays of majesty, benignity, and power divine.

Needs He the sun? himself the source of light! The laws of nature were not fully matured or developed, and the earth was in her infant, crude state; consequently she was not at that time (when time had just commenced) brought under the control of nature’s laws. Dost thou still demand the source whence light arose to gild the new-formed earth, before your glorious orb of day was made? Her *day* was the beaming of His majesty *revealed*; her *night*, the hiding

of His power, or suspension of creative acts until the following day.

Thine affectionately.

ELIZABETH PEGLER.

This extract is not given in expectation that the above mooted question is settled, or as any specimen of elegant diction, but simply to show the activity of her mind in endeavoring to elucidate what some call at least an obscure passage of the Holy Scriptures.

She has gone. Peace to her ashes. Though humble in life, she made her mark; and "take her for all in all, I never expect to see her like again."

CHAPTER XLIX.

MISCELLANEOUS—CONCLUSION.

The following composition—incidents of a voyage—was written when I was under fourteen years of age, without any aid from teacher or prompter. It should be remembered that I never had school learning, though I admit I have obtained a little education (and but a little) through close application and hard study. This my first attempt at composition, which is given *verbatim* excepting the correcting of some orthography,—for the original was awfully incorrect, and appears like an attempt at ancient phonetics,—was reserved intentionally as a finale to my attempts at literature:

June 1812. On board the Ship Phenix on a voyage from London to Quebec. Our passage had been a remarkably long, but withal pleasant, and with nothing of extraordinary occurrence, save the shyness of our neighbors of the Ocean, until we arrived on the Banks of Newfoundland.

The monsters of the deep which on former voyages, had

ever and anon made their appearance, (to the no small terror of the younger portion of the crew and the gratification of those who prided themselves in being "old salts," or sons of Neptune) lashing the foaming waters, displaying their scally or silvery surfs, and exulting their own, and their makers power and skill, now seemed to be remarkably shy, or to be undisturbed while lying beneath in their roomy subterranean chambers, feeling no disposition to ascend to one of the boundaries of their vast domain to entertain us with a sight of their beauty and variety, or dispute with us the sovereignty of the Seas. Or perhaps (as was said) they had gone on a visit to some distant part of the wide expanse of waters to spend the winter with old acquaintances, and had not yet returned. Some pleasantly observed that their connections were so numerous that it would in all probability take years to pay their respects to all the finny tribes, and take leave of the whole, and return to the inheritance of their fathers. Or else as others said being terrified by repeated Naval engagements (the United State and Great Britain were then at war, and all Europe in terrible commotion in attempts to overthrow Napoleon) on the Atlantic, and finding their Western boundary America, employing its energies for similar purposes, they had tried to make their escape from the proximity of the seas highway, and the din and confusion of arms, and had lately found the long sought, and much desired North West passage, and were now revelling undisturbed and making the tour of the Pacific Islands.

Some old sailors told of similar instances in the course of his life, and said it was a sign of a prosperous voyage, while others thought it prognosticated a Hurricane, a Tornado, or at least a tremendous gale. Some feared we should fall in with a Yankee privateer and be compelled to eat Johnny cake and molassas, and wash it down with New England Rum, and tormented every day by hearing the drum and fife play "yankee doodle," instead of our time honored anthem "God save the king." While the remainder of the crew

were confident that something more than ordinary would occur before the voyage was ended. Sailors are proverbial for being superstitious. For six weeks neither fish or vessel of any kind made their appearance, nothing to relieve the dull monotony, with which we were surrounded, or on which to fix the eye for one moment, but what we had viewed over and over, for upwards of forty days.

Even the ever varying clouds had seemed to become fixed, and retained the same form and the same hue, (or at least we thought so,) the wind when it blew was always from the same quarter, though generally in our favor, an unpropitious wind would have changed the scene, and been welcomed by some.

The rain always fell on the same day of the week, or the same time of day, the waves run the same way, and had it not been for the moons waxing, and waning, we should have thought that the captain had lost his reckoning, and had steered his ship into the enchanted sea. Often did we urge the talkative part of our company for something new, but we had completely exhausted their stock of adventure, and legendary tales, and we had now to submit to sullen silence except when growling one with the other, or run the risk of our patience being severely tested. We struck soundings on the grand Bank of Newfoundland about sunset, this caused a thrill of delight through many hearts, accompanied with the hope that now the spell was broke, and in future the scene arround would be varried.

A smile sat on every countenance to which it had been a stranger for some days past, a mutual interchange of congratulations ensued, our talking powers were no longer in quarantine, the embargo was taken off our good humor, and shyness, and bad temper appeared to be under a well regulated systematic Blockade. That night I had the middle watch, or from twelve to four A. M. at day light about half past three we descried a sail about eight miles distant with her colors flying a signal among merchant ships that she

wished to speak us. The morning was delightful, wind quite moderate, sea smooth, and about six A. M. she came within hail, and informed us, she was in sinking condition.

The watch below were turned out, and sent on board to render all the assistance we could. We found the stranger a Brig from Cordigan in Wales loaded with slate bound for St. Johns Newfoundland, having on board nine hands including master and boys. All were striped to their shirt and drawers and had kept the pumps going day and night for four weeks, and wore out all their pump leather, but had providentially fell in with an East India ship which supplied that (to them) necessary article.

They had discharged into the ocean a part of their cargo in hopes of finding the leak, had thrumed a sail and drawn it under the Brigs bottom in hopes in that way to stop the leak, but all was unavailing, they were compleatly worn down with excessive labor and fatigue, and despair sat on every countenance. Their long boat was equipped with sailing apparatus and provision, and water, ready for launching in case of emergency, and that day we fell in with them they made up their minds, to abandon the vessal in an open boat if nothing favorable turned up. We releaved them at the pumps and otherwise managed the Brig while they retired to rest, no doubt thinking their fears might all be banished and their troubles almost at an end.

We remained until noon, and much reduced the water in the hold, and promised to aid them again if necessary.

About four P. M. she again hoisted her ensign, in token she wished to speak us. We sheered down within hail, and her captain informed us that his men could not be persuaded to remain one night more in his vessal, for fear of a seperation in case of a fog. Our captain with a number of hands repaired again on board and helped at the pumps, assuring them that on the morrow if no change appeared for the better, he would receive them on board our ship. He returned about seven P. M. and before he retired for the night, he

gave charge to the mate to keep in company with the Brig.

About eight P. M. a thick fog came on, such as is common on the Banks, so that she was soon hid from our view, now and then we tolled our bell, and she answered by striking on an empty cask, (not having a bell) and occasionally firing a musket. At ten P. M. I went to the helm. About an half hour after the mate peered over the side, and said to me "is not that the Brig?" Looking in that direction, something seemed to loom up, and I answered "I believe so," he immediately called to the man looking out to ring the bell, and we distinctly heard the reply by striking on the cask, that was our last communication.

About nine O clock next morning the fog lifted, and at ten it was a calm, and the horizon as clear and bright as it ever had been, but no Brig or other object in sight. We went to the mast head where we could have seen her, or her boat, if at least within thirty miles range, but all was a blank, one vast void, no object as large as a ships boat in sight. On examining our log book, we found we had run since the last time we saw her fifteen miles, (the wind was very light most of the time a calm,) so that had she sailed in a different direction, she could not possibly have been out of sight. But this was not the case, her course was parallel with ourselves, and if in existance could not possibly be out of sight. The tale is soon told, the leak over powered them that night they sank to a watery grave. She was nevermore heard from. Cursed averice, the Brig and cargo was not worth \$10,000, the men had kept her afloat at the risk of their lives, for three weeks after they ought to have abandoned her, and would have done so on the day we fell in with her had it not been for our ambitious, covetous captain! The probability is she sunk very suddenly, before they had time to unleash the long Boat, or it might have been engulfed in the vortex, and all sank together. This is often the fate of many a noble crew, unseaworthy vessals are frequently sent

to sea in order to recover the insurance, the owners scarcely expecting a safe return, but what care they for the life or comfort of the men by whom they accumulate their wealth.

Among sailors such vessels are commonly called "baskets," and a discreet man would not venture to sea in a ship of that description, but seamen are not proverbial for discretion, they are usually careless and reckless. When I followed the sea for occupation I was accustomed to examine her pumps, and ascertain whether they were much in use, take a look at her anchors and cables, and see that they were in good order, go down into the hold, and force the point of my knife into the some of the principle timbers to find if she had the dry rot, or any other defect, and could in this manner often determine her sea worthiness. But this precaution is seldom persude by "those who go down in ships," in my day the general motto of a sailor was "a short life and a merry one" they were enured to hardships and seldom feared danger.

Before I close this my final chapter I wish to rescue from oblivion one of the workings of the "peculiar institution," as slavery was mildly termed fifteen years ago, and one in which I bore an active part.

A slave-holder from Baltimore, named Davenport, with his wife and infant child, came to Syracuse, New York, in the summer of 1839, and put up at the Syracuse House. At this time the Liberty party had not been formed, but considerable efforts were being made to awaken the northern mind on the awful sin of man-stealing, and the position the North maintained in support of the heaven-daring institution. Mr. Davenport had in his family a girl to wait on his wife and child; and although she had all the appearance of an Anglo-Saxon,—and few northern men would suspect she was anything but a free woman,—yet the colored people about the hotel, who noticed the servilence with which she was treated by her master and mistress, whispered among themselves that perhaps she was a slave. One day she was allowed to

go into the kitchen to wash some clothes for the infant, and the colored hostler whispered in her ear, "Harriet, are you a slave?"

To which she replied, "Yes."

The man passed rapidly out, as he knew he was closely watched, and could not with safety hold converse with her; but soon returned, apparently in great haste, and whispered, "Do you wish to be free?"

To which, with seeming surprise, she said, "Yes."

Plans were immediately resolved upon to try to effect her rescue from her degraded condition and restore her to her God-given rights of which she had been deprived since her birth. When those plans were about matured her master accepted an invitation to spend the afternoon and evening with a gentleman a few miles out of town, and a livery team conveyed the whole family to the aforesaid place. But her friends were not to be foiled by this unforeseen occurrence. The night was exceedingly dark and foggy, and so far favored their designs. A wagon was procured, and seven or eight stalwart friends of freedom got in it and drove with caution to the house where Mr. D. was visiting. Harriet could be seen from the second-story window in charge of the baby, while her master and mistress, along with their host, were indulging in a "feast of reason and flow of soul" in the parlor below.

A handful of sand was flung against the upper window, which soon attracted the attention of Harriet; and she was informed that all was in readiness. The child was asleep, and all was quiet; but she had no way of escape except through the room where the guests were assembled. She hastily made up a bundle of clothes and threw them out of the window, and went back to adjust her bonnet. But she happened to remember that the bonnet might raise suspicion, so she carelessly threw a shawl over her head, passed down the stairs, and through the room in presence of the guests, who of course had no suspicion of her design. A brace of

strong arms soon helped her into the wagon. One man gave her his coat to wear, and put a man's hat on her head, and in the darkness they drove slowly away.

They went but a short distance before they put up, and found a safe refuge from the vigilance and wrath of her highly-incensed former owner. Soon after she was gone the child began to cry, and it was a wonder that Harriet could not pacify it. Mother ascends the stairs; but no Harriet is there. What has become of her? At once it flashed upon their minds that she went out a short time since and had not returned. A lantern was brought into requisition and the out-buildings were searched, but all to no purpose; the prey had escaped; a rescue was impracticable; an hour had elapsed since her departure; the night was exceedingly dark; and what course the bird had flown could not be determined. Next morning, somewhat chop-fallen, and greatly aggrieved by the meddelsome, thievish Abolitionists, Mr. Davenport returned to the city, and gave vent to his generous feelings by publishing in the city papers, and in hand-bills, the following:

\$200.00 REWARD!

Left the service of the subscriber, on the evening of the 7th instant, a bright quadroon servant-girl, about twenty-four years of age, named HARRIET. Said girl was about five feet high; of a full and well-proportioned form; straight, light-brown hair; dark eyes, approaching to black; of fresh complexion, and so fair that she would generally be taken for white. A prominent mouth, with depressed nostrils, and receding forehead, readily betray to the critical observer the leading trait of the African race. Her demeanor is very quiet, and her deportment modest. At the time of leaving she had on a black dress of figured poplin.

She took with her one green merino dress, one pink gingham (checked) do., one French muslin figured do., one buff and one light purple calico do. She wore small rings (with stones) in her ears, and had three chased gold rings on her fingers, two of which were set with green and the other with transparent crystal. She also took with her a plaid blanket

shawl, but left her bonnet, so that her head-dress can not be described. In leaving the service of the subscriber she leaves her aged mother and a younger sister who were devotedly attached to her, and to whom she has ever appeared much attached. It may be proper also to state that her conduct as a servant and her moral deportment as far as the same have come to the knowledge of the subscriber, have hitherto been irreproachable.

It is believed that she has been spirited away from the service of the undersigned by the officious and persevering efforts of certain malicious and designing persons, operating through the agency of the colored people of Syracuse, at which place he had been induced to spend a few days. The subscriber would further add that he has refused several importunate offers of \$2,500 for said girl, for the sole reason that he would never consent to part her from the other members of her family; and it is chiefly with the hope of restoring her to her aged mother and sister, who will be plunged in sorrow at the separation, that this notice is published. The above reward of two hundred dollars will be paid to any person who will deliver said girl to the proprietor of the Syracuse House, in Syracuse, or one hundred dollars to any one who will give such information as will lead to her recovery.

J. DAVENPORT.

Syracuse, Oct. 9, 1839.

On the publication of the above notice and reward every livery stable in Syracuse was emptied; and many who called themselves men were seen scouring around the country in all directions in search of this poor girl, and threatening to blow out the brains of known Abolitionists if they did not reveal her hiding-place. While the exciting scenes of this hunt lasted it was scarcely safe for a person in the northern city of Syracuse to express a hope that the hounds would not be able to track her to her safe retreat.

Soon after the excitement attending her elopement had subsided, she was conveyed by some of the friends of the oppressed to the Canada shore, to seek for liberty in the dominions in the land of Queen Victoria, which was denied her in republican America. And all this time we were plied

with the question, "What has the North to do with slavery? it is only a negro question," and then, when opportunity offered, attempt to run down *white ladies* of "moral deportment" and return them to hopeless bondage and degradation. A short time after Harriet's escape, the following hand-bill was sent to our shores:

FOUND!

Found, on the Canadian shore, a young woman,—who says her name is Harriet Powell,—about twenty-four years of age. She is of a "full and well-proportioned form, about five feet three inches high; beautiful straight light-brown hair; dark eyes, approaching to black; of fresh complexion, and so fair that she would be taken for a handsome white woman, yet to a critical observer the prominent mouth, depressed nostrils, and receding forehead betrays the leading traits of the African race. Her demeanor is very quiet and her deportment modest."

When found her head-dress consisted of a freedom's bonnet, and a liberty cap, with a frock of Victoria plaid. She has merino, muslin, and other dresses. She wears small rings with stones in her ears, and on her fingers three chased gold rings, two of which are set with green and the other with transparent crystals.

From her admissions and style of dress I suppose she came from the seraglio of some "patriarch," that she broke loose from the "domestic institution," "sundering the most endearing ties." She is "plunged in sorrow at the separation from an aged mother and sister;" and it adds intensity to her feelings that she knows not where they are, or what may become of them; and strange to tell, she positively declares she never had a *legal* father.

The subscriber wants to know in what part of the world she could have been born. It may be proper to add that since she flew to him for refuge "her conduct and moral deportment have hitherto been irreproachable," and that this notice is published with the hope that it may be the means of her mother and sister knowing where she may be found. Any person conveying the information to them shall receive a reward of \$200.00, and a further reward of \$2,500.00 when the mother and sister are personally introduced to her.

I hope this notice will procure tidings concerning her

mother and sister, as Harriet must be known to many persons having traveled considerably, both by land and water. She says the last port she hailed from was *Davenport*.

Canada, 1839.

JOHN BULL.

The next year after her escape she was married, as stated by the following notice:

MARRIED.

At Kingston, Upper Canada, on Thursday, April 23, 1840, Mr. Henry Kelly to Miss Harriet Powell.

Mr. Kelly is a respectable colored man in good pecuniary circumstances, and his wife has become rather famous within a few months, as "the white lady fugitive," who had the good fortune to escape from the clutches of a slave-holder named Davenport, at Syracuse, last autumn.—*Friend of Man*.

Some five or six years after, my wife and myself went on a visit to my son and family in Upper Canada, and while in Kingston, having a few hours to spare in waiting for the boat, we inquired for and soon found the aforesaid "white lady fugitive," and spent a very agreeable hour in their comfortable and tastefully fitted up residence. Mr. Kelly, her husband, is only slightly colored. He is master of the City Band, and esteemed as a great musician and polite gentleman. They had at that time three children, and the "critical observer" would scarcely discover any African lineage in their offspring.

My wife secured some memento of former times, and a lock of hair from each of their heads, and felt very grateful that there was one province at least where the fugitive could find rest.

I now have finished the task,—undertaken at the commencement with many misgivings and much hesitancy. In reviewing my effort, I have abundant cause to thank my heavenly Father for his divine aid during the number of months this work has absorbed my attention and time; and with a fervent prayer that the blessing of God may accompany its perusal, I bid my friendly reader farewell.

